

FREE TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY GUILD

The Complete and Enthralling Outline of THE Science of Life by H. G. WELLS

Every Reader of the Famous "Outline of History" Has Eagerly Awaited This Great Companion Work

Now in a Special Guild Edition

4 VOLUMES IN ONE

1514 PAGES
387 ILLUSTRATIONS

A
\$5.00
VALUE

What Wells did for history with such amazing success in "The Outline of History" he has now done for the whole science of life!

Here in one thrilling narrative is the dramatic epic of all living things—a whole library of knowledge on every form of life—revealing the mysteries of the human body and human behavior; of animal life; life in the sea; insect life; reptiles and birds; plant life. Here is everything you have always wanted to know about the origin and evolution of all the inhabitants of the universe. In fascinating text and pictures H. G. Wells in collaboration with Julian S. Huxley and G. P. Wells, unfolds the secrets of birth, sex-life, the workings of the body machine in man and in all other living things.

"The Science of Life" is a work which no modern, well-informed person can do without. Originally published in four volumes for \$10.00, it is now presented complete in this ONE magnificent volume of 1514 pages—and you may have it free, if you accept this offer of free membership in the Guild. This is the most sensational offer the Guild has ever made. Don't miss it. Act at once before the supply of these wonderful books is exhausted.

GUILD MEMBERSHIP IS FREE

The Guild provides the most complete, economical, convenient book service in the country. It selects for you each month an outstanding new book before publication. If you want the Guild selection for the month you pay only \$2.00 (plus a few cents carrying charges) regardless of the retail price. (Regular retail prices of Guild selections range from \$2.50 to \$5.00.) If you do not want the Guild selection, you may choose from 40 other outstanding books recommended each month by the Guild, or, the Guild will deliver, postpaid, any other book in print you wish at the publishers' price.

You are not obligated to take a book every month. You may buy as few as four books within a year to enjoy all advantages of membership.

GUILD MEMBERS SAVE UP TO 50%

Outstanding of all advantages of Guild membership, particularly at this time, is the saving in cost of books. Remember, Guild savings are not merely fractional savings. When you can get a \$3.00, \$4.00 or \$5.00 book for only \$2.00, you can see at once that your book bills can be cut in half, and that you can afford to buy more books you wish to read this way than under any other plan. Full details of this special plan will be sent to you upon enrollment.

A FEW OF THE FASCINATING SUBJECTS IN THIS GREAT VOLUME

How Our Food Becomes Blood
Nervous Mechanism and the Brain
Reproduction and Fertilization
Growth and Development of the Embryo
Childhood, Adolescence, Maturity
Mammals
Birds and Reptiles
Fishes, Insects
Vegetable Life
The Smallest Living Thing
Evolution and Creation
Sea Serpents and Living Dinosaurs
"Missing Links" in Evolution
Evidence of the Rocks
Man's Body
How Our Cells Multiply
Mendel's Law of Heredity
Is Human Rejuvenation Desirable?
What Determines Sex?
The Ages of Ancient Life

The Plants of the Ancient World
The Reptilian Adventure
Dinosaurs
Ways and Worlds of Life
Life in the Sea
Infections and Contagious Disease
The Six Vitamins
Drugs, Their Uses and Dangers
The Heart and Lungs
Cancer
Tuberculosis
Behavior, Feeling and Thought
Ways of Life Among Ants, Bees
The Amphibian Mind
Courtship in Animals
Play
The World of a Dog
Human Behaviorism
Hypnosis
Psycho-Analysis

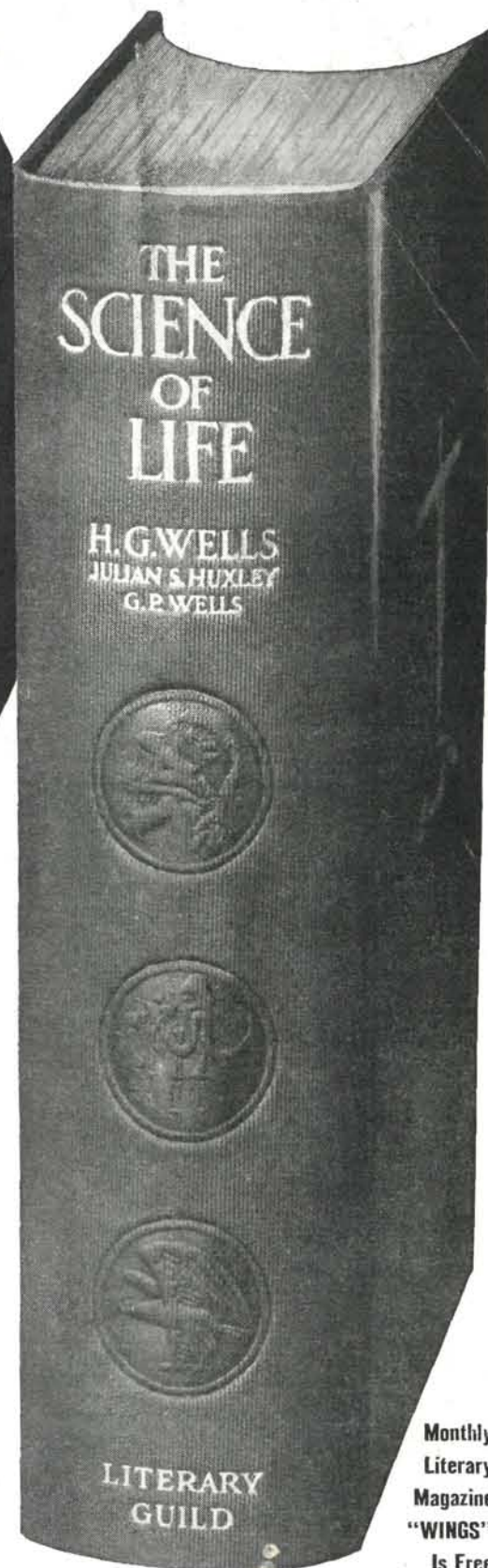
AND HUNDREDS MORE

FREE BONUS BOOKS DISTRIBUTED TWICE A YEAR TO GUILD MEMBERS

Now it is possible for Guild members to get an additional NEW book every six months ABSOLUTELY FREE.

SUBSCRIBE NOW Send No Money

The special features of Guild membership guarantee you greater economy, convenience and satisfaction than any other method of book buying. Remember: You buy only the books you want, and you may accept as few as four books a year. The Guild service starts as soon as you send the coupon. Our present special offer gives you H. G. WELLS'S "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE" absolutely free. This book will come to you at once, together with full information about the Guild Service and special savings.



Monthly
Literary
Magazine
"WINGS"
Is Free

During the year you will receive without charge 12 issues of "WINGS," a sparkling illustrated little journal with news of books and authors. In this magazine descriptions are given of the Guild's current book selections and recommendations. It is a guide to the best reading and is invaluable to every one who wants to keep up-to-date on the new books.

Mail This Coupon Today

FREE—"The Science of Life"

The Literary Guild of America, Dept. 1C W
224 Madison Avenue, New York

Enroll me without charge as a member of the Literary Guild of America. I am to receive free each month the Guild Magazine, "Wings," and all other membership privileges. It is understood that if I wish I may purchase as few as four books through the Literary Guild within a year—either Guild Selections or any other books of my choice—and you guarantee to protect me against any increase in price of Guild selections during this time.

In consideration of this agreement you will send me at once, FREE, a copy of H. G. Wells's "The Science of Life."

Name

Address

City State

Subscriptions from minors will not be accepted

Next Week

MESSRS. PENNANT, Bitts and Leech didn't exactly have greatness thrust upon them. They just saw the chance of becoming gods and seized it—gods on the South Sea island of Rapiti, with a following of comely and docile worshipers and all the attributes and perquisites of divinity. To be sure, their apotheosis required a little quick murdering; but Pennant, Bitts and Leech were determined men.

In a fascinating short story Gouverneur Morris shows you the fate of these self-appointed deities who became intoxicated with divinity.

THERE'S a train, running regularly out of Chicago, that has in it a windowless passenger car. It marks the logical climax of the modern desire to travel without noticing it. This car is fitted up as a bar, and it is said that you can make the trip to the Twin Cities a dozen times without ever realizing that you have moved. That's just a small example of the new era in railroading that has produced an epidemic of Zephyrs, Comets, Rebels—the lords and ladies of the rails. It has led America to rediscover its trains. Their story is told in detail by Charles F. A. Mann in "Full Stream Ahead!"

IF THERE was anything that annoyed Fiji French it was someone who thought he could get away with anything just because he had charm. Like Cam Smithers. She had charm enough of her own; what she wanted was a good, dependable man. She told Cam as much when she broke their engagement. Two charmers just got in each other's hair. However, when it came to choosing someone else—But perhaps you'd better read "The Charmer" by R. R. King.

AS O'MALLEY always says, when you get a lot of cops working on a case the credit for solving it is split up so many ways it does no one much good. Just the same, we don't have to tell you that the man who spotted "The Pen That Wouldn't Write" was no other than William MacHarg's bright little boy O'Malley.

THERE'S "Something about a Uniform." No one knew it better than the head usher at the Elixir Theater. His hopes of romance and a happy future were based on his own spectacular attire. Then came the catastrophe. You will find out about it in Matt Taylor's short story.

FRANK BUCK brings you to grips with several outsized pythons in "Snake in the Grass." Freling Foster, Ernest Haycox, Bill Cunningham, Jim Marshall and others present another flawless assortment. Better take them all.

This Week

January 4, 1936

Cover by Al Parker

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Positively Genius. The adventures of Hank Bloss, who was plain as an old shoe. Page 7

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Meet the Navajos. Nomads of New Mexico. Page 10

WILL F. JENKINS

Wild Waters. Flood at midnight. Page 12

LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

Frozen Evidence. But you can't fool Constable Barradine. Page 14

MATT TAYLOR

Safari in Manhattan. The romance of a girl who taught shorthand. Page 16

HELEN M. REED

Don't Catch Cold. How to avoid the curse of the season. Page 18

SHEPARD BARCLAY

Insure Your Contract. A trick in time. Page 19

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE and ETHEL PETTIT ROCHE

Callingham's Girl, Part III. Park Avenue and the underworld. Page 20

KYLE CRICHTON

Hockey Jockey. Tommy Gorman, a manager who makes his luck. Page 22

GEORGE CREEL

The Tall Man. The unspectacular efficiency of our Attorney General. Page 23

ERNEST HAYCOX

Trail Smoke, Part VII. A price on Buck's head. Page 24

EDWIN MULLER

Rendezvous. Spies on high. Page 26

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

The Good Listener, by Corey Ford. Page 28

T. R. YBARRA

Ponchos, Patches and Peaches. Chile's gift to the world. Page 30

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Flashes from everywhere. Page 34

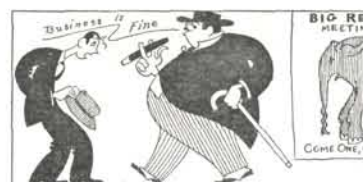
EDITORIAL

The Order of the New Day. Page 54

Any Week

WE BEGIN this one with three ringing cheers. Mr. J. Will Allen of Kansas City, Missouri, is responsible. "I have no grievance against my fellow man," writes Mr. Allen, "nor against my government past or present. I have no criticism nor remedy to offer. I am satisfied with my job, and my boss knows his job better than I do. I even like Collier's. I am the one and only forgotten man. I am content. My country is not going to hell and neither is the world."

BUT there are people who never will be satisfied until they meet those few intrepid members of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States who voted for the New Deal. Mr. George W. Williston of Hollywood, California, says he thinks he met a fellow who might be one of them. "It was after a red hot—well, anyway warm—Republican rally at which the chairman condemned the Roosevelt administration from Child Labor prohibition to inflation. Outside he was asked how business was. He said fine—the dirty Red."



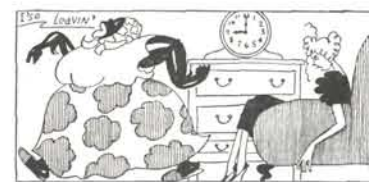
MR. LEWIS C. GREER of Bentonville, Arkansas, has written seventeen hundred and fifty-six letters to various departments of the government applying for a job and has received at least one reply to each—sometimes two or three. But he's still looking for the job. "Do you suppose," he asks, "if I wrote enough letters to require an extra postman, I could get the job of carrying the answers to myself?"

NOW a fellow like Mr. Ernest F. Brobst of Chicago, Illinois, wouldn't think of asking such a question. Some time ago Mr. Brobst felt the urge to get on somebody's pay roll. He tried a government project but was told no more workers were needed. For the next hour he did some professional thinking. The result was magnificent. He merely went to the head man on the government work and said he was feeling pretty sick and could he have the next day off? The head man said he certainly could, but to be sure to show up as soon as he felt better. Two days later he reported for work, grabbed a shovel and has been working for Planned Abundance ever since. "Next pay day," he said, "they even apologized to me for not having my name on the rolls, saying it must have been a clerical error."

AND as for Mr. J. E. Dart of Somerton, Arizona, "all this talk about losing our liberties is silly." Mr. Dart asks us to look at some of the most vociferous anti-administration yelpers. But without waiting for us to do so, he continues: "Many of them are only now losing the wrinkles in their bellies because Roosevelt made it possible for them to make a living. As for me—well, for the first time in my life I'm driving a new automobile. We are praying that Mr. Hoover doesn't get back in and put us on our feet again."

A FEW days ago Mrs. H. W. Sherman of Long Beach, California, was enumerating her troubles to a friend, a columnist. Mrs. Sherman's friend listened, then silently handed her a letter she had received that day. It read: "I'm writing you for advice. My husband is out of work and runs around with other women while I look after his old parents. My oldest boy ran away and I don't know where he is. Last year I had two major operations. Everything I eat hurts me. I have headache and backache constantly. My heart palpitates and I have gallstones and liver trouble. I am also losing my hearing and my eyes are bad but I can't afford glasses. I'm tired, nervous and can't sleep. Sometimes I get real discouraged."

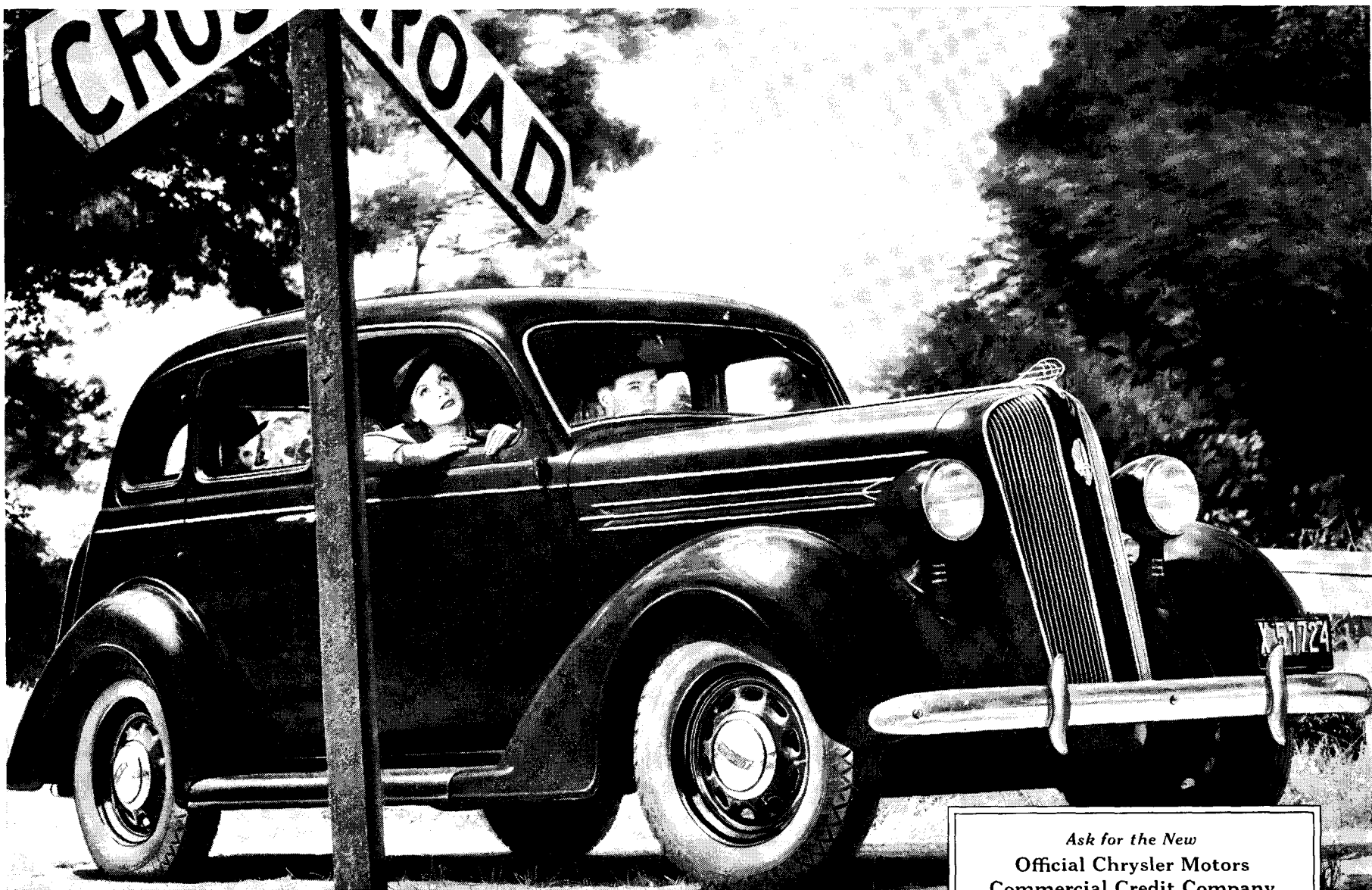
AMONG the various reasons we printed Mrs. Sherman's letter was that we hope Mrs. Lawrence T. Jepsome of Louisville, Kentucky, reads it. Mrs. Jepsome tells us with some bitterness that "unwarranted government spending has made labor so independent that we cannot get a decent cook any more. If we ask them to work after nine o'clock at night once in a while they get impertinent and quit the job."



BUT that's nothing. Some government workers threw stones at Mrs. Elizabeth K. McCollom's dog. Mrs. McCollom and dog live in Peoria, Ill. According to Mr. Fred Prince of that city, Mrs. McCollom called a policeman and wanted everybody on the job arrested and held until the culprit was found. The policeman spoke firmly to the workers, who then began throwing stones at him and Mrs. McCollom, too. Then Mrs. McCollom got real mad and what do you think she began doing?

DON'T tell us. Don't tell us.

Be Sure you get 100% Hydraulic Brakes!



Modern Traffic Demands the Safest Brakes Made

EVERY WEEK, news headlines write the reasons for having the safest brakes you can buy. Plymouth has been using hydraulic brakes since the first Plymouth was introduced. And this long, practical experience has given the big 1936 Plymouth the safest brakes built... 100% hydraulic in action... two pistons at each wheel!

And Plymouth is famous for another great safety feature: the Safety-Steel body... interlocking with the big steel frame... each reinforcing the other. It has the room and riding-

comfort every family wants... largest and roomiest of "All Three" leading low-priced cars.

No other full-size car in America can match Plymouth's economy. Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas... record low oil-consumption... money constantly saved on maintenance and repairs.

Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer for a 1936 Plymouth to try out... on the road. He'll gladly arrange it at your convenience.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

Ask for the New
Official Chrysler Motors
Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT
PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.

1. Start with your unpaid balance.
- 2.* Then add insurance cost.
3. Then multiply by 6% — for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

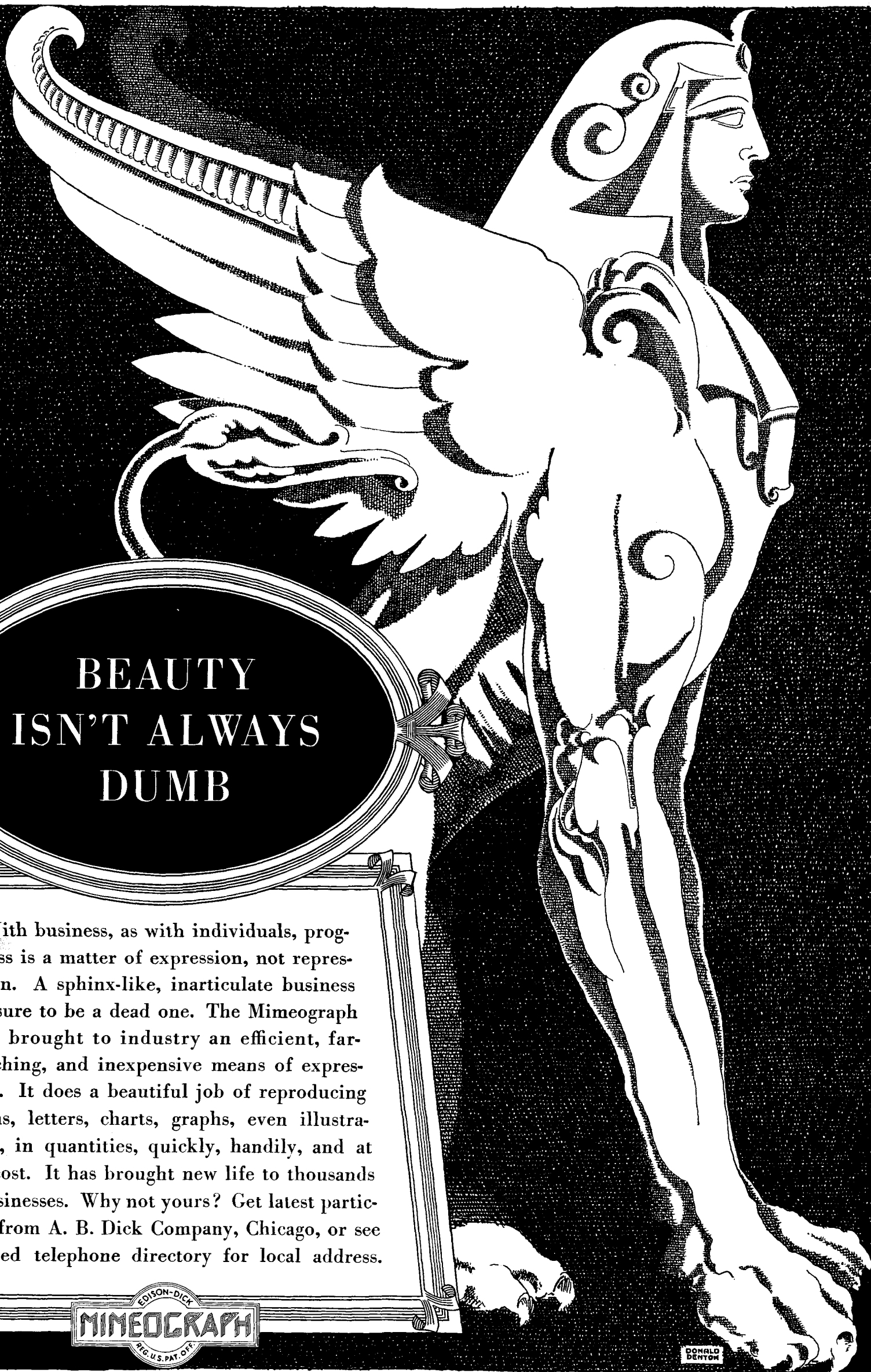
*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

NO OTHER CHARGES

\$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



BEAUTY ISN'T ALWAYS DUMB

With business, as with individuals, progress is a matter of expression, not repression. A sphinx-like, inarticulate business is sure to be a dead one. The Mimeograph has brought to industry an efficient, far-reaching, and inexpensive means of expression. It does a beautiful job of reproducing forms, letters, charts, graphs, even illustrations, in quantities, quickly, handily, and at low cost. It has brought new life to thousands of businesses. Why not yours? Get latest particulars from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see classified telephone directory for local address.

EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DONALD
DENTON

Positively Genius

What is plainer than plain? Well, for instance, Hank Bloss, who was the most ordinary man in the world

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE astounding disappearance of Hank Bloss following his brief and fabulous success as "a new deal in movie stars" was a week's sensation in Hollywood, where two days is the average run of sensations.

On the afternoon of the seventh day, when all theories had simmered down to two—a blond woman or too much booze—I ran into Sol McGrath, talent scout for General Films. Sol was hiding behind a stein of beer in a rear booth at a cheap Sunset Boulevard café. The Irish half of Sol muttered curses into his beer while the Jewish half of him threatened to salt it with tears.

"You're hiding Hank Bloss under that napkin, Sol," I said, wittily. "Tell him the jig is up. I want an interview."

"No one will ever interview Hank Bloss," Sol said. "Chase yourself."

"He—he's . . . not dead?" I gasped.

"He ain't that lucky," Sol said. Then, glaring at me angrily, "Listen, you want a story you'll be afraid to print? You want a story none of you newspaper guys will ever have the nerve to print?"

I said I did. And this is the story:

They pay my boss two hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year for thinking—Sol said—and if any man is worth that much dough Jake is underpaid. Jake is a genius. Jake sent me out to find Hank Bloss. It wasn't any accident. Hank Bloss existed in Jake's mind long before I ever found him. Get what I mean?

"Plain as an old shoe," that's what Jake said. "I want you to find me a man who's as plain as an old shoe. Don't bring me any actors. Don't bring me any circus hams. Don't bring me any feller that ever saw a stage or a radio mike. America is a big place. You go find him."

Being only a five-hundred-dollar-a-week talent scout, I didn't get the big idea. So I asked the boss to give me a line on the picture story he had in mind and the type of lead, mentioning the usual names and so on and so forth. It got Jake kind of sore.

"Listen, mug," he said, "this country

is tired of phonies. They don't know it yet, but they are. What this country wants is a man who's as plain as an old shoe. You go find him."

Yeah? That's what I thought, too. But you don't go to wise-cracking in front of the Boss. He's a genius, see?

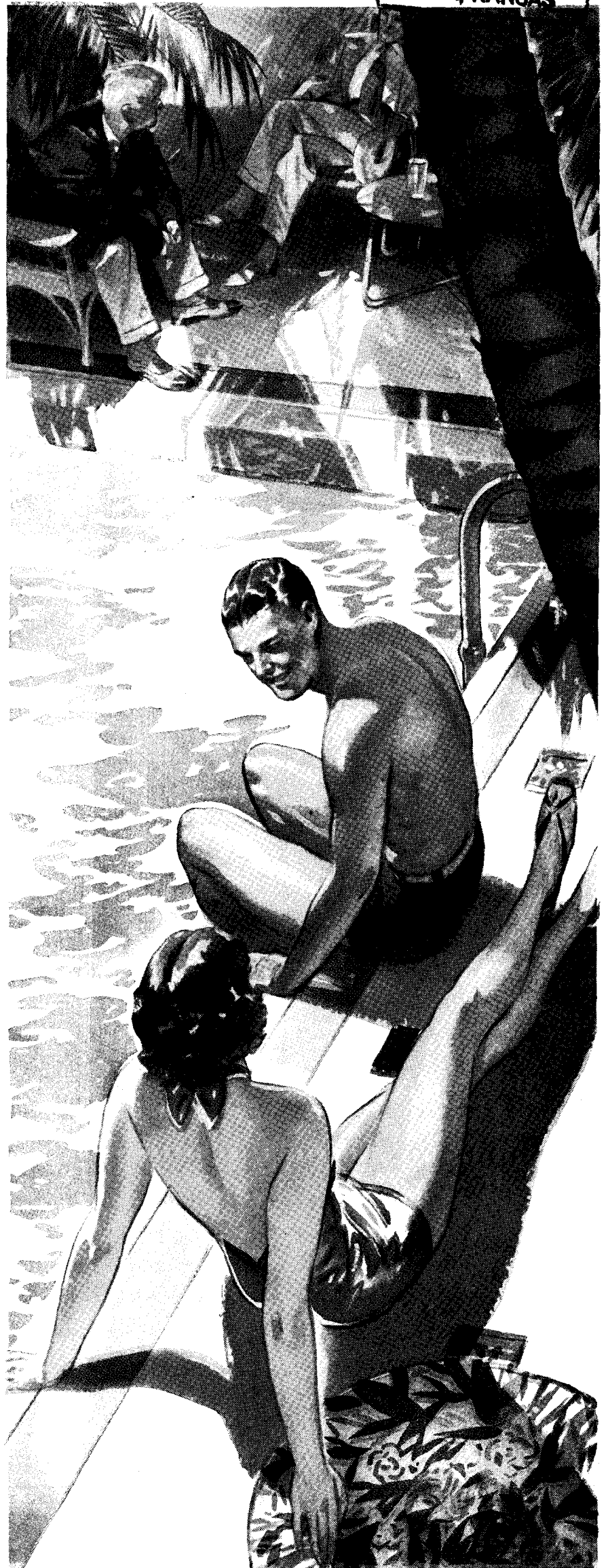
I almost went nutty during the time I spent hunting for Jake's man. It seemed like seven years. I dug up a Cal Coolidge type in a filling station at Tuscola, Illinois; the New York office found me a dead ringer for Abe Lincoln at some little dump in New Jersey and that don't count a Slim Summerville double I yanked off a live-bait boat at Malibu Pier. But the Boss took one look at each of them and shook his head.

"Phonies, mug," he kept saying, "they don't talk it and they can't think it. Plain as an old shoe—that's what I want. You find him."

WELL, I was on the verge of resigning and going back to Broadway—call it suicide, if you like—when one day the big break came. I picked up a Chicago paper and saw where a man named Henry Bloss had been awarded a prize as the best small-town newspaper editor. He lived in Nepomunk, Kansas. I was afraid to turn to the page where they had his picture, but finally I did.

You know how a hunch works. Your heart gives one quick jump and goes on beating like nothing had happened. Henry Bloss was my man. He wasn't old and he wasn't young. He had a small cracker-box paunch on him. You could tell just from the picture that he combed his hair with the wide end of the comb or maybe with his fingers. He could hang his suit from a tree on the courthouse square and all the folks would say: "That's Hank Bloss' suit." He wasn't the sort of

"This is Alice's place," Hank said. "The butler has tried to chase me twice, but I'm sticking around out of stubbornness"



fellow who would sit in his undershirt; but he wouldn't care if a little of it showed. His face was absolutely perfect; fair to middling looks and plenty of drainage ditches for the milk of human kindness.

I didn't say anything to anybody, not even my wife. I hopped a plane for Kansas City and doubled back to Nepomunk on a short-line railroad. And, brother, I was so excited I had heartburn on top of airsickness.

IT WAS about six o'clock in the evening when I got to Nepomunk. It all worked out like I was writing my own ticket. The Nepomunk Gazette had closed shop for the day. At the drugstore next door, they told me Hank Bloss lived in the third white house past the Baptist Church.

He was sitting on his front porch, smoking a briar pipe. I had sweated a good deal and stubbed my shine in the oiled street and I must have looked queer, I was so nervous. Hank Bloss looked like the answer to a mother's prayer, but would he *sound* like it? And would he come to Hollywood?

As it turned out, he spoke first.

"I guess you're looking for the Baptist parson," he said. "Right next door!"

What a voice! Plain as an old shoe. Nothing phony or put-on; just a good-humored sounding voice with a bit of a drawl. He got up from his chair and looked over the porch railing.

"Yep," he said, "the parson's home. Drying his shirt for this evenin's prayer meeting." Then he eyed me up and down. "Would you like for me to go and tell him, while you fetch your young lady?"

I stammered out my real business, though I'd intended to wait a while.

Hank Bloss listened, blinking once or twice. Then he gave a lazy chuckle. He turned and went to the front door.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "step here a minute."

"I can't, Henry. The steak's in—who is it?"

He turned back to me.

"Have a chair, son," he said. "I'll have to break it to her gently. Can't afford a burnt steak."

I sank down into that chair, happy. That crack about the steak settled it. The guy had humor, see? Good, plain, dry American humor. None of this London-to-Broadway epigram stuff.

WELL, there was quite a noise of talking in the back of the house. Pretty soon a nice, plump lady came out on the porch, followed by a girl and a boy. The kids were college age, about. They looked at me like I had come from heaven. Mrs. Bloss was almost as excited, but she tried to be strictly business from the word go.

"How do we know that what you're telling Daddy is true, young man?" she said. "Are you sure you aren't selling magazine subscriptions?"

The daughter said, "Why, Mother, of course he's from Hollywood. Look at his—" she bit off the words.

The son said: "I told Dad they'd be after him, with all that publicity in Chicago. I bet you read the Herald-Examiner, didn't you?"

I pulled out one of our blank contracts and showed it to Mrs. Bloss.

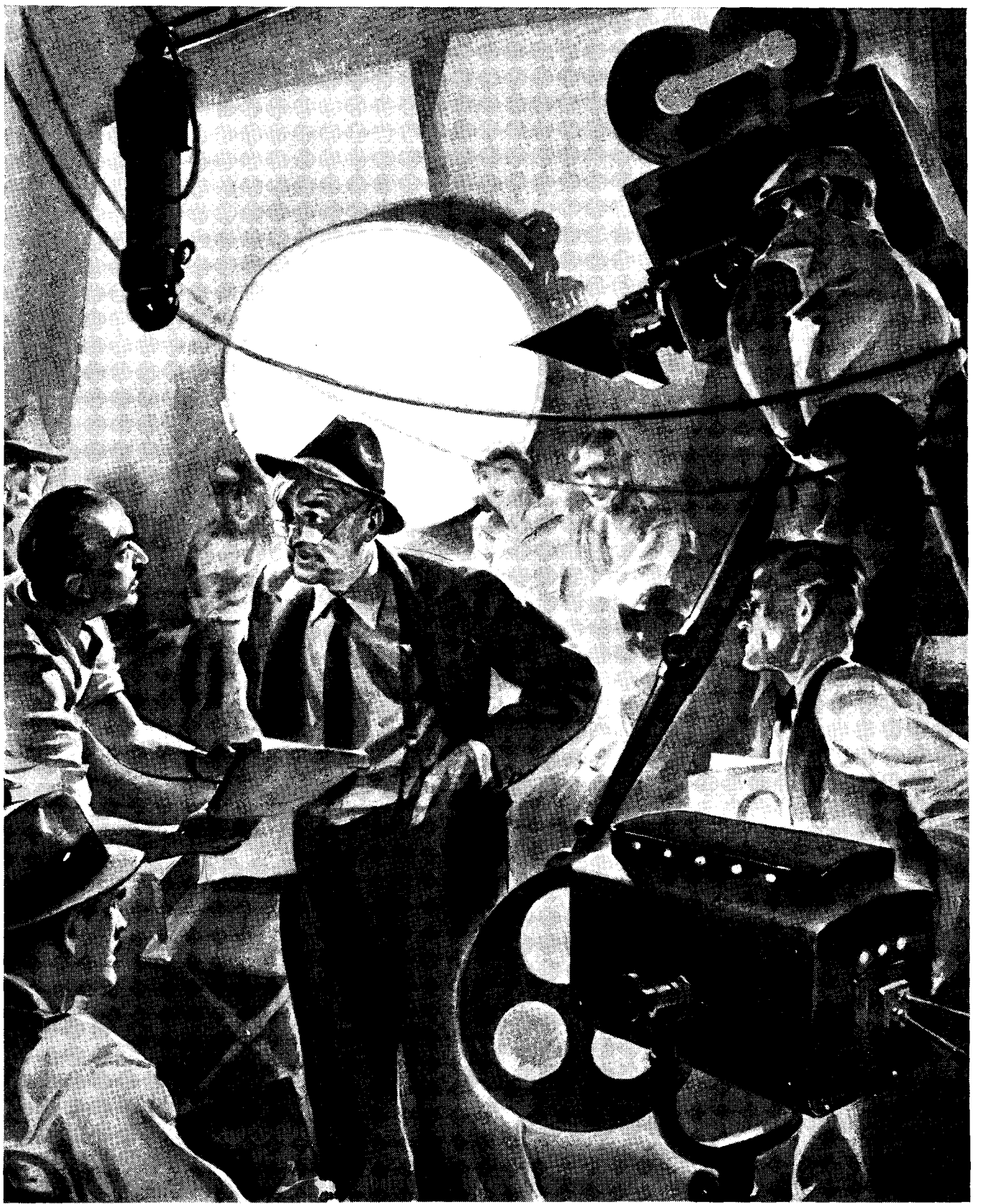
"Where's Mr. Bloss?" I said. "We can get this settled in a hurry."

Sally, she's the daughter, you know. Sally laughed sort of ashamed.

"Daddy's watching the steak," she said.

Perfect, see? All the family with their eyes popping out over a blank contract and Daddy back in the kitchen watching the steak.

The rest of it was just as good. Mrs. Bloss and Sally and Roger did all the talking during dinner. Every now and then, Hank would glance at me, hand me a plate of biscuits or some more marmalade, and wink. Once, when Roger said, "I think they ought to pay Dad at



Hank balked on a scene and ad libbed. Odenberg said, "Throw it away. You didn't follow script, Mr. Bloss"

least a thousand a week!" his old man coughed.

"I've done well to clear a thousand a year, son," he said.

FINALLY, Hank had to take me for a ride in his old flivver to get away from the family. We rode around Nepomunk and he pointed out the new high school and where the Masonic Temple stood before it burned. Then, we drove a ways into the wheat country. All of a sudden, Hank said: "How much *will* you pay?"

"Three hundred a week, Mr. Bloss," I said.

Hank stopped the car.

"Why? I'm no actor."

"You don't have to act, Mr. Bloss," I said; "you just be yourself. That's all we want."

He shook his head.

"Be myself. Shucks, son, that's the hardest job a man has. I've worked and sweated at it for years."

"You just be yourself," I said, "and you're made in pictures. Will you sign at three hundred?"

"I'll have to think about it," he said.

I didn't try any high-pressure stuff, though I would have gone to six hundred, I was so sure of my hunch. I decided to wait until the next day. That would give his family time to work on him. He invited me to spend the night at his house, but I insisted on clearing out to the hotel.

Well, the next morning about ten o'clock a young coon came to tell me Mr. Bloss wanted to see me in his office. He was sitting behind an old roll-top desk. His kids were working the press and watching. I had a hunch that Mrs. Bloss was home packing.

"Where's your movie contract, son?"

I handed it to him. Without a word, he took an old nickel pen and scratched out the money figures. He wrote in one hundred and fifty a week instead of three hundred.

"You're cheating yourself, Mr. Bloss," I said to ease my conscience. "We'll gladly pay the three hundred."

He frowned at me, his face as plain as an old shoe.

"Son," he said, "no man is worth more than a hundred and fifty a week. If he takes more, he's stealing it."

Yeah? Cross my heart and fingers. He said that. Jake has the original contract framed in his office. Don't you love it? You haven't the nerve to print the story, and you know it. They'd think you had gone Communist and break out the vigilantes.

But the thing I got the biggest kick out of was Hank's farewell editorial in the Nepomunk Gazette. I've got *that* framed in my card case. Get a load of it—it's headed "Ye Ed Goes Hollywood."

A brisk young man representing, he says, a big movie studio has offered Ye Ed more money than Nepomunk has seen since 1928 to go to Hollywood and be a movie actor.

The young man is either a lunatic, a liar or a dern' fool. But we never were able to turn down a sporting proposition. It has always been our theory that the Nepomunk Gazette could not get along without us. It has always been the belief of Mr. Cy Bascom, our genial linotype operator, that he could run the Nepomunk Gazette a heap sight better all by himself. One of us is wrong. We hope it's Cy, but fear it ain't.

Howsomever, Ye Ed goes to Hollywood and Cy stays in Nepomunk. Us Kansans have always had a conviction that Hollywood is a place where men's souls go to die. Ye Ed is offering his soul to decide the question. Another sporting proposition and we were always suckers for that. In any case, what we have always said about Kansas and Nepomunk still holds good: Time will tell.

Well, I put Hank Bloss aboard a plane at K. C. and brought him alive and kicking into the Boss' office. His family was to follow by train.

Jake? Why, it was the most natural thing in the world. I walked in with Hank. Old Jake stood up in back of his desk and looked at Hank as if he'd known him all his life.

"Boss," I said, "this is Hank Bloss."

"Howdy, Hank," Jake said.

"Howdy, Jake," Hank said.

JUST like that. Jake didn't even bother to give me the high sign. My hunt was over. Jake and Hank sat down to talk over Hank's first picture story, "The Town Square."

Later, the Boss called me on the carpet.

"One thousand bonus, mug," he said, "but I'm making it payable next January, so you won't be tempted to celebrate."

"Is he plain as an old shoe or ain't he?" I said, whooping it up.

"They'll love Hank," Jake said. "He'll be the biggest bet in pictures. But what about his family?"

"A swell wife and two nice kids—"

"Plain?"

"We-ell . . . they are now—"

"That's your job from now on, mug," the Boss said.

He didn't have to explain. Jake is a genius.

I thought I'd put Hank up at the Royal Hotel temporarily. But Hank peeked into the lobby and said, "Have they hid the trains behind those fancy screens?" Hank said he wanted to rent a house. We finally found one on a side street in North Hollywood. It was a white frame house and looked like Hank's Nepomunk home. He objected to paying a hundred and twenty-five a month rent, so I Irished them down to one-ten. But the same day he let a kid from Iowa who was running a rent-a-car lot on Hollywood Boulevard sign him up to pay two hundred and fifty for a flivver that was absolutely shot. "It sounds kind of homelike," Hank said.

Mrs. Bloss and the kids put on a big storm when they found the layout Hank and I had arranged. They thought Hank rated a nifty place in Beverly Hills and at least a new car.

"Shucks, Mother," Hank said, "they ain't even pointed a camera at me yet." Jake started shooting "The Town Square," and for six weeks Hank was kept so busy his family could only lecture him at night.

Well, you know what "The Town Square" did. A hundred and sixty-two thousand in Mr. Rockefeller's little theater, the first week. Forty-two grand in Philly and a new house record in St. Louis. A few wise-head critics yelled "Hokum," but Variety said Hank's picture would run forever in the neighborhood theaters. All the smart guys around Hollywood tried to shrug it off as an accident; but they know better now.

Hunh? Sure, sure, it was just a simple little picture of Hank himself in a small town in the horse-and-buggy days. A little loving and a lot of laughs and some of the old-time religion. But that wasn't what got them.

Listen, I was standing next to the Boss at the preview in Glendale. Oscar Schwartzbach came over and said, "You've got a new star, Jake. But I'm darned if I know why!"

"Hank is an American," Jake said, and walked off.

I was too busy to figure that out. The studio was starting right away on "His Own Potato Patch," as a follow-up to "The Town Square."

MRS. BLOSS, without Hank's say-so, had lined up with Irving Flaherty. You know what I think of agents. Well, Irving drops in on the Boss and says no dice unless Hank gets a raise to twelve-fifty a week. The Boss calls in me and Hank. He asks Irving to repeat his speech.

Poor Hank sat there in his old brown suit, sucking a dead pipe. He looked ashamed of himself. When Irving finished his spiel, Hank just uncrossed his long legs.

"Was I supposed to turn from country editor to highway robber in eleven weeks, Jake?" he asks, gentle and sad.

The Boss grinned at Hank and he grinned at the Boss.

"That's picture business," the Boss said.

"Let's excuse Irving," Hank said. "He's too young to listen to this discussion, anyway." He stood up and patted Irving on the shoulder. "You run along, son," he said. "I'm protecting your innocence and you'll thank me for it, later on." Then, when Irving went out spluttering about how Mrs. Bloss had hired him, Hank turned to Jake.

He made the craziest speech I ever heard in a conference about money. He said: "My wife is still a mite excited about Hollywood. It'll wear off in time. For me—the present salary is plenty. But Alice don't think it's enough for her. I'd appreciate it if you'd fix this up with her somehow, Jake. Just this time."

"I'll fix it up, Hank," Jake said.

I NEVER did know what settlement the Boss made with Hank's wife. But it was plenty. The Boss could see that unless he kept Hank's missus happy she'd either go back to Nepomunk or bulldoze Hank into jumping to another studio.

While Odenberg was shooting "His Own Potato Patch," I spent a lot of time on the set. And I began to see what Jake had seen from the start—just what was putting Hank over. The writers had cooked up a modern story following the "Town Square" formula; but Odenberg is a Bolshy and he started out to make Hank into the little guy who gets kicked in the pants.

Hank balked on a scene and ad libbed his dialogue. Odenberg said: "Throw it away; you didn't follow script, Mr. Bloss." Hank smiled, picked up his Nepomunk two-dollar felt hat and said: "Come on, Sol. We'll go fishing." Odenberg and I stammered around; one of the writers threatened to resign, but didn't; and a hurry call was put in for the Boss.

"What's the trouble, Hank?" Jake asked, when he got to the set.

"Ism' trouble, Jake," Hank said. "I've got my reputation back in Nepomunk to think of. Back in Nepomunk, the boys are kind of down on all the isms. Any kind of collar is still a collar to a galled mule. And you can't blame him if he bolts!"

Jake nodded.

"Shoot it Hank's way," he said.

Yeah? They loved that picture, didn't they? Hank was just as plain as an old shoe, standing smack in the middle of his own potato patch. Odenberg finally got the right fade-out, with Hank's figure growing bigger and bigger until it dwarfed the buildings in the town and even the trees in the field. A few of the critics were bright enough to get it. Hank was more important in the freedom he had worked so hard to hold than all the cockeyed world rushing so fast to nowhere.

You bet the audiences got it. They left their radios and their beer to see Hank Bloss stand up and be an independent man. Judas Priest, what a box-office smash that was! Why, the highbrow gang began to write pieces called "American Laughter," trying to explain that Hank was Bill Nye, Artemus Ward and Mark Twain rolled into one. Nuts. He was just the average American guy, busting out with a horse laugh at the smart aleck's who wanted to make him No. 114,769,821 in a booby hatch.

Well, it couldn't last.

Hank's wife jacked another raise out of the Boss and rented a big estate out on Beverly Boulevard.

One afternoon, I found Hank sitting in an old rocker near the swimming pool. He was tossing pebbles into the water. A couple of vans were unloading furniture and interior decorators were tacking up tapestries in every corner.

"This is Alice's place," Hank said. "The butler has tried to chase me twice and I'm sticking around out of stubbornness."

We settled down for a pow-wow on story ideas; but a maid announced that one of the Hollywood chatter writers was at the gates demanding an interview.

Hank jumped up.

"Ain't she the one who wrote that I was going to buy a yacht?" he said.

I told him yes but he had better see her, as she was too powerful to snub.

Hank was almost white in the face with anger. He fished in his vest pocket and handed me a clipping. It was from the Nepomunk Gazette, written by Cy Bascom, the demon linotyper, and it went about like this:

SAY IT AIN'T SO, HANK

The latest news from Hollywood is that Hank Bloss is going to buy a yacht. With bowed heads and aching hearts the citizens of Nepomunk await Hank's denial.

"Everybody knows you better than to believe you've gone Hollywood, Hank," I said.

Hank stared at me, his brown face bewildered.

"I—I don't know what's happening to me, Sol," he said.

He stalked off and locked himself in the garage, while I lied to the most important reporter in town.

Hank had started me worrying about the whole setup. I drove back to the studio and unloaded on the Boss. Every chatter writer in Hollywood and all the fan magazines were harping on Hank's new home and the doings of Sally and Rog Bloss. How long would the movie public believe that Hank was as plain as an old shoe? That's what I wanted to know.

Jake pretended to take it in his stride.

"They can see that Hank's sincere by looking at twenty feet of film," Jake said. "They won't blame a man for his family. Plain as an old shoe, Hank is, and he'll stay that way." But I noticed that the Boss didn't sound any too sure of himself.

Hunh? No, that was Hank's own idea. He wrote practically the whole story for his third picture, "Papa Gets Rich." You see, Hank figured the best way to take the curse off the rich movie star idea and at the same time maybe teach his home folks a lesson would be to step right out and sock them with a true-to-life picture. It was so darn' true to the inside facts that even Jake got jittery.

ONE night, just before we started shooting, Hank had to make a personal appearance at a charity shindig in Long Beach. A crowd of kids spotted us climbing out of Hank's old car near the grounds. Hank reached into his coat pockets for money. He could dig up just about fifty cents; and had to borrow some from me.

Going home, I found out that he was stony broke.

"You mean to tell me you're still getting a hundred and fifty a week?" I said.

"That's right," he said. "Dern' good salary."

"The press figures say three thousand, Hank."

Hank sighed.

"That's my wife's money, Sol. I just pay her board. It's better that way."

I told the Boss and he raised Hank to three hundred. Believe it or not, that's the most money Hank ever got from the front office. His wife collected the rest and spent it, too.

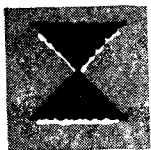
By this time, I was beginning to notice little changes in Hank. He was so afraid of being called a hypocrite that he leaned over backwards. His grammar got more countrified. He began saying, "Y'all boys" and "Reckon so" and "Do tell." He still dodged parties when he could; but if he went, he made a deliberate point of hanging around the kitchen. He'd sit in the pantry and chew the fat with servants, lifting things off trays and making jokes about the dressy crowd out front.

But the worst thing—and it drove us all nuts—was Hank's refusal to pass up any of the common people he saw between his home and the studio. Hank loved the common people and they loved him—don't get me wrong. But I'd try to get him on the set for an eight o'clock call, and blooey! Some tourist would spot

(Continued on page 39)



"Dad likes money as much as anybody, Sally," young Rog said



While the American white man has been dismissing the American Indian as "a vanishing race" and thinking of him, if at all, as the possible maker of Navajo rugs, the Navajos themselves have been quietly increasing in numbers from five to fifty thousand. Now they and their flocks are too numerous for their dying land, and the government is giving them a hand. You'll agree that they deserve anything we can do for them

Meet the Navajos

By Quentin Reynolds

YOU have 15,000,000 acres of land," the man from Washington said. "On that land almost a million and a half sheep are grazing. You have 50,000 cattle and horses grazing. A horse eats as much as five sheep; a cow eats as much as four sheep. The land is overgrazed. You must cut down the number of your sheep to 900,000. You must cut down your cattle and horses. The land will not support so many animals. . . ."

They sat there in stunned silence, these Navajo Indians who were members of the Tribal Council. The venerable Chee Dodge, his son Tom Dodge, chairman of the council, Deschna Clahcheschillige, Marcus Konuho, Nal Nishi, Black Mustache, Denet Tso, Toadechenie Chesschillige, Bencenti Bega and the others. They would have to give up their sheep? Why, that was their life and the lives of their children.

"If you take away our sheep, you might as well take away our children," an old Indian muttered.

"Our land is sick because of lack of water," the man from Washington said. "Sick land will not support as many sheep as land that is healthy. The government is going to make every effort to control erosion, to conserve the land we have and to try to reclaim land that is lost. To do this we will have to fence off large areas and keep the sheep away from it until the land blooms again. When we fence off this land it will leave even less for the sheep. We must cut down the number of sheep immediately."

"If you take away our sheep you might as well take away our children," the old Indian repeated, and several others growled assent. The man from Washington couldn't keep the look of sympathy out of his eyes. He knew what the old Indian meant. But he knew, too, that the Navajo reservation was overgrazed and that stern measures were needed.

Hours of discussion followed with each Indian being allowed to voice his opinion. These were the representatives of the 50,000 Navajos on the reservation. These were caciques, chieftains, heads of clans, important men whose word would be followed by the tribe, just as the words of the caciques have been followed for hundreds of years. They were the wise men of the tribe. They knew that they could trust the Man from Washington, for he was a representative of John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Collier had visited them and talked to them and they knew that he had their interests at heart.

Sorrowfully they agreed with the Man from Washington. Their hearts cried, "Why can't we have more land? Why can't we have healthy land that has water upon it and grass? Why must we have only a desert land—we who were here long, long before you were?" But the Indian's tongue is not a loud-speaker blaring forth that which is in his heart. They shrugged their shoulders and they went back to tell their tribe of this new trouble.

That was in 1931. The

government bought the sheep, giving the Navajos money in exchange. They looked at the money with contempt.

"When we have sheep we have something," they said. "We can look at them. When we have money it flows from us. We go to railroad towns and spend it and then we have neither sheep nor money. We live on sheep—not on money."

Navajos live and have always lived under a barter system. They swap and exchange their sheep and their blankets and their jewelry of silver and turquoise for food. Money? Money is what you throw across a bar. Money is what you gamble with—you don't live on money.

Time passed and again the man from Washington came to the Tribal Council.



EWING GALLOWAY

There would have to be another reduction. This time John Collier himself went.

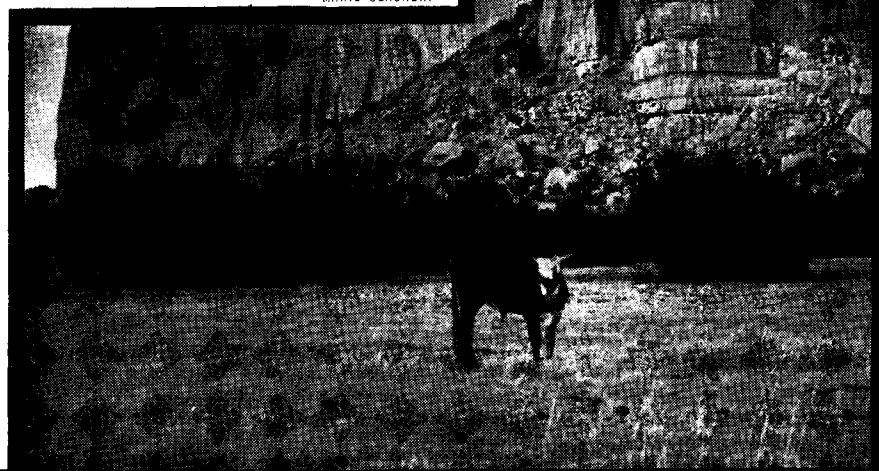
"If you don't immediately sacrifice additional thousands of your sheep," he told them, "you will have no country. First your flocks will starve; then you and your families will starve."

Once more the sheep were reduced. There are but 400,000 sheep left feeding on the Navajo land. Now the greatest soil reclamation job in the history of the country is being pushed rapidly in an effort to revive the land. It will be six years before any tangible effect is to be realized.

A Nation of Shepherds

Meanwhile? Meanwhile a proud people are sick at heart. Meanwhile a nation is grieving. But it was necessary, to keep the Navajos from eventual extinction.

Unless it was done it might have meant the extinction of one of the oldest peoples in the world. The Navajos are fundamentally shepherds. The women make rugs and blankets and some of the tribe try to coax corn and wheat out of the desert soil which is their land, but chiefly they are shepherds. When a Navajo youngster is old enough to walk he is given a post watching the sheep. It is a proud moment for the boy. He knows that if he relaxes his diligence he may lose part of his flock. Watching the sheep



MARIO SCACHERI



teaches the lad self-reliance; gives him a sense of responsibility; builds his character, in fact. If it weren't for the sheep, the Indian lads would grow up to be lazy and shiftless and the Navajos have never been lazy or shiftless. That is what the old Indian meant when he said, "If you take away our sheep you may as well take away our children."

But reducing the sheep was necessary. The Department of Agriculture, working in cooperation with the Department of the Interior, discovered that soil erosion, due chiefly to overgrazing, had totally destroyed several hundred thousand acres of the Navajo range. It had seriously damaged millions of additional



The Navajos, one of the last remnants of the Southwest Indian, are now being moved to a reservation in the state of New Mexico. Below are some of the Navajo people who are now living on the reservation.

PHOTO BY WIDE WORLD



acres. Erosion (which is merely a killing of the land) would, the experts figured, make an absolute waste desert out of the range within fifteen years. And the Navajos, now numbering 50,000, were increasing in population with the passing of every year.

It is seldom that a nation (and the Navajos are a nation, independent, self-subsisting, self-reliant) of 50,000 people has ever been faced with such a tragedy. Of course, the Navajos can scatter, invade the cities of the white man and try to compete with him in the marts and in the professions. But experience has shown that an Indian in a city can seldom become a contented part of its life.

that? They point vaguely to the north and say that their forefathers came from there. But they were firmly established in New Mexico in 1846 when the United States formally took possession of the territory. They weren't shepherds in those days—they were fighters and, with their cousins the Apaches, were perhaps the greatest of Indian warriors. This was partly a defensive gesture against the Mexicans who had a quaint habit of making swift forays north for the purpose of capturing and making slaves of the Navajo women and children. Then, too, the buffalos were dwindling, and the white man was being very irritating and the Navajos, all in all, had to fight for their very existence.

A Nation in Exile

It was in 1860 that the Navajo war broke out, a war rather typical of most wars in that it was brought about by the stupidity, cupidity and arrogance of one party. This party happened to be the United States. Seventy Navajo ponies had strayed upon government-owned land. They were immediately used as targets by the thick-skulled members of the infantry. All were killed. This and several other equally laudable manifestations of the power and intelligence of the white man resulted in the Navajos going on the warpath.

Kit Carson, great Indian fighter and,

upon piñon and sagebrush clinging to the varicolored edges of the canyons and if they are yellow it adds to the scenic splendor—you don't know that they are yellow because they have been killed by the merciless rays of the sun.

Really to see the country you must ride through it on horseback. The lower areas and the valleys are covered with desert flora; with cacti, yucca and tuft-grass the only vegetation available for grazing. At higher altitudes you'll find sagebrush, tarweed, rabbit brush and greasewood. You can't travel a mile without having to cross an arroyo. An arroyo? An arroyo is a deep, dry gully; the bed of a dried-up river. A generation ago the Navajo country wasn't marked by arroyos. But the sheep came and their ever-nibbling teeth killed the grass cover and their hoofs made little trails and the trails became gullies and eventually arroyos. With each downpour another layer of the precious earth was carried down the arroyo and dumped into the Colorado River. When the rain comes it hits the high country and rushes down toward the valley and the lowlands through these arroyos. A heavy rain will make a rushing torrent which roars through the arroyos carrying shrubs and small trees and earth and even rock along with it in its mad course. The water will knock down anything that gets in its way. It travels so fast that it doesn't have time to sink into the earth to repair later the damage it is causing. When the rain is over the arroyo is again a dry, ugly scar dotted with tree roots and the broken bodies of whatever shrubbery, crops or vegetation it has killed during its terrible rush.

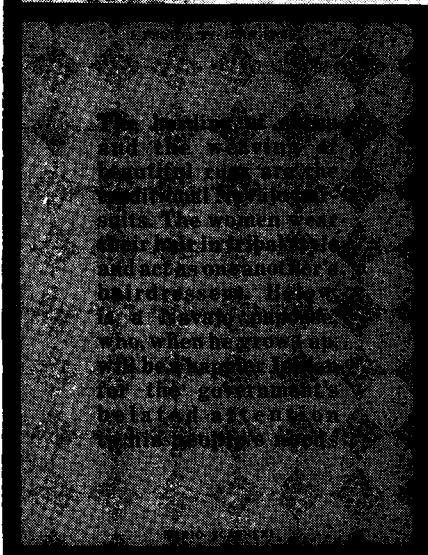
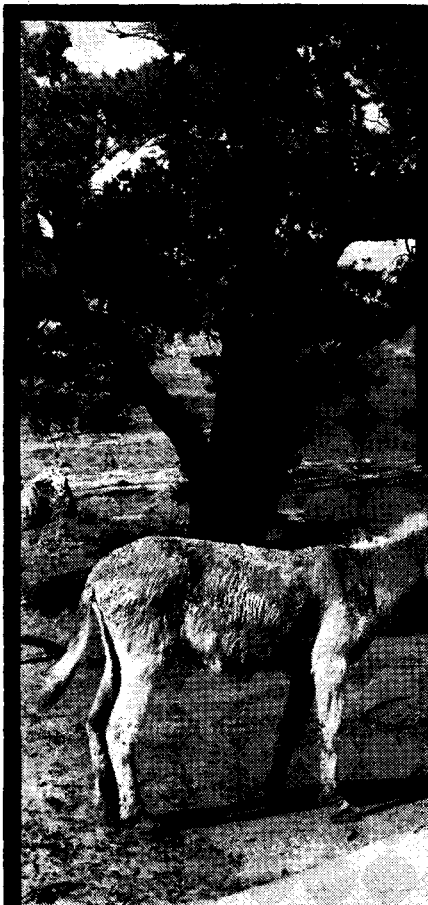
Land that Is Dead

That is the Navajo country. Now land, like cattle or plants, or people, is subject to sickness and to death. This land has been dying for hundreds of years and now a great part of it is dead. Land has four dreadful enemies: water, sun, wind and animals. In moderation they can be friends to the land, but too much of all four will kill land. The water, rushing in torrents, kills growing things. The sun blisters the crops, draws nourishment from the earth and leaves it exhausted. The wind, whirling through the canyons, sweeps away the top soil, leaving roots, which need protection, exposed to the sun and the cold. And grazing animals complete the work of denuding the earth of green things.

Very few white farmers or sheep herders could exist in this region. Upon it the Navajos have thrived and multiplied and supported themselves well. They didn't do it by farming. The region around Lukachukai Creek is fairly fertile and here a few Navajos raise alfalfa for which they receive \$28 a ton when they transport it sixty miles away to Fort Defiance. Around Washington Pass, too, some corn, grass and potatoes can be raised, but it is seldom that a Navajo is able to raise more crops than he actually needs.

Actually, the Navajos aren't very good farmers. The Navajos cling to their old traditions and old customs perhaps more closely than do any other people on earth. They raise corn, for instance, in exactly the same manner as their forebears did a hundred, perhaps a thousand, years ago.

Not long ago an Indian hurried to Chester Faris, General Superintendent of the Navajos (more commonly called the Indian Agent). He said that three young Navajos were being punished by the heads of (Continued on page 46)



EWING GALLOWAY

John Collier and the highly sympathetic Department of the Interior do not as yet know the complete answer. They are striving for a solution, for they feel that this country has no right to put a friendly nation to death. They feel that the Navajos by their industry, their decency and, most important of all, their birthright, have more than earned the right to survive. Let's live with those Navajos for a few days. Let's look back and find out where they came from, how they live and let's see if they don't deserve at least a chance to survive. After all, they were here first.

The history of the Navajos begins with their life in the Southwest. Before

oddly enough, a great admirer of the Navajos, took five companies of soldiers and penned the Navajos up in their stronghold, the Canyon de Chelly. Carson knew the Indians perhaps better than any man of his time. He could have exterminated the Navajos. Instead, he starved them out, captured six thousand of them, comprising most of the tribe, and marched them to Bosque Redondo, a reservation near Fort Sumner. Here they lived virtually prisoners for several years until lack of water, food and wood took such a heavy toll that the government finally relented and allowed them, under promise of good behavior, to return to their native New Mexico.

There were less than five thousand of them. Today there are 50,000. Let's take a look at this land which the government "gave" to the Navajos. It is a large territory, large enough, in fact, to put Belgium and Holland into, if anyone had the time, means, or inclination to transport those two countries to the Southwest. It is partly in New Mexico and partly in Arizona. It is a very beautiful country—to fly over.

There are rugged masses of rock glowing with red and streaked with violet when touched by the sun. The valleys are soft-looking from above because you don't know that those lovely white patches dotting the green stretches are barren, ugly wasteland when you see them at close hand. From the air you look down

Wild Waters

By Will F. Jenkins

There they were, facing death together in an isolated, flood-bound house—and they didn't even know each other's names! It's a story you won't forget

THE man found paved road beneath his feet in the darkness and began to run in a dogged, exhausted fashion. Rain poured on him. Lightning flared, luridly blue-white. Thunder crashed about the skies. The rain seemed to fall more heavily as that deep rumbling continued, but the man ran on. His breath rasped in his throat. He suddenly splashed into water standing in the road. It was shoe-top deep. Then ankle-deep. It was knee-deep and growing deeper as the road dipped down. The man checked, the croupy noise still sounding at each breath, and edged his way onward desperately. But there was a current here. Swift current.

Lightning once more. Water ahead, as far as the man could see. Angular things stuck up out of the stream. The top of a drowned truss bridge. Poles at weird angles, carrying wires. Then darkness closed down again. But the man had also seen floating things. Tree branches. Something which might be a chicken coop in which something splashed frenziedly, not yet drowned.

The man's harsh breath became almost a sobbing. He stood helplessly. Current tugged at his legs. The monotonous, drumming sound of the rain filled his ears. No. There was a tinny blare of music somewhere. It was very faint and wholly insane at this time and place, but the man turned desperately.

Again the drumming of the rain. A harsh, metallic squeaking from the tortured, submerged bridge behind him. Growling thunder. More rain.

Another bar of music. The man thought he saw a faint yellow glow. He started toward it. The water deepened almost instantly. He fumbled his way back to the concrete road. He retraced it, twice running off onto soft ground not yet turned to mud and with trailing grass under the surface of the water.

He blundered on, staring blindly for the light he thought he'd seen. The water went down to the calves of his legs. Down to his ankles. In a lightning flash he saw two concrete posts, very bravely holding aloft twin concrete balls despite a yellow sheet of water about their bases. The lightning flash died. The man stumbled through, splashing.

WATER was halfway to his knees again when he stumbled against steps, fumbled his way up on a tiny porch, and felt in the inky blackness for the door. He knocked thunderously upon it.

Far away, behind him, he heard a little, growling murmur. It seemed to come from the horizon, and it continued. It grew louder. It came nearer. He knocked more thunderously than before.

The door opened and a voice said, with a sob in it:

"Jack! You've come!"

The man said:

"No, ma'm. I'm somebody else. Is your phone working?"

The woman drew back into the darkness.

"Y-yes. How is the water?"

"Still rising, ma'm." He stopped and listened. The dully roaring sound to north came from a wider front, now. "I'm afraid that's Wilson's Run come in. Let me use the phone, ma'n, while the wires are still up!"

His tone was pleading. The woman in the hall drew further back still. She opened the door and a lamp flickered wildly inside it. The man turned back and closed the outer door. He fastened it. The closed door shut out that distant roaring sound. There was only a steady, murmurous noise which was the rain. A voice, very resonant and distinct: "And now the orchestra answers the question in rumba time with 'Blue Sky.'"

The man said rather desperately:

"Where's the phone?"

"HERE." The woman pointed. The man fumbled. He found the ringer-handle and cranked it. The phone rang. He put the receiver to his ear. He was very pale. His whole look was pinched and drawn.

"Are you—have you got somebody—"

"My family, ma'm. Over at Harcum's. I've been tryin' to get to 'em ever since the water started rising. I don't know—Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Listen! Have they got everybody out over at Harcum's? . . . You don't know? . . . Listen! There's the Davis family. They just moved in. The neighbors mightn't think of 'em. Get word to somebody, for God's sake! They've got the old Henley place. Woman and three kids and the old man. . . . No. No telephone . . . I've been trying to get back. . . ."

The woman in the room touched his arm.

"Us," she said in an urgent whisper. "Us!"

"Yeah . . . Wait a minute. Where I am too, there's a woman an' a couple of kids. . . . Four people, counting me . . . There's a noise like Wilson's Run come in, too. . . . No, it hasn't hit. How much higher's the water due to rise?" The man listened, and said, "By what time?"

The radio blared triumphant, tinny jazz. The woman turned it off and turned tensely back to the man at the phone. Her eyes were wide. The two children protested the cutting-off of the radio.

"All right," said the man at the telephone. But he added desperately, "For God's sake get somebody to see about the Davis family! . . . Yeah. The old Henley place. You see, the neighbors might not think—"

He stopped. He reached over and moved the receiver hook up and down. He turned.

"Line's down now," he said.

The man and woman stared at each other. The children protested shrilly the cessation of music. The man drew a deep breath.



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SHIVELY

"Better turn it on for the kids."

The woman, still looking at him with wide, tense eyes, moved across the room. The man turned his head. The roaring noise outside was louder, now. It grew louder still. The radio clicked. As the tubes hummed, warming up, the outside roar became near-by thunder. It ceased to come from any single direction. The radio blared an intricate saxophone passage while a piano and snare drums functioned as percussion instruments for a rhythmic background.

The roar grew overwhelming. It dimmed even the music. There was a terrific crash somewhere. Then a long, straining, seemingly irresistible heave at the house. The building creaked. It seemed to heave at one corner. The woman made a convulsive movement toward the two children. The man stood tense, waiting. Then the roar passed on. The radio blared while pandemonium subsided outside.

THERE was a trickling sound of water running in somewhere.

"That was the Wilson's Run wave," said the man.

He rather absurdly wiped his face, glittering in the lamplight from the rain that had soaked him. He looked down at the floor, where drippings from his soaked clothing made a puddle. He stirred uneasily. Then he saw a trickle of water coming in under a door.

"I'd better see about that, ma'm," he said apologetically, pointing.

He opened the door. Water rushed in. He moved out into the hall, splashing. He stooped at the outer door. He came back.

"It's coming in," he said. "Up a foot or maybe a foot and a half."

He lifted the two children from the floor into chairs. They squirmed, looking shy and frightened until he grinned at them. Then they were only shy. They subsided deep into the chairs, staring at him with their thumbs in their mouths. The woman stared at the water coming in under the door.

"What are we going to do?" she asked desperately. "What are we—"

"I don't know, ma'm—I wish I knew what's happened over at Harcum's. You see, the neighbors might not think—"

He stopped. The woman's hand had reached out automatically for a broom. She was sweeping back the water that came under the door. The man watched. Two strokes. Three. Then he said soberly:

"Is there some place I can look out, ma'm?"

She pointed wordlessly. He went into another room. Cold, damp air. The windows were broken. Lightning flashed. He was in a bedroom. Something struck the house a heavy blow. It struck again, and scraped, and ceased. The man felt his way to a window. Lightning again.



He stood up suddenly, balancing himself on the roof

A dreary waste of rain and water. All water. There had been a barn, but now a queer, pyramidal fragment of collapsed timbers alone stood where it had been. Other fragments floated past the house, or scraped it. He saw a cow, belly-deep in water, one horn dangling broken from her head. She moved downstream, bellowing protest, pain-racked and reluctant. If there had been a horse, it had vanished. The small slow swells were pockmarked with the rain.

THE man moved away from the window. The floor seemed squirming and alive. Carpet, pushed up by water coming through the cracks.

He went back into the living-room. The woman was watching fascinatedly as water ran quivering quicksilverlike to the last, last corner of the room.

"Barn's gone," said the man. "The cow's makin' off too."

The radio blared. The two children had been squirming in their chairs. They subsided again at sight of the stranger.

"Had we better—try to leave?" asked the woman in a hoarse whisper. "We—have to do something about the children."

"There's three feet of water outside now," said the man. "Over the top of the bridge now. We're better off here for a while." He looked at water splashing about his shoe tops. "It's goin' to be higher before it gets lower," he added.

"We'd better figure on gettin' the kids up in the attic. And we'll want something to make rope with. And a hatchet. And ma'm, have you got any preserves? The homemade kind?"

The woman's expression wavered.

"Preserves?"

"Or canned stuff. In glass jars. It's the jars I want."

"Wh-what for?"

"I'll fix up life preservers for the kids," said the man. "Four or five empty jars'll float 'em."

The woman went into the kitchen. One of the two children took its thumb out of its mouth to grin at the man. He grinned back, but he wiped off his forehead. The woman seemed to be gone a long time, though he heard glass rattling. He went into the kitchen after her. The water was a little higher.

The woman, sobbing, was emptying preserves and canned stuffs into a dishpan, and then absurdly rinsing out the emptied jars. The man stopped her.

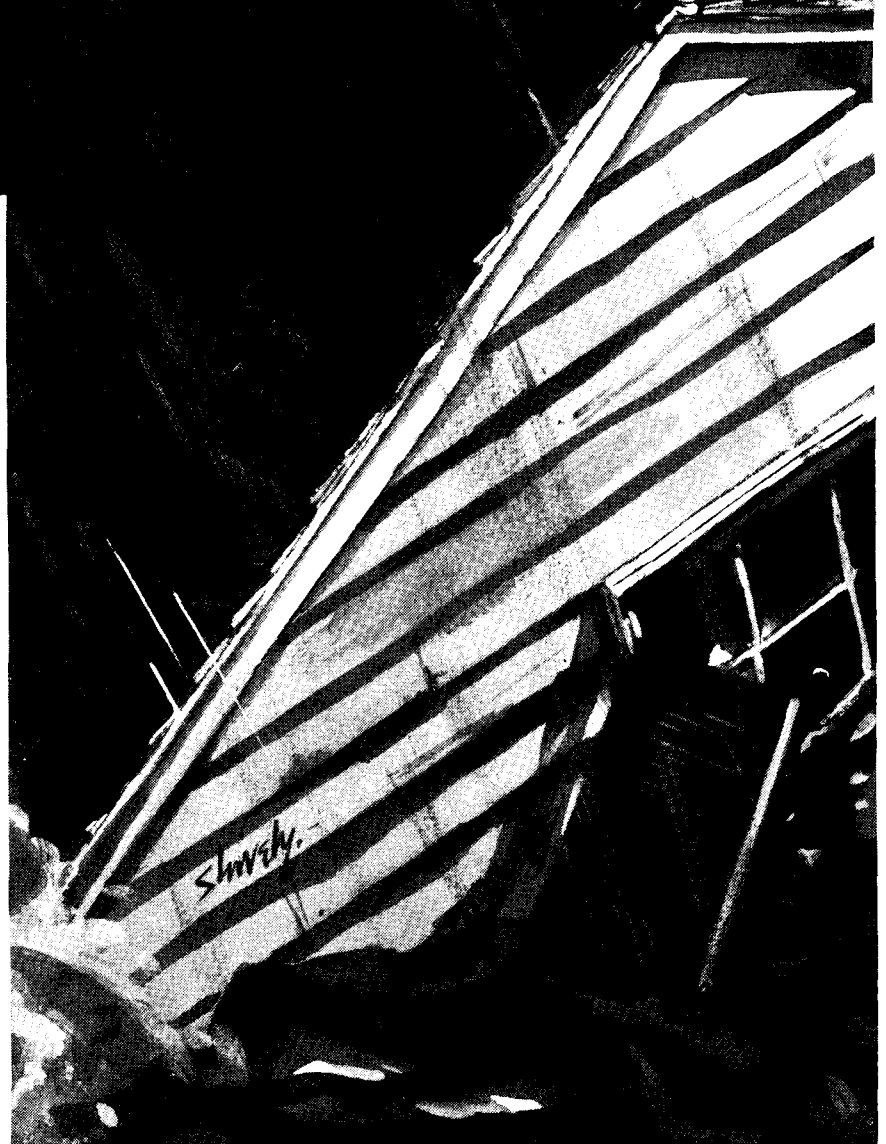
"No use washing 'em," he said. "I figure I can get three in front of each kid, and three in back."

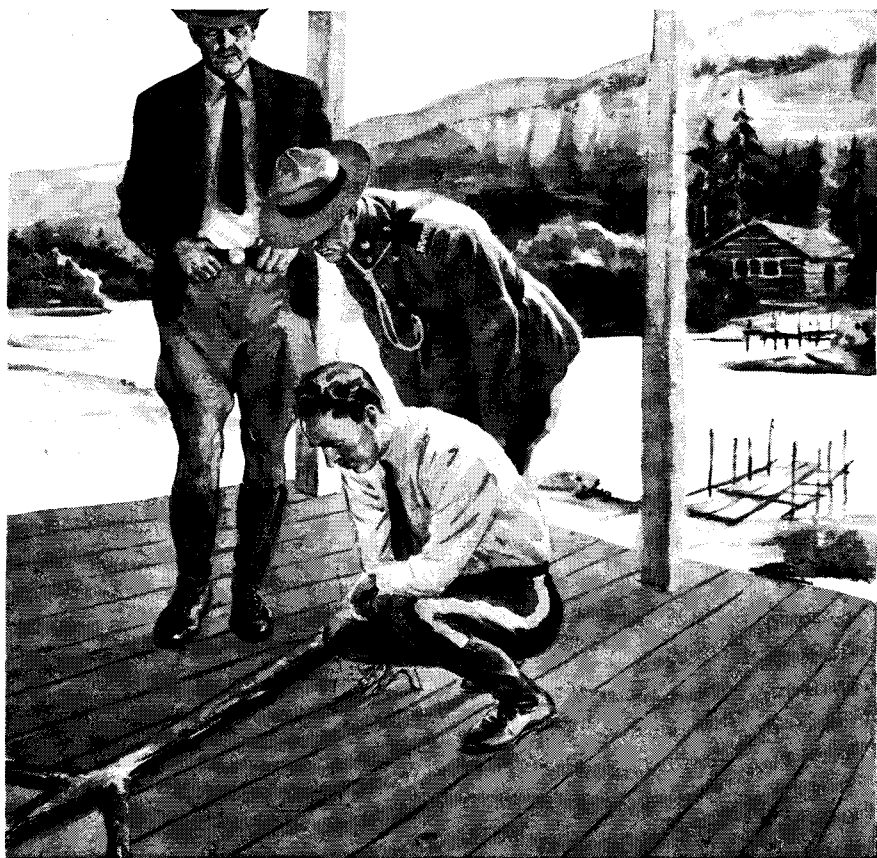
The woman said desperately:

"The children—I—I'll do anything, pay anything, if only you'll save them—"

"An' how much do you think I'd pay," demanded the man bitterly, "to know what's happened over at Harcum's? The neighbors might not've thought—"

(Continued on page 53)





Frozen Evidence

By Laurie York Erskine

Another adventure of the ingenious Corporal Carstairs and the one and only Constable Barradine, wherein murder is done and a disturbing question arises: Is Jennie Bell's lover guilty, as charged?

"Looks like 'e tried to advertise the crime, 'ooever did it," Constable Barradine said thoughtfully

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN



IN WINTER the Tawny River is a broad highway, paved with ice, winding majestically southward through a riot of forested hills. The lesser streams that feed it are the secondary roads of the wilderness. Varying from the wide sweep of the Bloodvein to the rocky corridors of Elder Creek, they reach from the Tawny into the hills, beyond which further river systems offer new chains of highways to the dog sleds—until spring comes, converting paved roads into rushing waterways.

Late in May the ice went out of the Tawny River at Garnet with the sound effects of a battlefield: the thunder of guns and the groaning shrieks of the wounded. It was June twelfth when, veering and turning, bobbing and sinking like a log buffeted by the waters, the body of Jake McQuestin drifted into the log boom at Belden's mill.

Frank Stepka saw it first and hauled it in, which conferred upon Frank the distinction of describing to Corporal Carstairs of the Mounted Police the morbid details.

"Stiff like he was, with that pole up his back," gloated Frank, "he was easy to handle as a log. That's what I thought it was, too—just a log."

"Thank you," said Corporal Carstairs.

He turned to Doctor Donovan, who

stood beside him examining the body as it lay on the operating table of the lumber-mill infirmary.

"How long would you say he's been dead?" he asked.

Doctor Donovan deliberated. With Carstairs he had cut away the bands of caribou hide which lashed the body to the pole that had made it look like a log and, although it was so badly battered as to defy recognition, they had identified it. In this the dead man had assisted, having sewed in each of his garments a strip of tape on which he had neatly inscribed, with indelible ink, his name, "Jake L. McQuestin." Clearly, even blatantly, the evidence of the hide-lashed pole cried murder.

"**H**E'S been dead from two to three weeks," said Donovan at last. "Not more than three weeks, certainly."

"Three weeks..." Carstairs did mental arithmetic. "That would be between May twenty-second and June first."

"Within a day or two either way," nodded Donovan.

"Know anything about him?" asked Carstairs.

"Not much. He's an old-timer. He came up in the Klondike rush and he's been trapping around here ever since. He generally summers down the river at Red Rapids. I've seen him down there. He's got a partner named Bur-

stall—I treated him once when he lost an eye in a brawl—Burstall, I mean."

"Riley, the foreman here, is from Red Rapids, isn't he?"

"That's right. He ought to be able to help you."

Carstairs stepped outside where a group of curious lumberjacks stood in the cool spring sunlight watching the doorway.

"Mr. Riley," he said, "I'd like to talk with you."

The big mill foreman stalked into the infirmary with the conscious pride of a man exalted above his fellows. He stared at the body as if it were an exhibit he'd paid to see.

"It's Jake McQuestin," said Carstairs. "Do you know him?"

"I do," said Riley with great formality.

"Do you know his partner, Burstall?"

"Sure. But Spike Burstall ain't no partner of Jake's. Not since last September."

"They split?"

"They did, on account of Jake McQuestin bent a trap stake over the back of Spike's neck."

"Then who was Jake's partner last winter?"

"Will Farland. Jake took him on because of his strength." Riley stared resentfully at the deceased. "More fool him," he said.

"You don't trust this man Farland?"

"How could I? He's got the devil's own temper and a fist that would break y'r skull. We fired him last week on account of he broke Steve Finn's jawbone."

"You had him here? Working for you?"

"How else could we fire him? He was hired on June the seventh and he was fired on June the ninth, the dirty, tempestuous blackguard!"

"June seventh!" Carstairs glanced quickly at the doctor. "You don't happen to know what he was doing before that?"

"Sure I do!" snapped Riley. "He was trapping up the Bloodvein with Jake McQuestin!" He gazed at the corporal shrewdly. "If it's over a fortnight since Jake was killed," he suggested, "I'd say Farland's the man you want."

CARSTAIRS hesitated. A young man of distinctly conservative nature, he felt that events were getting out of hand; that the case was sweeping along with an almost indecent haste.

"Have you any idea where Farland is?" he inquired.

"Steve Finn can tell yer!" Riley mentioned the fact with a short, harsh laugh. "It was because Steve deviled him about Jim Bell's girl over at Pleasant Meadow that he cracked Steve."

Carstairs turned again to the doctor. "I thought James Bell was down at Fort McMurray, working for the company," he said thoughtfully.

"He was!" scoffed Riley. "But the girl stayed behind. She's been teaching school at Pleasant Meadow all winter." His grin twisted up one side of his face like a dog snarling. "She won't have nothing to do with men, while her daddy's away!" he sneered bitterly.

"Then Farland's probably at Pleasant Meadow!" said Carstairs.

"Sure. He's living at Ping Foster's shack on the Kleesac."

"Thank you," said Carstairs. "That's all for the present." Riley stalked out. Carstairs turned again to Donovan. "It appears," he suggested, "that love burns unrequited in the bosom of Foreman Riley."

Donovan nodded.

"They're all daft about Jennie Bell," he said.

"I'll have to look Farland up," reflected Carstairs.

He questioned a few more of the men at the mill, acquiring a few more fragments of information, then he drove in the doctor's buckboard through the bright, spring beauty of the river trail, back to Garnet. While he lurched in the seat he pondered his case.

It was not going to be a celebrated or spectacular case, but it was a neat

Carstairs took the pole which had trussed the corpse of McQuestin from the buckboard and hurled it with a crash to the wooden porch of the building.

"Pipe down and lend a hand!" he belted unfeelingly.

Whereupon Constable Barradine emerged from the house.

At the sight of Carstairs his expression changed abruptly to one of good-natured astonishment.

"Wot's goin' on 'ere?" he cried, wreathed in smiles. He shook hands with Doctor Donovan and the corporal.

"How did you get back so soon?" asked Carstairs.

"The Tawny Pride got in five days early," explained Barradine. His gaze fell on the roughly cut pole that lay on the porch. "Lor lumme!" he exclaimed. "Blessed if it ain't the alder tree from in front of ole Jake McQuestin's cabin on the Bloodvein!"

Carstairs glowered at him resentfully. "You can place it?" he cried.

"CAN I place it?" beamed Barradine.

"Lor' luvyer, Cawpril, don't I always put in a night at ole Jake's cabin when I make the winter trip to McMurray? 'Aven't I time an' again 'ung me meat sacks out on the little brarnch that runs orf 'ere with that crook in it? Blowed if yer won't find me initials cut in it, if yer look 'ard enough!"

"Why not?" demanded Carstairs quickly.

"Spike was just let out of jail down in Red Rapids a week ago. 'E's been there since March. Filched ten dollars orf 'is landlord."

"As a matter of fact," said Carstairs coolly, "I had already eliminated Bursall in view of a more likely suspect."

"'Oo's that, Cawpril?"

"Will Farland. He was trapping with McQuestin up the Bloodvein all winter—"

"Strewth!" blurted Constable Barradine. "But—"

"Are you prepared to say he wasn't?"

"Beggin' yer pardon, Cawpril, no."

"Then it looks as if Farland's the man we want. He was with McQuestin all winter. On June seventh he appeared at Belden's mill and got a job. He was flush with money. On June ninth he was fired. He has been living since then at Foster's cabin on the Kleesac, where he can be near Janet Bell, whose father is absent on business. Farland is notoriously hot-tempered and strong as a lion. If you combine all that with the friction that develops between partners cooped up together through the winter, I'd say we've got evidence enough to warrant an investigation, wouldn't you?"

Barradine was intently examining the clothes that had been on the body.

"I would indeed, Cawpril," he said meekly.

Carstairs cleared his throat.

"It's a short ride to Pleasant Meadow across the portage," he said stiffly. "I thought I'd ride out immediately and ask Farland a few questions." He paused a moment, embarrassed. "I suppose you'll be glad to stay here at the post," he said feebly, "after being away so long."

"It puzzles me 'ow you guessed it," grinned Barradine. "Arf a mo' while I take the evidence inside, an' I'll 'elp yer saddle up."

CUPPED in a wide sweep of hills the basin of the Kleesac River watershed lay in the June sunlight with the beauty of a sylvan garden as Carstairs entered Ping Foster's cabin.

No one was there, but the stove at one end of it stood beneath shelves laden with food and cooking utensils. On the rough table were scattered some colored feathers, fishhooks and thread left by a fisherman who had been busy making flies. On the bed platform, deeply couched with balsam, lay a pile of folded blankets and, on a narrow shelf above them toilet articles, smoking articles and a battered tin cash box were tidily arranged. It was the camp of a decent, tidy man.

(Continued on page 44)



one, presenting every opportunity for a prompt arrest and an effective conclusion before Constable Barradine returned. It was a thought which pleased Corporal Carstairs prodigiously.

Corporal Carstairs admired Constable Barradine. He knew well the dauntless courage and unflagging loyalty that lay behind Barradine's blunt good humor, and he respected highly Barradine's genius for seeing with the clear and literal eye of common sense details in the investigation of a crime which escaped sophisticated observation. But Corporal Carstairs was young, with a notable record for heroic patrol work in the high north, and he cherished a desire to have a case all to himself: to handle at least one investigation without the sensible Cockney voice of Constable Barradine calling his attention to significant circumstances which there was every probability of his having overlooked.

THIS case appeared to be his opportunity, and a contented smile lingered on the lips of Corporal Carstairs until the doctor's buckboard drew up at the Mounted Police post in Garnet. At this point the smile was vanquished by the sound of a voice from inside the frame building—a Cockney voice which was raised in song.

With lamentable violence, Corporal

Carstairs fairly pounced on the young tree and, finding the initials, stared at them with incredulous eyes.

"Goin' a long way for firewood, ain't yer, Cawpril?" suggested Barradine diffidently.

"The body of Jake McQuestin," said Carstairs with dignity, "was taken out of the river this morning. He was murdered on a date between May twenty-first and June second, and his body lashed to this pole with thongs of rawhide—his arms were lashed across those two branches that make the pole a sort of cross—and thrown in the river."

Constable Barradine examined the slim tree closely.

"Looks like 'e tried to advertise the crime—'ooever did it," he said thoughtfully. "W'y did 'e use the pole?"

"We'll find that out when we get him," said Carstairs.

"Any suspicions, Cawpril?" asked Barradine politely.

"I thought it might be Spike Bursall," said Carstairs mischievously. "He quarreled with McQuestin last fall."

"Not Spike," said Barradine. "Not if it was done since May."

"Will wasn't at Foster's cabin," said Janet. "He was here in this house with me"



Safari in Manhattan

By Matt Taylor

The story of a small huntress who found it unnecessary to trot off to Africa when she wanted big game

MISS DANTON, strolling the Avenue after her solitary luncheon at the Maple Leaf Tea Room, walked unhurriedly, with a precise, unobtrusive stride. But all the time her large gray eyes peered searchingly. They inquired gently of all passers-by, "Do I know you? If not, there is nothing to be done, of course. But if I do I would be very glad to have a little chat." Oh, they were very well-mannered, those gray eyes.

At Forty-eighth Street they were rewarded. Miss Danton stopped. "Why, my dear!" she exclaimed.

A blond young lady close to Miss Danton's own age, which was twenty-six, smiled uncertainly. "Oh, Miss—Miss—"

"Danton. The shorthand teacher, you know." She didn't mind their forgetting this way. Not any more. One must not be thin-skinned, she always said now.

"Miss Danton, of course. From the secretarial school. How stupid of me!"

"Not at all," said Miss Danton. "And how are you getting along?" The blonde's spelling, if she remembered correctly, had been a bit on the phonetic side.

The girl smiled. "I have a real job now. It's wonderful!"

"I'm glad," said Miss Danton, in her warm, kindly voice. "It's nice to know the girls are really appreciated."

The blonde came out with it. "He appreciates me, all right. We just came back from our honeymoon. He was the credit man at the office."

"You're married!" cried Miss Danton. "How nice!"

"It was a large office," the girl explained. "You always meet more men in a large office."

She moved off, and Miss Danton watched her go. "Married!" she repeated to herself. "How very nice, indeed. The fourth of last year's crop, I believe."

She walked on. There was no credit man at the Superior Secretarial School, where Miss Danton taught. There was no man of any kind. When she returned from her walk she would find waiting for her, besides her class in high-speed dictation and business English, only Miss Langeley, elementary shorthand, Miss Wilkerson, typewriting, and Miss Andrews, lordly manager and monarch of all. Marching onward, Miss Danton's eyes kept searching, and not so politely, either. They inquired sharply of all passers-by, "Why don't I know you? Something should be done about it. If you want the truth, I'm lonely!"

MISS DANTON could turn two hundred words a minute into shorthand hieroglyphics. It was her heritage from her mother, who had been a two-twenty girl herself. Miss Danton had learned her shorthand with her alphabet. At nineteen she had started teaching. She would be wasted if she were nothing more than some man's secretary. She would be completely wasted, people said. Miss Danton had always believed them. Now she wondered. That blonde, for example—

The girls in the high-speed dictation class were waiting. Miss Danton ignored them momentarily. She peered abstract-

edly out the window at the crowded midtown street. Her mind was still on the blonde who was married. "Someone she met at the office, too," said Miss Danton to herself.

She stirred herself and turned back to her class. It wasn't much of a class—not a girl in it could do better than a hundred a minute. Miss Danton, dictating model business letters from the front of the room, eyed them disapprovingly. They were struggling, gasping, muddling through. Her practiced flow of words dropped mercifully from ninety to eighty.

PENCILS moved again. Composure returned to attractive young faces. Miss Danton looked down upon marcelled and permanently waved blondes, brunettes and platinums. On scarlet lips, nicely bowed. On tapered fingernails, nicely scarlet. Fledgling secretaries now, but a year from now—Who could tell? You meet so many new people in an office.

Miss Danton's ringless hand smoothed back her uncurled hair. It occurred to her that she had more to learn from these girls than they from her. She smiled, then frowned. She stepped it up to a hundred a minute and faces twisted and pencils broke under the strain. "Nonsense!" said Miss Danton to herself. "All they want is a chance to support themselves; to be independent of men." She paused, looking them over, and the sun of candor broke through the clouds and hit Miss Danton square in the eyes. These young things at her feet were husband hunters in the bud. Superior Secretarial was making them eligible for the chase. Their certificate from Superior Secretarial was their license to go forth and hunt. Miss Danton faced the blinding truth. "Well, what's the harm in that?" she thought defiantly. "You've got to meet people, don't you?"

The day was Thursday, and Miss Danton was staying downtown for dinner. While she had no men friends, she did have Mary Agnes Lacey, who taught third grade in a public school on the East Side. Mary Agnes was pleasant, terribly jolly, a little stout, and twelve years older than Miss Danton. They were the best of pals. More than once Mary Agnes had hinted they might share an apartment together. This issue Miss Danton had always sidestepped. She was very fond of Mary Agnes, but to share a home with her—no, not quite yet.

Miss Lacey was waiting, as beaming as usual, on the spindle-legged chair near the door of the restaurant. They found their regular table.

"Tonight," said Miss Danton firmly, "I will start with a cocktail."

"Whoops-a-la!" cried Mary Agnes. "Aren't we gay!"

"The one with the cherry," said Miss Danton grimly. "Which is the one with the cherry?"

The waitress identified it, brought it, and Miss Danton sipped. Mary Agnes waited. "The Thompsons are moving in the spring," she said finally. "They have that ducky apartment in the Village. Between us, the expense—"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The policeman looked at him callously and said, "Boiled, eh?" "The gentleman is ill," she said coldly, "and must be sent home in a taxicab"

"The spring is so far off," said Miss Danton.

"We have to speak for it, if we want it. It's ducky."

Miss Danton dodged again. "I may not be able to afford it in the spring," she said.

"Listen to her, will you!" exclaimed Mary Agnes.

"I may not be teaching shorthand much longer," said Miss Danton. Why she said it she did not know. It popped out. But now that she was under way, she rather enjoyed it. It was a relief, this putting it into words. "I'm fed up. I may get out and get a job."

MARY AGNES abandoned her comical manner. "You have a job," she retorted. "A mighty good one, too."

Miss Danton did not deny it. She continued: "In a small town everybody knows everybody. But here in New York, unless a girl like me is in a large office—well, you've got to meet people somehow. I mean a job can be more than a job. You can make it a place of—of social opportunities."

Mary Agnes punctured a roll, and frowned. "Indeed?" she said stiffly.

"I'm behind the lines," explained Miss Danton. "All I do is help others get up in front where the excitement is."

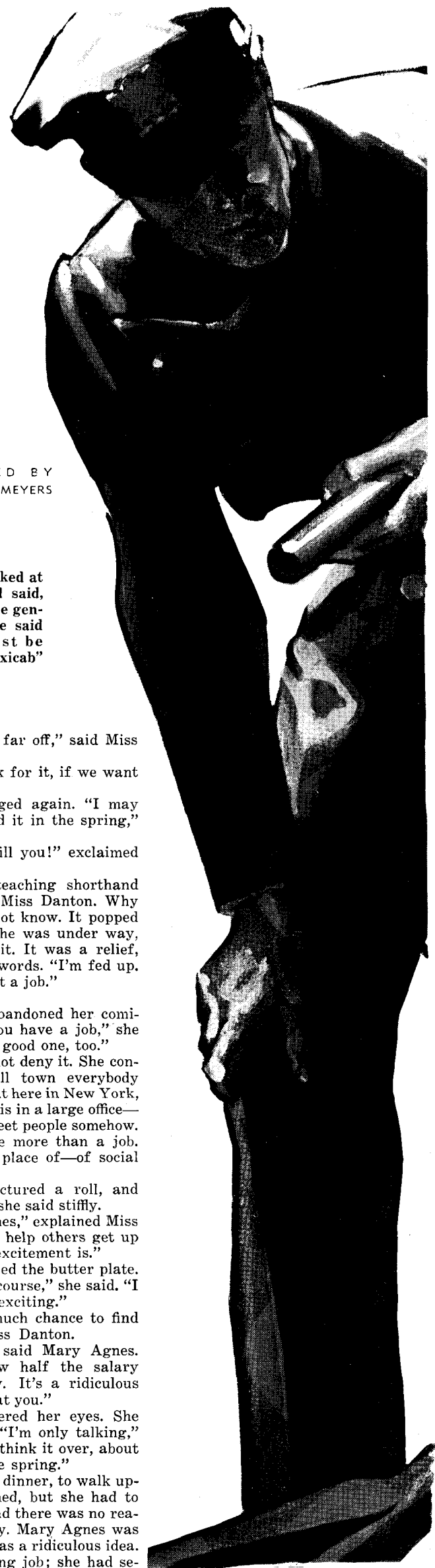
Mary Agnes scraped the butter plate. "You mean men, of course," she said. "I don't consider men exciting."

"I've never had much chance to find out," murmured Miss Danton.

"Another thing," said Mary Agnes. "You wouldn't draw half the salary you're drawing now. It's a ridiculous idea. I'm surprised at you."

Miss Danton lowered her eyes. She had said too much. "I'm only talking," she murmured. "I'll think it over, about the apartment in the spring."

She decided, after dinner, to walk uptown. Rain threatened, but she had to reason things out, and there was no reasoning in the subway. Mary Agnes was right, of course. It was a ridiculous idea. She had a well-paying job; she had se-





curity. A two-hundred-word-a-minute girl would be wasted in an office. She had almost recaptured sanity when the rain came.

Miss Danton dived underground at the nearest subway entrance. So did several thousand other people. The train came, the door slid open, and Miss Danton was lifted off her feet and projected into the car as though by gunpowder. She was jostled, pirouetted, brought in contact with an iron stanchion and left breathless and limp.

Slowly, she recovered. Damp overcoats rose on all sides of her. With a desperate jerk, she freed one arm and pushed her hat off the bridge of her nose, and saw the man in front of her.

HE WAS under thirty—Miss Danton was sure of that. He was also brown-eyed and broad-shouldered, and he looked as handsome as any man can in a subway crush. He glared back at Miss Danton and she knew he was angry. Or perhaps ill. He seemed pale.

And then the train stopped, stalled between stations for no knowable reason. People stirred—if they had room to do so—restlessly. There were angry mutterings. The man in front of Miss Danton exploded suddenly. "It's an outrage!" he barked.

Miss Danton had never before spoken to anyone in the subway. Aside from the propriety of it, it was hardly worth the effort of raising one's voice above the roar of the wheels. But now the wheels were stilled. "Outrage is too mild for it," Miss Danton heard herself saying.

He smiled feebly. "I can do better, of course," he said. "It's a damn—"

"Please!" cried Miss Danton sharply.

He extracted a handkerchief and mopped his moist brow. "Cooped up all day in an office, and then this. It's too much!"

Miss Danton looked up quickly. He was the young executive type. No doubt of that. She wondered what his secretary was like.

He grumbled on. "I usually walk. I like fresh air and plenty of it. How do people stand this?" he demanded fiercely.

"We're used to it, I suppose," ventured Miss Danton.

"I'm not! Where I come from there aren't this many people to the square mile."

Miss Danton speculated. A brilliant young man from the field force, she decided, who had been brought on to the home office to work his way up. A young man with a future in the company. She wondered what company.

He was looking at her again. "Not going to faint, are you?" he snapped.

"Do I look as bad as that?" asked

Miss Danton, baiting a man for the first time in years.

"You look all right. Better than I do, I guess. But I don't see how you girls—" He gulped suddenly; a more ghastly pallor swept over him. "I called it wrong," he murmured. "It's going to be me."

He couldn't fall; he was packed too tightly for that. But he did topple forward, his head limp against Miss Danton's shoulder. She screamed a little and clutched the lapels of his coat. Then the train jerked forward, and got under way.

THREE men dragged him off at the next station a minute later. But it was Miss Danton who supervised. It was she who loosened his collar and sloshed a paper cupful of water in his face. It was she who rebuked the policeman who looked at him callously and said, "Boiled, eh?"

"The gentleman is ill," she said coldly. "He must be sent home in a taxi."

"Friend of yours?" demanded the officer.

"Friend of mine," nodded Miss Danton, and meant it.

"Where's he live?"

She lost no part of her composure. "Just a moment," she said. Her hand dipped into his inside pocket and came out with a billfold. Inside was an identification card. He lived at a high number on West 87th Street, and he was employed by the Car-O-Line Corporation on Forty-second. Miss Danton memorized both items, noted that his name was William Alexander Carson, and replaced the billfold. She sloshed more water across his face, and watched his eyelids flutter. "If you will help Mr. Carson to the street," she said to the officer, "I will take him home."

In the taxi he came to slowly. It was when they rounded a corner at high speed that he became conscious of Miss Danton's presence. He was thrown against her.

"You!" he exclaimed.

She ventured a small, hopeful smile. "The girl I expected to faint! I thought maybe I'd have to take care of you." His lips twisted bitterly. "It's a laugh, isn't it?"

Miss Danton, inexperienced as she was, could recognize a wounded ego. She did her best. "It's only because you're not used to it," she explained gently.

He nodded. "I'm used to most of it. But not the subway. It gets me." He frowned. "But that's no excuse for fainting."

"I—I'm sure you didn't mean to," said Miss Danton consolingly.

He turned and glared and said nothing. The taxi slid around two more corners and drew to the curb. The young man stepped out. To the driver he gave two bills, with orders to take the lady home and keep the change. To Miss Danton he said, "Thanks. I appreciate it. Really. Sorry if I've been gruff. But when you're as big as I am, and pull a faint in front of a girl half your size—well, I guess you understand."

"I understand," said Miss Danton. The taxi sped off, and she sat back smiling. He hadn't asked to see her again, but she was satisfied just the same. Sudden, first-sight infatuations never amounted to anything. Strong and lasting relationships grow more slowly, when people see each other frequently over a period of time. People who work in the same office, for instance.

THE personnel manager of the Car-O-Line Corporation had never met Miss Danton, but he knew her by reputation and had spoken to her by phone. He had employed graduates of the Superior Secretarial on her recommendation.

He leaned back and smiled across the

(Continued on page 52)

Don't Catch Cold

Fifty millions of us had colds last year. So what? So read these easy-to-take instructions for preventing that cold you may get or for routing the one you had before you read this

By Helen M. Reed

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



Sprays and gargles may help in specific circumstances

FIFTEEN dollars a year—or more—is a high price to pay for a cold that you don't want anyway. But that's what the statisticians have figured that it costs you and your employer in lost time, drugs, doctors' bills, etc.

You can take your choice of several theories as to why you get a cold. One is that a little germ is the cause of it all, but nobody has been able to find the culprit. According to this theory your nose and throat are filled with contented bacteria which let you alone as long as you don't get your feet wet or slosh around in damp clothes for a few hours or rush from a dry, overheated room to the cold, wet weather outside, or get tired and run down.

A new theory—and a logical one—is that most of your difficulties depend upon diet. If you eat properly balanced meals under harmonious conditions, drink plenty of water, digest your meals properly, get plenty of sleep and avoid emotional upsets, you can go out in the vilest weather and come through unscathed. Proponents of this theory point out that if germs alone caused colds, nose and throat specialists would spend most of their time in bed, since they make little effort to develop immunity. They also suggest that colds spread through groups, particularly families, because the whole group is on a similar diet, and usually subject to the same emotional difficulties.

Why You Get a Cold

Both schools agree, however, on the fundamentals back of the cold. They blame colds on (1) fatigue or emotional upsets; (2) too many starches and too few fresh vegetables and fruits and milk and eggs in the diet; (3) not enough exercise in the open air, and consequent lack of resistance; (4) overheated, dry air in the home; and (5) too much or too little clothing.

Let's take up this fatigue question first. You must have amusement, but take it sensibly, particularly if your work is exacting. You can't go to parties several nights a week, snatch a few hours' sleep, and have normal resistance. You may be able to stand the pace for a while, but Old Man Cold checks up on

every one of those lost hours of sleep, and he'll catch up with you sooner or later. And don't insist on working twelve or fourteen hours a day—cold bacteria dote on run-down bodies.

Fatigue and emotional upsets have a definite bearing on your digestion. If you're tired, don't eat a heavy dinner. Either wait until you are rested, or take a light meal consisting mostly of fresh vegetables and fruits. Train yourself to eat slowly at all times.

Exciting discussions and squabbling, fear, anger and worry have no place at the table. Children's colds as well as those of adults may be traced to quarreling or some other type of emotional stress during meals, with resultant indigestion. Businessmen's luncheons and

order. Blood is one of the finest antiseptics in the world, and if you keep it in A-1 condition and circulating as it should, you will be able to throw off any ordinary infection.

Now is the time to get in training before the cold season reaches its height in January and February. If you were wise you lapped up all the sunlight you could get during the summer months and had a head start on this building-up process. You can get the same amount of Vitamin D with a good sun lamp, but unless the lamp is a good one you won't get much benefit; besides, a natural sun bath costs nothing. Some individuals cannot stand these ultra-violet rays, but they are in the minority. If you are one of them, by all means

stay in the shade and get your Vitamin D through food or some of the concentrates on the market.

Cut down on meat and potatoes, hot pastries, fried foods, beans and other heavy foods, and stock up with milk and eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits. You might add a spoonful or two of cod-liver oil or halibut-liver oil to your daily diet with good results—and without gaining weight. These oils now come in capsule form, or with the fishy taste eliminated, and neither you nor Junior should balk at taking them.

Another aid in building up resistance is exercise, preferably in the open air. If you take it in the form of sports, so much the better. This exercise angle is especially important for desk workers, who have four times as many colds as soldiers and nine times as many as taxi drivers.

We All Need Stimulation

If you must spend seven or eight hours a day at a desk, take a walk at noon and give your lungs a treat, and if you can't find any other form of exercise after office hours, take another walk. Don't forget that your skin as well as your lungs needs air and stimulation. If your apartment or office is overheated, throw open a window suddenly and air out the place. The shock is good for you, and there is no danger of catching cold, even on the worst winter day.

On the other hand, don't be foolhardy and try to accustom yourself to abnormal temperatures and changes of weather. Take your hardening in small doses. Don't run around coatless and hatless in zero weather, or take cold baths that leave your teeth rattling like castanets. Cold baths are a good idea if you can stand them, but most people should grab for the towel after thirty seconds, and only supermen should stick it out longer than a minute. If your reaction is

(Continued on page 34)



Mealtime is no time for emotional stresses

prematinée luncheons, for example, are excellent breeding places for colds. Mr. Brown of the Roanias Business Club argues heatedly about politics and business while he eats lamb chops and french fries and a piece of apple pie, goes back to his office with the meal half digested, spends a restless or sleepless night, and wakes up in the morning with a stuffy head and nose. His wife, who is used to a quiet suburban existence, goes into town for a Wednesday matinée, shops madly all morning, meets the girls in time to grab a hasty bite of rich, gooey food at a tearoom, and 'ears along to the matinée—and can't understand why this revolutionary change in her routine should give her a cold.

Of course if you are in good physical condition you can stand this unusual strain on your digestive system. But few of us are up to par most of the time—that's why fifty million Americans have colds every year. Doctors tell us that it is chiefly a matter of keeping the circulation and the blood in good working



Don't be foolhardy about getting injured to cold weather



Next to having marked cards the safest way of playing bridge is to be clairvoyant. Failing both of these you can still fall back on foresight and win a good many rubbers. Mr. Barclay tells you how to—

Insure Your Contract

By Shepard Barclay

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

WHEN Hobson sank the Merri-mac at the mouth of Santiago Bay, he gave up his own ship to insure victory for the rest of the American fleet. When a ball player lays down a little bunt in front of the plate to help a teammate advance on base, he sacrifices most of his own chance to make a hit for the general welfare of his team. When a man pays his life insurance premium, he forfeits part of his income to protect his family.

So it is with the bridge player who deliberately gives the opponents one or more tricks in order to render more certain the number that he needs to make his contract. For many years such tactics have been described as "safety plays," because they remove dangers that threaten the making of the contract. That term has been applied to a wide variety of maneuvers, some of which are merely the conservative, sound methods which minimize risk without

involving the giving up of a trick. It would seem about time to break the category in two and apply the name of "sacrifice play" to those in which a trick is willfully paid as insurance for the contract.

Sacrifice plays come in many forms. They include the refusal of unnecessary finesses, the hold-up, the duck, removing entries from a dangerous hand, and a host of other moves. Brilliancy by the advanced player is exercised more in this kind of work than in daring sallies of bidding or play which attain next-to-impossible results. It is he who bears constantly in mind the importance of taking the number of tricks his side has bid, and is ever willing to forego his chances for

the overtrick or two if he can thereby assure attainment of the goal set him. It is he who steadfastly refuses to gamble several hundred points for a mere twenty or thirty which the extra trick would count. He loves to pay small premiums for big insurance policies.

Nobody but a very fine player would ever think of giving up a trick when playing a six-spade contract on the deal shown.

Harry A. Goldwater, skilled tournament director and nephew of New York's famous health commissioner of the same name, nearly knocked a kibitzer off his seat by what he did in a rubber game. West had led the heart king to the ace, and Mr. Goldwater, after studying the

hand, laid down the four of spades. Probably not more than two dozen players in the country would have thought of this play. Here is the hand:

North		East	
♠	7 3	♠	6
♥	5	♥	J 10 9 8 4
♦	A K Q 9 8 3 2	♦	10 7
♣	9 8 2	♣	A J 6 4 3
West		South	
♠	J 9 8 2	♠	A K Q 10 5 4
♥	K Q 6	♥	A 7 3 2
♦	J	♦	6 5 4
♣	K Q 10 7 5	♣	None

"Gee whiz!" whispered the unofficial observer. "You had a grand slam laydown, (Continued on page 40)"

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche
and Ethel Pettit Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

ALTHOUGH she professes not to know Walter Callingham, wealthy playboy, Mary Byran, New York society girl, has had an affair with him. At least, so the gossips say; but they do not say it to the girl's fiancé, Tim Marsten, who presently marries her at one of the most distinguished weddings Manhattan has ever seen.

Bill Cantavo, leader of a famous orchestra and one of Marsten's closest friends, is an usher at the wedding. Immediately following the ceremony, a police officer appears on the scene—Inspector Henderson, whom Cantavo has known for years—announces that Walter Callingham has been murdered, and insists on interviewing "Cal-

lingham's girl"—the bride! But he does not see Mrs. Marsten; she slips away, disappears.

From that moment on, various things happen which mystify Cantavo. He does not like young Willy Jernegan, spoiled boy of Park Avenue; yet Jernegan, who is having trouble with his "girl," Amy Martin, turns to him for aid and advice! Wondering why, he goes to Marsten's house, in the East Seventies. Soon after his arrival, Inspector Henderson appears. "Bill," the inspector says, "you break it to him." "Break what?" Cantavo asks. "The news," says the inspector, "that Mrs. Marsten has been found—dead."

III

SIGHTSEERS still thronged the sidewalks as Cantavo emerged from the Marsten home. He heard his own name cried as he got into his car. He glanced at his watch and saw that he had half an hour before beginning work. For perhaps the first time in his life he hated the idea of playing. Back in the Marsten house was an anguish such as Cantavo had never witnessed before.

As long as he lived Cantavo would not forget the last half hour. Only this morning Tim Marsten had been the most envied of men. Rich and popular, he had just married a beautiful girl. Now, but a few hours later, double tragedy had destroyed happiness. His bride had fled from him in terror lest she be charged with murder. What had that frightened girl endured during the past half day? Cantavo had, earlier tonight, pictured her as slipping furtively through shadows, in terror of apprehension. But somehow he had not thought that she would destroy herself to evade arrest. But that, according to Henderson, was exactly what she had done. A subway guard had called to a woman, warning her that she was too close to the edge of the platform. She had taken a step away, and then either fallen or thrown herself before an oncoming train. Clothing had identified the mangled body as that of the bride of the morning and the wanted murderess of the later day.

And Cantavo had been the one to tell Marsten that the end of romance, the finish of all that made life worth while, had come.

AS HE sank back on the cushions of his car he wiped perspiration from his face. Marsten had been courageous, but his very bravery had made it more difficult for Cantavo. Had the young man broken down, given way to his anguish, Cantavo's task would have been easier. But one cannot comfort a graven image, and that was what Marsten seemed to have become. He had been terrifyingly calm, and had almost ignored Cantavo's expressions of sympathy. And he had refused to permit the musician to spend the night with him. He said that he wished to be alone, and so Cantavo had left him.

As he stepped into the car he had noticed a stain on the lapel of his coat. Angry with himself that such a triviality should concern him, he nevertheless ordered the chauffeur to take him to his own hotel, where he ascended to his apartment. He told Sam to get him another coat.

"Yes, Mr. Cantavo. I don't know

how you done it. I oughta noticed that spot before you went out. There was a message for you. Miss Amy Martin telephoned. She wanted to know if she could see you and when."

Cantavo frowned angrily. What did people think he was? First Jernegan and now the little Martin girl. Why didn't they speak to each other instead of to him if they were so anxious to get together? Then his scowl disappeared.

"If she rings again tell her to call me at noon tomorrow."

HE CHANGED his coat, descended to the street and rode to the Monroe. Every table was taken tonight. That was not unusual. Cantavo's band was the biggest drawing card in New York. But tonight people milled around in the lobby; the headwaiter's beaming face was proof that he had received unusually large tips tonight. People wanted to tell their friends tomorrow that they had heard Bill Cantavo last night. Tonight people would stare at him not because he was the great musician, but because he played a minor part in what promised to be the most sensational mystery-tragedy in the history of the city.

He took his place on the platform and went to work. Except for those brief intermissions when the orchestra rested, he didn't leave the platform until three o'clock. And during those intermissions he surrounded himself with members of the band so that no one could accost him. And his orchestra knew Bill Cantavo. They knew that tonight he wished to be let alone, and except for comment on the program no one spoke to him. He noticed that Willy Jernegan, the most constant attendant at the Monroe, was not here tonight. He grinned wryly. Probably he and Amy had got together. Well, that would give Willy's uncle a headache, but Cantavo would avoid one. Grief was all one got when one intervened in love affairs, especially when the man was a rat and the girl not too bright.

"Garnet tonight?" asked Graham at the end of the evening.

"Bed," said Cantavo.

"Fine," said Graham.

At the checkroom Cantavo received his hat and heavy coat. He gave the girl attendant a coin and turned away. A man fell into step beside him. Cantavo knew him for one of those men who, during the era of prohibition, had amassed a fortune. He was slight, sallow and nervous; Cantavo didn't like him.

"Wanted to see you, Bill. Can you put me in touch with Amy Martin?"



"Redhead, have you been hiding things from me?" he demanded

Cantavo stopped short. He eyed the speaker with undisguised distaste.

"Listen, Rapport, while I explain something to you. My name is William Cantavo and I'm a fiddler. You know, I stand up in front of people and make noises. You've mistaken me for someone else. I'm not Keating, the magician. I haven't any blondes in my pockets or any brunettes in my sleeves."

Rapport essayed a conciliatory smile. "Hate to bother you, Bill. I know you've got plenty on your mind. But I want to see Amy. Where is she?"

"Everyone seems to think I'm her guardian," said Cantavo. "I hardly know the little girl. Why should people come up and buzz me about her?"

"Who has?" asked Rapport swiftly.

Cantavo lighted a cigarette. He put back in a pocket the handsome case that was a souvenir of a command performance in London. Something indefinable but menacing seemed suddenly to be in the atmosphere. Cantavo's soul had sensitive finger tips, he had once told Tim Marsten, grinning at his own mixed metaphor. Something inside him seemed to reach out and touch intangibles and telegraph warnings.

"Oh, no one," he replied. "But someone is always asking me about someone else."

"Sure, of course," agreed Rapport. His voice held the polite insincerity of the man who disbelieves but thinks it tactless to state his incredulity.

"Be seeing you," said Cantavo. He started away but Rapport's hand touched his sleeve and halted him.

"Where's Amy? I've got to see her tonight," said the slight man.

"Did you hear me say I didn't know?" asked Cantavo.

Rapport shook his head.

"Not yet," he replied.

"Then I'm telling you now," said Cantavo.

"Then find out," said Rapport. "Amy knows people in your band."

"Giving orders?" Cantavo's distaste for the other man became more open. "Listen, Rapport, you're bad news. Before I'd ever tell you where anyone was I'd want that person to assure me that he or she wanted to see you."

"Getting tough?" said Rapport.

Cantavo grinned broadly.

"When I get tough no one asks questions about it. On your way, Rapport."

CANTAVO unquestionably could have picked the other man up with one hand, but Rapport glared at the big man.

"I can get tough, too," he said. "You've got a lot of health, Bill. If you want to keep it tell Amy Martin to get in touch with me and do it soon."

Cantavo stared at the man a moment, shrugged his big shoulders and walked through the lobby. Graham met him at the hotel door, walked to the car with him as they discussed a number that Cantavo planned to introduce the next night, said goodby, and Cantavo climbed into his car. He was about to drive off when Rosie Reardon knocked on the glass. He opened the door.

"Save a little girl the price of a taxi?" she grinned impudently.

"If you'll drop me first," he laughed. She climbed in beside him, leaned back and sighed.

"What's worrying you?" he asked.

"Things you wouldn't understand," she answered. "Maybe you would, though. Do you think I ought to get married, Bill?"

"Married! For the love of Pete, why?"

Rosie's black eyes shone in the light of a street lamp.

"Well, it seems to be the rage, the one fashion that never goes out."

Cantavo frowned. He stole a quick glance at Rosie, as though to impress upon his mind features which he had seen several hours every day for the

past fourteen months. Even in the gloom of the car she was a very pretty girl. Perhaps her nose tilted a trifle and possibly her mouth was a bit wide. But the nose was gay and the lips were tender.

"Redhead, have you been hiding things from me?" he demanded.

"You never see the things close to you," she derided.

"I guess I miss a lot of tricks," he admitted. "Who is he?"

ROSIE wriggled her pretty shoulders. "You don't know him. But he's swell, Bill."

"I suppose he has to be," conceded Cantavo, unconscious of the reluctance in his voice. "Dough?"

"He owns all the mines in Canada," she told him.

"Mining's the bunk," stated Cantavo. "Not gold mines," she retorted.

"Love him?"

Her shoulders moved again.

"I can't tell. He's big and kind—"

"What about your career? Would he let you continue with my band?"

"Heavens, no," she cried. "He says he just couldn't bear the idea of sharing me with the public. Anyway, I'd have to live in Toronto."

"Gee, Rosie, I don't know what to tell you," said Cantavo slowly. "A rich husband is fine, but if you don't love him—"

"Well, maybe I do. But I'm going to think it over."

"Yes, don't be hasty," said Cantavo. As the car stopped before his hotel, he climbed slowly from it, and turned back to hold out his hand to the girl. "Hope I haven't seemed uninterested, Rosie. But they found Mrs. Marsten. She killed herself."

Rosie nodded.

"They told me at the hotel. It was on the radio. That's why I climbed in your car with you. I wanted to take your mind off things. Gosh, I'm sorry for you, Bill."

Cantavo's eyes widened.

"For me? What about Tim?"

"Of course, it's terrible. I want to cry for him. But I don't know him the way I know you. Want me to come up to your apartment and cheer you?"

"What would your big mine owner say to that?" grinned Cantavo. "You run along and go to bed. But thanks just the same, Rosie. Good night."

He told his chauffeur to take her home and entered the hotel. So Rosie was in love and thinking of getting married? Gee, he'd miss that little girl if she left the band. It wouldn't be the same without her. Then he shrugged. Oh, well, the woods were filled with red-headed singers.

SAM was waiting for him when he entered his apartment. The colored man yawned widely, exposing two rows of gleaming teeth.

"Boss, that Miss Martin phoned again five minutes ago."

"Did you tell her to ring me at noon?"

"Sure, I told her, but she said she'd try you again in a little while."

Cantavo's yawn almost matched the dental display of his valet.

"Sam, if you ever fall in love and bother me about it I'm going to cut one black man into bits of shark bait."

"And will I hand you the knife," said Sam. "Man, if I'm ever foolish enough to let myself go I hope you'll keep your word. Boss, my last wife—"

"Set it to music, blue it, and I'll put you on the air," interrupted Cantavo. "But if you open your mouth to me before eleven tomorrow I won't wait for you to fall in love to do that surgery."

He went into his bedroom and was taking off his tail coat when the telephone rang. He stared at the clanging

(Continued on page 48)



"You must see me." Her voice held a note that promised hysteria



No, that isn't a human wind-mill you see walking through the streets of Montreal—it's Tommy Gorman returning the salutes of the hockey fans

Tommy Gorman, builder of winning hockey teams, with two members of his 1934 champions, the Blackhawks

Practice sessions like this made Gorman's Maroons 1935 champions

TOMMY GORMAN'S life has been poisoned by a legend which was invented by New York sports writers who should have thought of something better to do with their time. The legend is to the effect that Mr. Gorman, although one of the most successful of all hockey managers, never played hockey himself. As a martyr to the cause he will never refute the legend, but if he senses the slightest sign of heart on the part of an interviewer, Mr. Gorman will drag a picture out of a drawer of his desk at the Montreal Forum and slide it half-aggressively across the table.

"Look at that," says Mr. Gorman.

What you see is a bunch of kids in sweaters sitting on the base of a monument to Queen Victoria.

"That's me," says Mr. Gorman, pointing to a skinny kid of eleven in the middle of the second row, "and that's the Ottawa Terriers. I was left wing."

With that established, the Gorman gentleman is a different person. He is quite content then to recount the exploits of his Montreal Maroons, who won the Stanley Cup last year, and his Chicago Black Hawks, who won it the year before, and of his famous Ottawa "Super-Six" club which won national championships

in 1920, 1921 and 1923. In brief, his teams have won the world championship five times and last year he performed the unheard-of feat of leaving one championship team to build up another which won the cup in its first year under his leadership.

Mr. Gorman is a rather blond, slightly heavy and entirely Irish gentleman in the early forties. He was born in Ottawa, was given the name of Thomas Patrick Gorman, and got his first job in the House of Commons of Canada at the age of nine. His next job was office boy at the Ottawa Citizen and he ended by being sports editor of the paper. In 1918 Gorman entered the hockey field when he bought a half interest in the Ottawa team in the National Hockey League for \$1,250. He sold it in 1925 for \$50,000. What caused him to sell out and what changed his life was an offer from Tex Rickard to come to New York and launch hockey at Madison Square Garden.

"This was very swell," says Gorman. "until I got to New York and found I wasn't working for the Garden at all. I was working for Bill Dwyer, and Rickard and Colonel Hammond had only been interested in getting a good tenant for their building."

The Gorman team was the New York Americans and he was with them five years. When he first reached the big city, the new Garden was just being finished and Tommy had the pleasure of going over the building with Rickard and the architects.

"Look at these plans, Mr. Rickard," the architects would say. "Very remarkable. We can empty this huge building in exactly eighteen minutes."

"Empty, my eye," said the great Tex. "How do I get them in?"

A Financial Riot

Tex had an idea that hockey could never be anything but a minor sport, drawing three or four thousand people and adding that much to the Garden revenue on nights when it wasn't possible to book a fight in the place. The opening crowd jammed the building to the eaves and the first season of hockey in New York was a financial riot.

The only fly in the ointment was the owner of the Americans, who had a little difficulty with the authorities on the matter of beer-running and ended by taking up residence in Atlanta for a year. When this happened, Gorman left

the managing end and took charge of the business of the team. He only got back to the club itself in his last year of the five-year contract when he dragged them into the play-offs for the Stanley Cup.

For many of the Canadian boys the move from the home pastures to the Garden was too much. They broke under the strain. The worst case was a young man who, in addition to being Broadway-shocked, also took to lifting the foaming beaker. At about the same time the Ringling Brothers Circus was making motions in the basement of the Garden prior to moving in. The young man under the influence came charging into the Americans' dressing-room and barricaded the door behind him.

"I don't mind seeing little things," he panted, "but I just saw two elephants."

When his New York contract ended, Gorman took a job as assistant general manager of the Agua Caliente Jockey Club in Mexico. He was down there for two years, running the track, seeing that the drunken rich were bounced out of the café when they became annoying and learning that no wise man ever bets on horses or anything else. He got the

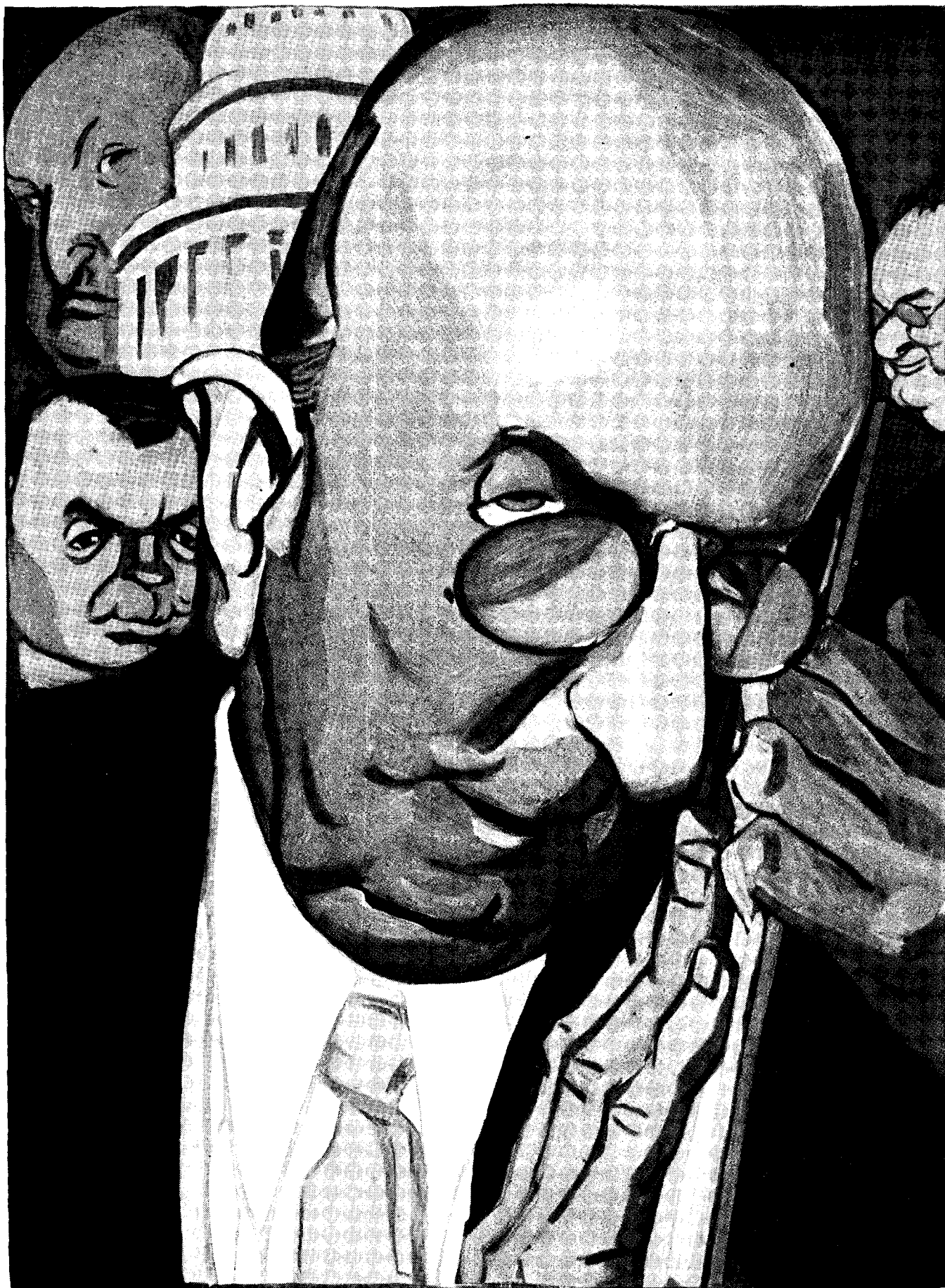
(Continued on page 37)

The Tall Man

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

CARICATURE BY ANITA PARKHURST



THE Democratic high command is considerably vexed with Homer S. Cummings, the amiable gentleman now filling the high post of Attorney General of the United States. In their opinion, he has been more than lax in failing to capitalize the present overwhelming popularity of the G-men for his own glory and that of the Administration, thereby permitting "a bunch of Republican holdovers" to hog the lime-light. James Aloysius Farley actually trembles when he contemplates the dire possibility that at this very minute thousands of voters may be confusing J. Edgar Hoover with Herbert C.

Unfortunately, there is nothing much that can be done about it, for while it is true that Mr. Cummings is overlord of the dramatic Division of Criminal Investigation, he is about the least dramatic man in the whole wide world. A tall, stoop-shouldered man, slow-spoken and slow-moving, his nearsighted blue eyes peering mildly and somewhat astonishedly through gold-rimmed nose glasses, he really looks incomplete without a skull cap on his gleaming dome and a glass retort in his hand. Or, perhaps, some quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore.

No Chance for a Siesta

As Franklin D. Roosevelt's floor manager at the Chicago convention, the Connecticut leader was in line for almost any honor when the Democratic hordes swarmed over the walls of Washington, but instead of reaching out for the Army or the Navy, he intimated that the governor generalship of the Philippines would please him immensely. There, he figured happily, was a job that gave a man a chance to do a little settin' and thinkin'. Tragically enough, however, Senator Thomas F. Walsh died suddenly, and on March 3d the President asked Mr. Cummings to take over the office of Attorney General until he could decide on someone else. Thirty days later the temporary appointment was made permanent, and Stamford's favorite son sadly surrendered the pleasing thought of hammocks and siestas.

Immediately, or maybe sooner, the maddened Democrats descended upon him, clamoring for a "clean-out" that would provide places for the deserving. The drive was particularly aimed at J. Edgar Hoover, in charge of the Bureau of Investigation, and Sanford Bates, director of the Bureau of Prisons, both holdovers from a Republican administration. Party chieftains climbed

(Continued on page 32)

Attorney General Cummings combines a high concept of public duty with an invincible placidity. Not even Jim Farley can persuade him that all Democrats are better men than Republicans



Doc Brann

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

LES HEAD, one of the sons of Old Martin Head, a prominent cattleman, is assassinated near the little cow town of Morgantown. A young stranger—Buck Surratt, who, after killing his father's murderer, and shooting four other men in self-defense, is looking for peace and forgetfulness—is suspected of being the killer.

Impressed by Surratt's bold replies to his questioners, Sam Torveen, who owns a ranch not far from Morgantown, offers him a job; and Surratt goes to work for him.

Within a short time, the two most attractive girls in the neighborhood, Judith Cameron and Annette Carvel, are deeply interested in the new arrival. They have learned, however, that he is in possession of a riding glove—a glove which he had picked up near

the body of Les Head. And they regard him as a potential enemy; for they are well aware that he feels sure that one of them is the owner of that glove!

A bloody war between Bill Head, supported by a number of powerful ranchmen, and Torveen, who has only a few supporters—notably Surratt, Ferd Bowie and Nick Perrigo—soon breaks out. Torveen (hated because he is raising sheep) battles courageously; but he loses most of his sheep; and he is finally seriously wounded by the enemy.

Whereupon, planning to get possession of the incriminating glove, Bill Head tricks Surratt and Judith Cameron into going to a saloon run by Blackjack Smith, once an enemy of Surratt but now his friend.

But Surratt is not to be intimidated—he

refuses to surrender the glove. Then, acting on the suggestion of Blackjack, they disarm and fight without weapons. Surratt wins, knocks Head unconscious. Judith then informs him calmly that the glove *belongs to her*; and he gives it to her.

An hour later, he rides up to Torveen's ranch house—and receives a shock. The place has been ransacked and deserted! At about the time that he is gazing at the ruins, Pokey, a puncher whom Old Martin has sent out scouting for data concerning Surratt's past, is reporting. "Pokey," says the old man when he has heard the whole story, "he's the kind of a boy I'd like to've had for a son. I'd like to stop this trouble. But the crew takes orders from my son. And my son will not take orders from anyone."

VII

THE pup," growled Pokey, displaying his first resentment.

Old Martin sat up in bed. "I have but one desire. Nothing else matters, but on that one thing I will have my way. I can't get Bill to act quick enough. Therefore, you must do it for me. You take your horse, Pokey, and start roamin' these hills. Don't come back until you've found Perrigo and settled him. You understand what I mean?"

Pokey took the full, iron weight of Old Martin's glance without flinching. He shrugged his little shoulders. He said, mild and matter-of-fact: "All right, Martin."

"He is a dog to be put out of the way," said Old Martin, emotionlessly. "It's my full belief he killed Leslie and for that I'll have my own kind of justice, without recourse."

He closed his mouth and leaned back on the pillow. Bill Head walked across the living-room and appeared at the door. Seeing him, Pokey's eyes went shrewd with interest, for the scars of the Carson's Ford fight were livid and purple on that ruddy face. He had taken a smashing. Pokey said: "What happened to you?"

"Another fine scheme that didn't work," commented Old Martin, ironically.

Bill Head stared dismally at Pokey. "Where you been?"

"That's his business and mine," interjected Old Martin.

Pokey turned out of the room. Bill Head wheeled and started to follow and was halted by Old Martin's order. "Stay here, Bill. I want to talk to you."

Bill said, "Wait a minute," and tracked Pokey to the porch. He put out his big arm and shoved Pokey against the house wall. "You runt, I asked you a question. Answer me."

Pokey's voice remained soft. "Your dad answered you, Bill."

BILL HEAD'S crushed lips curved and showed a savage impulse. "You won't always have Old Martin to hide behind, Pokey. When that time comes you'll answer to me."

"When Old Martin dies," replied Pokey, "I'll be going from this ranch."

Bill Head swayed nearer the little man and his broad fist closed and lifted; the desire to strike Pokey was clear in his eyes. But Pokey looked back at Bill Head, strictly still, a gleam creeping into his glance. Unaccountably, Bill Head wheeled into the house again.

Pokey went over to his horse and climbed to the saddle, for a moment remaining thoughtfully there. Afterwards he passed into the trees. He had been given an order, and it was the habit of his life to obey Old Martin.

Bill went into the bedroom and took his sulky, angry stand. His father had taught him as a boy to be silent and to be respectful in front of older people

and though the time of his obedience had long passed he still found the habit of attention hard to break. Old Martin's eyes were biting into him, without affection, without kindness.

"Bill," he said, "you were always a brute-stubborn lad, no doubt a quality you got from me. It was never one I blamed you for. You have felt I cared little for you since you started into man-

hood, and it is true and I think the time's come when you should know why—for I doubt if you and I will have much more to say to each other."

"Have we got to talk about that?" Bill asked.

"Stubbornness," stated Old Martin, "is a thing I do not condemn, bein' a kind of courage in its way. But I never have ceased to hate deceit—and you started lyin' to me young. Maybe there were reasons I never understood. Maybe I wasn't the sort of a father you could trust the truth to. At any rate, here's my apologies for bein' the sort of a father that couldn't draw better things out of you. It must be my fault, for Les was no better that way. Yet there is one thing you got neither from me nor from your mother—a streak of meanness that makes you do brutal things deliberately. This is what I have wanted to say to you, so that you'll know why I have no love for you as a son and no respect for you as a man. I'd be sorry to see Judith Cameron make the mistake of marryin' you."

"**YOU'RE** all through talkin'?" breathed Bill Head.

"No, you whelp!" thundered Old Martin. "I am tellin' you this! You have made a miserable mess with Torveen and now you've got only one thing you can do, which is meet this Surratt who has condemned you to the whole country. If you do not meet him and settle that challenge I'll use a gun on you myself! No man is going to carry my name around and let people spit on it! You hear?"

"All your life," burst out Bill, "you've been obsessed with somebody hurting the name of Head!"

"For fifteen years of my life," replied Old Martin grimly, "my own sons have used that name shamefully. Go on away, Bill." He stopped talking and passed a big hand over his eyes. His next words were slow and gray. "Only God can pass judgment on you and Les and me. If the blame's on me I'll bend my knees willingly to a deserved punishment."

Bill Head went out of the room, out of the house. In the yard he stopped to build a cigarette and light it. The smoke stung his injured eyes; it built up the morose wrath all day accumulating in him. He stood this way and watched one of his riders, Hughie Grant, come up the hill.

Hughie Grant shook his head. "No trace of Torveen or any of the crowd around their ranch. They skipped out."



Judith turned. "George, do you know?" "No," he murmured

"I sent Benny and Stuke Jackson to cover the upper trails. See them?"

"No, I just been watchin' Torveen's house."

"I'll find him," grunted Bill Head. "Send somebody to cover the pass road. Send somebody to scout the river. Then you go to Kersom's and tell him I want him to be in Morgantown at supper time. Go on, Hughie."

He went to his own horse and trotted out of the yard. He was in front of Ab Cameron's house twenty minutes later. He saw Ab standing by a corral and called him over.

"I've got men all through the hills," said Bill. "He won't get away."

"Peyrolles was just by," explained Ab. "He thought his shot caught Torveen. There was blood in the brush this mornin'."

"We'll find out."

Ab murmured: "Henry Tanner died a little while ago. It was Torveen's bullet that got him fair. Peyrolles saw Torveen aim and he saw Tanner fall."

"I want to see you in Morgantown at supper time."

"All right," agreed Cameron, without enthusiasm.

BILL HEAD sourly studied Ab Cameron. "You been hearin' about a woman's glove Surratt was supposed to have found on Les Head?"

"Yes," said Cameron and closed his lips.

"It was Judith's glove," said Bill Head. "She took it from Surratt last night."

Cameron said in a humble way: "God's pity," and walked off. Bill Head watched him go straight for the house. It made

him grin to observe how Ab Cameron's face sunk, to notice how the old man's pride fell. He galloped down the river toward Peyrolles' place.

AT FIRST daylight Surratt shook himself from his blankets and came out of the trees to Torveen's house close by; and looked again through the place to verify his quick inspection of the night before. There was nothing new to be seen. Torveen had apparently taken his things and had run, the evidence of haste clearly here. In the yard, Surratt had a careful look at the ground. Pony tracks came out of the meadow from the ridge to the house; and pony tracks swung away from the house, turning toward the trees and the upper sheep meadow. Surratt followed these prints into the trees, picked up his horse, and rode to the edge of the meadow.

But caution came to him as he studied the green undergrowth surrounding the meadow. A full day came up and sunlight was a bright promise over the Gray Bull peaks; and the sense of trouble was real enough to swing him completely around the meadow, via the brush, and so to arrive at the meadow's higher side, where the trail struck into the timber again. There had been some confusion here, marked by a pattern of men's shoe indentations in the ground and a long, dragged pattern where something had been laid. He got down to have a look at that; and found the dull, round scum of blood drops in the dust. They had carried a man this far, had put him down to rest. They had remounted and carried the man on.

He continued this way. Sunlight rushed fully across the sky, its strong

color breaking through the close web of pine tops and lifting the twilight in here one full octave of brightness. Dust particles glistened in the windless air; heat began to come on. It was those dust particles that, half an hour later, reminded him to be on his guard. Bending with the trail, he saw their increased, shimmering thickness in the soft forest atmosphere. The tracks on the ground were too confused for him to read anything more than a story of forward travel; but the suspended dust—and its faint sudden smell—indicated a more recent traveler. And then, from some yonder course of the trail, he heard an approaching echo. He put himself instantly into the brush.

Two or three minutes later he saw a pair of riders drop down the slope, traveling fast. He kept still until the sound was gone. Out on the trail again, he pushed along faster and presently reached the meadow hard by the river canyon. There was a man out there on the edge of the canyon, about ready to tip down the trail to the ford; this was a hundred yards away. Surratt gently retreated without being seen. A little later, again looking, he found the man had disappeared into the canyon. But it was increasingly clear to Surratt that these hills were being dragged by Head's men and that no trail was safe. So he again took to the timber and wove his way laboriously around the meadow and got to its upper side.

It was his guess that Torveen had traveled a straight course, always deeper into the hills; confused and churned as now were the prints of travel on the trail, he believed this way the right one. But it was quite apparent

that Crow Track was on this trail too.

Obedying his judgment, he veered into the timber and began a tedious march around brush clumps and deadfalls and rocky hummocks paralleling the trail. Half an hour later he cut into the trail without intending to; and found that it swung from north to south at this point, keeping beside the river as the river also turned. The tracks still were heavy in the soft dirt. Backing away, he took the new direction, hearing ahead of him the murmuring roar of water deep in the canyon. It grew greater in his ears and then its sound diminished as he got by it. The morning went on, with an overhead sun throwing its thin, golden lances through the interstices of the trees. He cut over to the trail again.

He had, he discovered, overshot the fugitives. The heavy print of their retreat wasn't here. One rider only had passed this way recently. Somewhere back down the trail Torveen had turned off.

TIME ran fast and he wanted to waste no more of it. Knowing he did a reckless thing, he followed the trail back and ten minutes afterwards came upon Torveen's turn-off. The redhead had swung into the timber on the river's side; and Surratt was paused like this, reading the story in the dirt, when a faint rattle of brush jerked him upright in the saddle. A rider suddenly appeared on the trail fifty yards below him and swung to continue upward with it.

He saw Surratt there, a tall and stiff shape in the shadows, and recognition jerked at him. He reached for his gun and wheeled his horse back into the brush; and whipped two shots rearward

(Continued on page 41)



A sheer rock wall confronted them and showed them a broad hole smashed out by some ancient current

Rendezvous

By Edwin Muller

A wartime drama that never got into the papers. But one that wrote a memorable chapter in the lives of three men

WHEN I scrambled up the last rocks of the Faulberg and came suddenly upon the hut, the two Englishmen were sitting on a bench by the door. They were as startled as I, and seemed anything but glad to see me.

The tall one jumped up and made a step toward me.

"Who are you?" he snapped. "What are you doing here?"

"Isn't the hut open to the public?" I demanded.

Their eyes were searching me intently, rucksack, ice axe and all. Then the tall one relaxed and grinned at me.

"Up for a climbing holiday?" he said. "Same as ourselves."

"That's it," I said, and went on into the hut. I wasn't so glad to see them either. I'd been sure that I'd have the hut to myself, that here in wartime there'd be nobody else within a day's journey.

When I had spread my things on the empty bunk I went outside again.

"Sorry I was so brusque," said the tall man.

His voice had that good-natured air of authority that seems to be one of

We were a motionless tableau. Valery, below, stared up at Carr, his face stony. We stared back at him

the regulation products of an English public school. I was sure that he would have been at home in front of a wicket at Lord's. Or perhaps, with those broad shoulders and long, powerful legs, he would have pulled an oar for the Light Blue. The sort of man you'd wonder about if you saw him in a crowd.

THE other looked public school too but you'd never notice him the second time. Sandy hair, freckles—that's all I remember about him. There was something military in both of them, although I wouldn't have placed them as professional soldiers.

The tall one introduced himself: Stuart Valery.

"Captain Valery?" I asked at a guess, though I'd never heard the name.

He looked at me sharply for a moment, then laughed good-humoredly.

"Right you are," he said. "And this is Lieutenant Robert Carr, also of His Majesty's forces. Forgettin' about the war for a few days' leave up here in the snow."

I couldn't think of any reason to doubt it.

Carr didn't seem quite to have made up his mind to accept me. There was a pause—I was apparently expected to give an account of myself. I at once made it plain that I had nothing to conceal.

Name: George Barnes. Nationality: U. S. A. Drove an ambulance back of Ypres. Three weeks ago got blown up in a small way. Touch of shell shock or something like that. Wangled a leave out of it. Came as far away as I could from mud and shell holes.

"All in the same boat," said Valery heartily. He was like a sixth-former

welcoming a new boy into the school.

I was beginning to be a little bit glad of company and that first evening it was all very jolly. The windows of the hut were boarded up, making it stuffy inside, so after supper we moved out to the bench and sat watching the sun go down in a crimson splash behind the Ebnefluh.

It's the grandest place I know in the Alps—the Concordia Platz.

We were on the floor of a broad bowl, five miles from rim to rim. The surface was unbroken snow, packed hundreds of feet deep. At the edges it curved up, at first gently, then more steeply to the rim which was the mighty wall of the Bernese Oberland. On that wall the great peaks stood sentinel, the highest of them the massive forms of the Jungfrau, the Mönch and the Eiger—the Maiden, the Monk and the Ogre. To our left was the one low breach in the wall, where the ice stream of the Great Aletsch Glacier broke through and flowed to the Rhone, a day's march away.

THE peaks were spread out for our choice.

"The Gletscherhorn tomorrow?" suggested Valery.

We agreed. It really was like old times before the war. In fact, we didn't talk about the war; there was a tacit understanding to ignore it and try to pretend that we were one of those chance-met, carefree climbing parties that filled the huts and the remote little inns of Switzerland in the old days.

We got our climb next morning—five hours of strenuous snow and ice work—some of it fairly spectacular. By an unspoken agreement Valery led on all

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. H. COLLINS

the difficult pitches. It wasn't that he thrust himself into the job. Rather it was because he was the sort of man to whom the lead naturally gravitates.

And I admit that, as a mountaineer, he was in the top flight, one of those climbers who have the natural balance of a dancer and a smooth, unhurried rhythm over the steepest rock or snow. When we were clinging on the exposed upper part of the face, looking straight down past our heels at the thousand-foot drop to the glacier, he was as unconcerned as if he'd been walking up Piccadilly.

And yet I came to feel that I would rather have Carr with me on the rope in a really bad place. I don't know why it is that you get to know a man so well by climbing with him. Mountaineers will tell you that you come closer to a man's real self on a day's climb than you do by living with him for six months. By the time we were on top of the Gletscherhorn I felt that I knew Carr inside and out. And I would have trusted him anywhere.

As to Valery, I reserved my opinion. Just before the summit the slope grew easier, so that we could unrope and race up the last bit together. On top it was as if a curtain had rolled up, showing us a new world.

We were looking over the rim of the bowl. On this side there were no gently curving slopes of snow. A sheer wall of rock fell away below our feet, down, down until the chalets in the Valley of Lauterbrunnen ten thousand feet below were like dolls' houses set on a green carpet.

At first it seemed that only a fly could crawl down that wall. Then Valery pointed to the gap between our peak and the next one to the right. From it a gully, a narrow ribbon of snow and ice, wound down the whole extent of the wall. For the first thousand feet it was appallingly steep, then it eased off to gentler slopes.

"The Lauitor—Gate of the Avalanches," said Valery. "They climb it, you know."

I said I was glad we were going back the way we came.

On the descent the weather began to change. Wisps of cloud caught at the lofty summit of the Jungfrau and streamed out like a banner. The wind tore them away but always they reformed, larger than before. All around the inside of the bowl clouds crept down from the rim. By the time we reached the hut we were in a blanket of wet, gray mist.

THE next day and the next it still covered us.

I'd been shut up in isolated, fog-bound huts before. Men always show the strain of it—keep morosely silent or snap at each other on the least provocation.

That's what happened now—only it was different. We seemed to be watching each other, waiting for something to happen. In the rare intervals when the fog lifted, if one of us went outside the others would presently find him gazing down the glacier toward the path from the Rhone Valley. Yet it didn't seem at all likely that any other vacationists would be coming up to join us.

In what little talk we had we still kept away from the war. But it was harder to ignore; here in a neutral country and far away from battles it was as if the mutter of guns was just over the horizon.

Once, to try to lay the ghost, I said in a joking way: "This hut would make a great rendezvous for the Kaiser's spies, wouldn't it?"

I looked around to see why they didn't answer and found them both staring at me. But in a moment Valery laughed

a little and said, "Yes, wouldn't it?" or something like that, and then went on to start some tale of a salmon-fishing expedition he'd made to Norway a few years before.

On one occasion Carr's nerves seemed to be particularly on edge.

I was sitting on the platform while the other two were inside. Carr came out hurriedly and walked up close to me. His voice, although he kept it low, had a rough edge.

"Look here," he said, "have you seen my revolver around the hut?"

"No," I said, trying not to be irritated. "I didn't know you had one."

He turned and went back into the hut. In a few minutes he came back and this time he was apologetic:

"I say, old man, I didn't mean to be short with you just now."

I hadn't really taken offense. When you like a man you make allowances. I suggested that I come in and help him look for the gun.

"No, no," he said hastily. "I remember now that I left it with the rest of my things down at Brigue."

THEN it was Valery who began to show signs of strain. That first day he'd had plenty to say but now he'd sit through a meal with hardly a word. Once he asked me bluntly how long I was planning to stay.

"I can't say," I answered, as bluntly as he.

"Until we get some more climbs, I hope," said Carr, and I felt that he really meant it.

But the situation was uncomfortable and I began to think I was a fool not to move on.

At last things came to a head. Valery had gone for a walk down the glacier—he was always doing that—and Carr came to me with an air of decision.

"I say," he began abruptly, "let's you and I clear out of this."

I stared at him.

"I've decided not to stay on with Valery any longer," he went on. "And I don't think you want to either."

"I'm with you," I said instantly. "How'll we go? Down the glacier to Brigue?"

"No, let's go the other way," he said, watching me. "Over the Jungfrau Joch and down to Interlaken. Even in this weather the two of us could do the Joch easily."

We agreed to start next morning.

That evening it was evident that the tension among us had eased. We almost recovered the holiday feeling of the first day. Valery was as genial as if he had been the leader of a jolly expedition that had come to its scheduled end.

"It'll be the fleshpots for you chaps,"

he said. "Good place, Interlaken. This time tomorrow night you'll be doing a cold bottle and a hot bird in 'the Schweizerhof, eh?'"

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll stay on a day or two and then tramp down to Brigue. Perhaps I'll go around and join you in Interlaken by the end of the week."

IN THE morning we were off a little after three o'clock. Fog still filled the bowl but a breath of wind blew down from the summits and a faint, luminous patch showed where the full moon rode overhead.

"You'll have blue sky," Valery said.

He looked immensely tall through the mist as he stood at the edge of the rocks watching us make our way down to the snow.

Starts before dawn don't make men garrulous and Carr and I tramped monotonously for an hour, scarcely exchanging a word. Our shadows, from the lanterns we carried, were long and grotesque on the snow. The first daylight found us on the slope that leads up to the pass. We put out the lantern.

"Looks as if the sun might burn through at last," I said.

"I hope not," said Carr unexpectedly. I turned to look at him, not sure that I had heard him right. He had come to

(Continued on page 35)



There was a crash and the door was forced open a few inches. By then I was at Carr's side

The Good Listener

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

HE GLANCED up pleasantly as the stranger entered the Pullman washroom, and moved over a little. "Sit down, brother. Plenty of room."

The newcomer sank down beside him on the leather bench, and propped a thick brief-case between his legs. There was a short silence. "Just get on at Winston?" he asked genially. The stranger nodded. He ventured again: "Going all the way in to New York?"

"Mmm?" The stranger glanced up absently. "Yes, I am."

"So'm I. It's a long trip; you get kind of lonely on this run. Uh... My name's Wiggins." He noticed the brief-case. "You a traveling man, too?"

The stranger looked at him a moment, then smiled slowly. "Yes, I'm a... traveling man."

"So'm I. Clothing is my line. Have-meyer's, you know, the New York clothing house." He beamed, encouraged, and offered a cigar. "Light up, brother." He bit off the end of his cigar. "Yeah, I work the prep schools for Have-meyer's. What I mean, I visit the different preparatory schools and I take orders from the kids for suits or shirts and ties or whatever. It ain't a bad line. You get to know the kids. I like kids. I get a lot of laughs."

The stranger smiled reminiscently as he unclasped a penknife and clipped off the end of his cigar neatly. "I know. I have a boy in school," he murmured. "What school is that, by the way?"

"H'm?" The stranger glanced at him quickly, and then added: "Cornwall."

"Cornwall, huh? I was there last week. Sure, I bet I know practically every school in New England. That's my line. That's what I like about my line, I get to know the kids. I sometimes get to know them better'n even their own folks, I guess. You know, the little jams they get into or one thing and another they tell me where they wouldn't maybe want to mention it at home. Kids are funny. I get a great kick out of them sometimes. Like just now you were mentioning Cornwall, for instance. Here's a funny story. You see, there's this youngster there at school name of Billy Ohmstead—watch that knife, brother!" he exclaimed. "Cut yourself?"

"No, just a scratch." The stranger sucked the tip of his forefinger. "The train jolts a lot, doesn't it?"

"YEAH, fierce. Well, I was going to tell you about this kid, though. He's a nice-appearing youngster, big for his age, too, takes a 15 shirt as I remember it and—well, anyway, it seems he got friendly with a waitress in town. You know how boys are. They drop in places at all hours, hungry all the time, and they kid with the help." He grinned. "Anyway, this babe put him down for a sucker and pulled an old line on him. She needs the loan of fifty bucks for a few days. You can guess the reason she gives."

"Well, fifty bucks is a lot of dough to a kid in school, but this kid is all heart and he's dead set on saving this babe. He tries all his pals, and they're broke, and naturally he can't go to his old man for it because it seems his old man has had enough trouble of his own already. So, to make a long story short, he finally come to me, we being good

friends. Of course I see the dame is taking him for a ride, but I don't say nothing about that. He wouldn't believe me anyway. So I finally lend it to him. He told me sure he'd have it for me the next trip, so what the hell!

"Well, just like I know all along, this babe takes the fifty and blows. You know babes," he chuckled, and turned to wink at his companion. He stared. "Hey, you ain't lit your cigar yet."

"I... thanks." The stranger accepted the proffered match.

"Well, what I'm getting at, the day I'm due back at Cornwall again on my next trip, I guess the kid must've lost his nerve, because the night before I get there he packs a suitcase and he runs away from school. Takes it on the lam. When I ask for my dough, his roommate tells me he's beat it, and the laugh is on me. Sore? Sure I was sore. I hated to do it but I went to the Dean and I told him about the money."

"Well, now, you won't believe this.

Just as I'm talking to the Dean, just that very minute there's a knock on the door and in walks this kid. He's come back again all on his own. There was a funny look on his face, too. 'I'm not going to run out on this thing,' he says to me. 'I tried to, but I couldn't. I got to thinking what would my old man think of me,' he says to me, 'and so I came back.'" The salesman glanced at his companion. "I ain't boring you with this kid stuff?"

THE stranger had shaded his eyes with his hand and was gazing out of the window at the speeding landscape. "Go on," he said.

"Well, there we were, me and him and the Dean. 'You know what this means, son,' the Dean begins, but I cut in. 'No, wait a minute, now, Dean,' I says, because after all I know kids, and I seen this youngster was on the up-and-up. I liked him. 'Wait a minute,' I says to the Dean; 'I ain't in any hurry for that

dough. Give the boy here a break,' I says; 'maybe he can get it from his old man or something.'

"'No,' says the kid, quick as a flash, and he looks like he's going to cry, 'just so he don't find out I tried to— Listen, Moe,' he says to me, 'if you'd just wait, I could get some job after school and earn it. I'll earn every cent,' he says, 'only just don't tell the old man.'" The salesman glanced out of the window. "We must be coming into Watertown."

The increasing lights of a small city hurried past the window, and they heard three sharp descending notes of a crossing-bell and caught a glimpse of a line of autos halted in the main street while the train passed.

"And so to make a long story short, anyways, this kid gets a job tending furnaces and working morning and nights in a bakery all winter, and what I'm getting at, this last trip I just made to Cornwall I'll be damned if he don't pay me back the whole amount, down to the last red cent. Which only goes to show, in my line I can usually tell about a kid. I sometimes get to know him even better than his old man does. 'I couldn't run out on the old man,' the kid says to me. 'I couldn't let the old man down like that,' he says, and here's the gag," laughed the salesman, slapping his knee, "here's the pay-off. Because you know who his old man is? It's this Carl Ohmstead, you know the banker, the fellow that's head of the Winston Savings Bank that's been getting into all this hot water lately—"

"WATERTOWN," the conductor called. The train had creaked and jolted to a halt, and a cloud of steam from the locomotive misted the window. They saw the blurred lights of the station. "If you'll pardon me a minute..." said the stranger, rising.

"Sure," said the salesman, settling back and puffing on the stub of his cigar. He gazed idly out of the window at the lighted platform. A newsboy was selling papers on the platform, and he beckoned to him and opened the window. "Got a Herald?" As he leaned out of the window to pay for the paper, he gazed down the length of the car and his jaw dropped. "What the—that's funny," he murmured, settling back on the leather bench as the porter entered the washroom. "I thought that old boy that just got off was going through to New York."

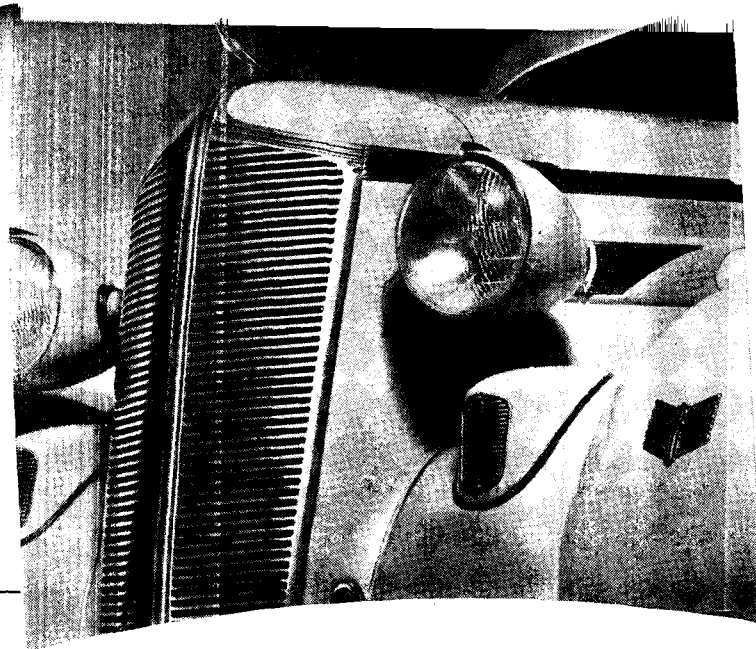
"Reckon he change' his mind," said the porter. "He's goin' right back where he jus' left from. I heard him ask the conductor if they was a train back to Winston this evenin', and then he tol' me to carry off his bags. He seem' real excited."

"He must've forgot his rubbers," the salesman shrugged. "Well..." He opened the newspaper and chewed his cigar for a moment. He chuckled. "Speak of the devil," he grinned to the porter. "Here I was just talking about this fellow Ohmstead, and now I see he's beat the rap." He read the headlines: "Winston Bank President Disappears. Police Extend Search to Adjoining Cities as Carl Ohmstead Flees Investigation—" He continued to read, his lips moving slightly, his brow puckered. "Wonder what that kid would think of his old man if he seen this?" he muttered to himself.

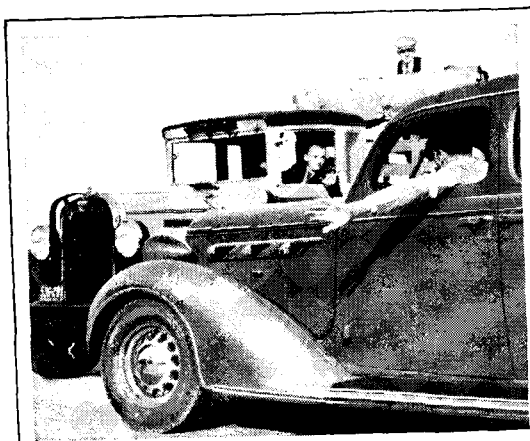


Like I know all along, the babe takes the fifty and blows

"Up to 23 Miles to the Gallon!"



THAT IS THE STARTLING ECONOMY REPORTED BY OWNERS OF THE NEW LOWER-PRICED DE SOTO WITH ITS NEW GAS-SAVER TRANSMISSION



DeSoto's genuine hydraulic brakes are quick ... positive. They prevent swerving, because pressure on all four wheels is always equalized

OWNERS ARE CIRCULATING the news from coast to coast...the big, new, custom-styled De Soto makes other cars seem to be "hungry gas eaters."

You're cruising along around 40 ... when suddenly a miracle happens. The Gas-Saver Transmission cuts in ... automatically. Engine revolutions drop 30%...yet speed is unaffected. A new smoothness and quietness come into the power and flight of your car.

You pile up phenomenal mileage with De Soto's new Gas-Saver Transmission, full-length water jacket,

and higher compression ratio motor.

You'll appreciate, too, the protection of De Soto's safety-steel body and genuine hydraulic brakes... its countless custom features. The French roll cushions, tufted door panels, chair-height seats, the sparkling instrument panel. Yet, De Soto costs only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

In this year of "look-alike" cars, De Soto carries a distinction all of its own, from the sweep of its radiator to rear wheel shields. You'll be proud to drive it. See your De Soto dealer today!

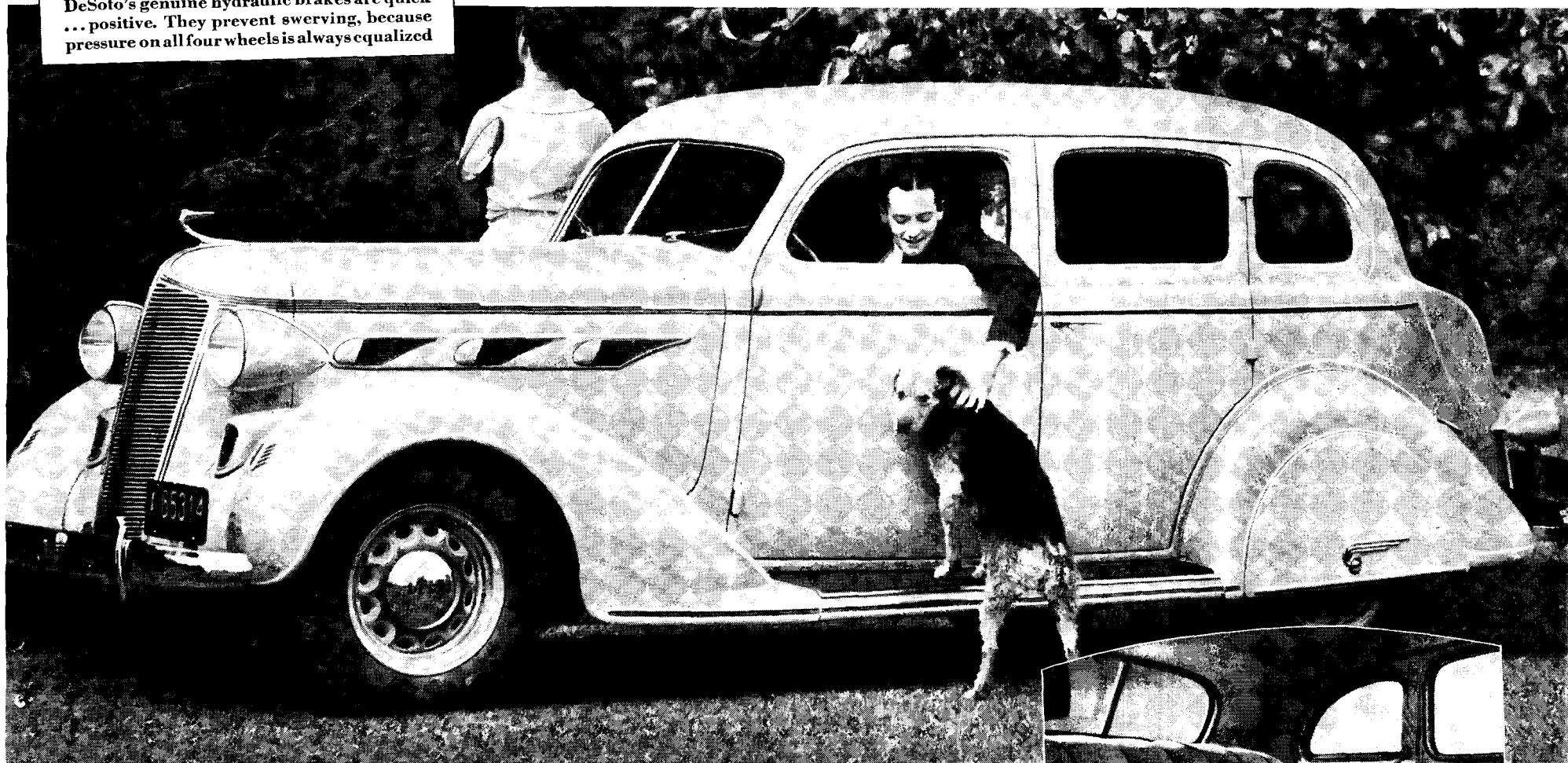
Ask for the New
Official Chrysler Motors
Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT
PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.
1 Start with your unpaid balance.
2*Then add insurance cost.
3 Then multiply by 6%—for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

NO OTHER CHARGES



DE SOTO

DE LUXE
MODELS
AS LOW AS

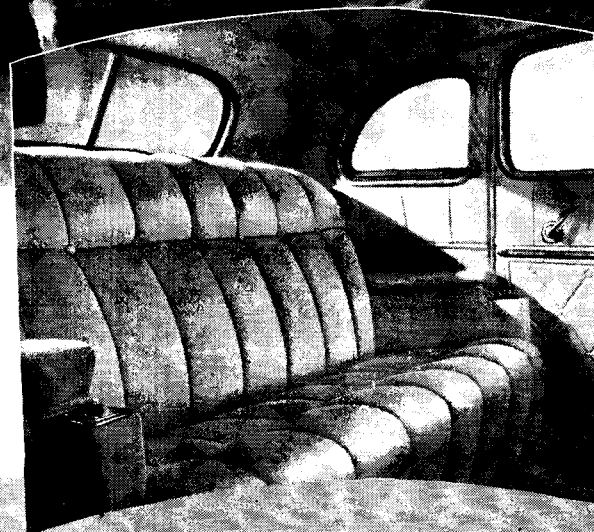
\$695

LIST AT
FACTORY, DETROIT
Special equipment
is extra

COMPANION CAR TO DE SOTO AIRFLOW III
PRODUCTS OF THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Above is the Custom Airstream De Soto Touring Sedan, with large built-in trunk. It's the most distinctive car in America today.

There is the luxury of the world's costliest cars in De Soto's custom-styled interiors, both front and back.





American styles are favored by the attractive señoras of Chile. A scene on the Avenue Delicias in Santiago

R. I. NESMITH



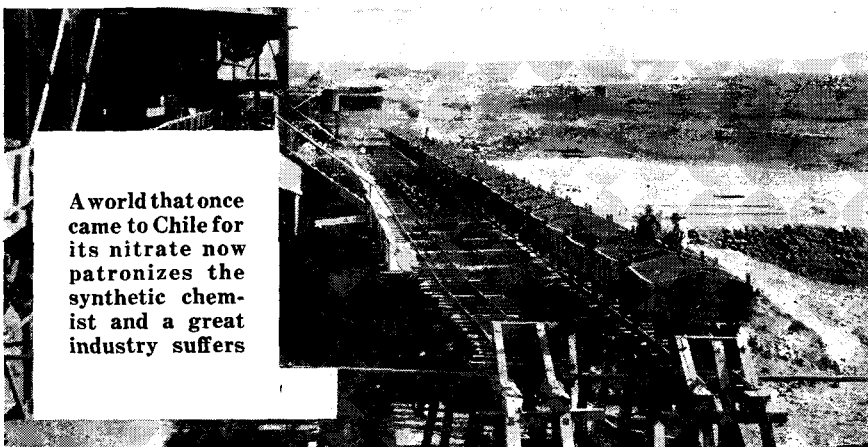
Obliging carabineros of Chile guard the border between Chile and Argentina and politely speed the traveler on his scenic way

R. I. NESMITH



The omnipresent poncho is a very practical garment and it comes in practically every color imaginable

EWING GALLOWAY



A world that once came to Chile for its nitrate now patronizes the synthetic chemist and a great industry suffers

R. I. NESMITH



Araucanian Indians of Southern Chile and one of the partially finished huts of this semi-primitive people

EWING GALLOWAY

Ponchos Patches & Peaches

Plus plums, Prussians and politeness — that's Chile. Our lean, lank neighbor to the south has lost her job of supplying nitrate to the world, but is she downhearted? Not by a wine jugful! For no one need starve in Chile, a land of plenty

By T. R. Ybarra

CHILE greeted me with red gooseberries. They crossed my path far in the south, at Casa Pangue, on the frontier between Argentina and Chile.

Casa Pangue is nothing but a small wooden house, at the head of a narrow valley dominated by El Tronador, that superb snow-capped volcano. Three members of Chile's crack constabulary corps, the *carabineros*, mount guard at Casa Pangue lest undesirable aliens sneak across the line from Argentina. One of the three—tall, handsome, polite Sergeant Figueroa—came to the side of our car, gathered up our passports, and took them inside the house for inspection by another carabinero. Then, on the veranda, with El Tronador scowling at us from across the way, Sergeant Figueroa returned to do the honors of Casa Pangue.

We fired question after question at him. "How is the road from here onward?" "What time should we reach Peulla?" To every one he returned a polite answer.

And, along about the time of the fifteenth question, a little boy appeared carrying a plateful of little plump fruits, which he politely handed around. They were delicious. Every one of us simply gorged on them. I asked their name, but it meant nothing to me. They looked like red gooseberries, and red gooseberries they will always remain in my memory. There was no question of payment; the gooseberries were simply a part of Sergeant Figueroa's welcome to us. But the little boy who was handing them around proved himself a very human little boy.

"Do you like Argentine money?" one of our party asked him.

He grinned delightedly. (Argentine money, at that time, was worth about six times as much as Chilean.)

"Yes!" he fairly shot at us. So each of us gave him the equivalent, in Argentine currency, of a nickel or a dime, while tall Sergeant Figueroa smiled indulgently in the background. Then the other carabinero popped out from inside Casa Pangue with our passports, and Sergeant Figueroa accompanied us to our car, and stood at salute as we started off on our road.

The road in Chile! Here's to it! Farm and river, village and lake, mountain and cascade and sparkling blue sky. Miles of jolting through deep, silent forests, filled with magnificent trees and carpeted with flowers. No use to ask their names. The Chilean driver simply answers with an incomprehen-

sible local word, which doesn't make sense in any language with which you are acquainted, and leaves you just where you were before. But what's the difference? Flowers and flowers and more flowers. And, right and left, the sharp pinnacles of volcanoes, white with eternal snow.

"That one over there," volunteers the driver, "was in eruption less than twenty years ago. And, a few years ago, it was making such dreadful noises inside itself that scientists came down here and said it was soon going to erupt again."

You look at the volcano with respect. "What is that grayish stuff all around us?" you ask.

"Lava—from the last eruption."

A Bit of Germany

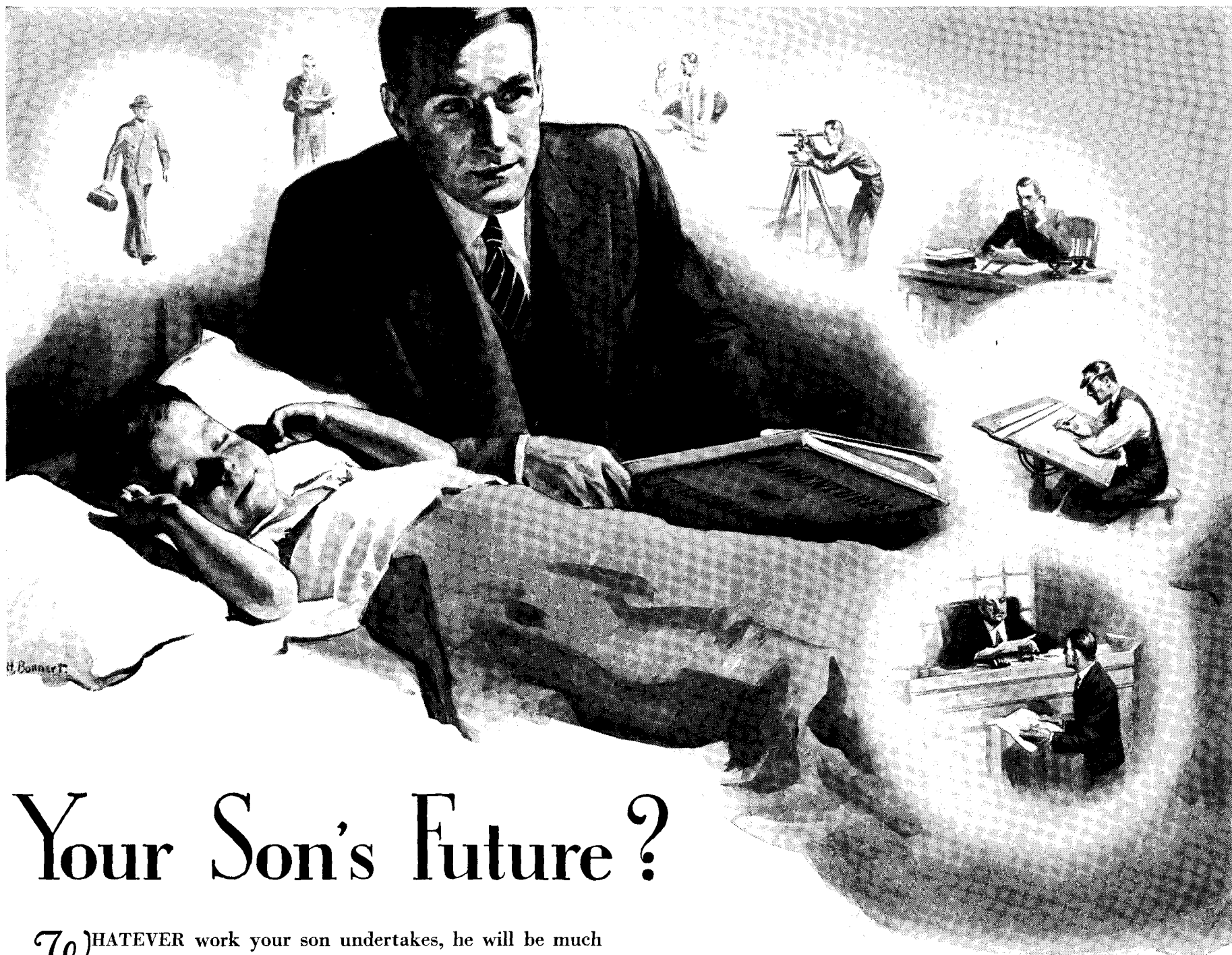
You look at the volcano with apprehension. You are glad when the road changes from land to water, when you are transferred from a dusty automobile to a puffing little steamboat which ferries you over a shimmering bright-green lake. Volcanoes still fringe your way, each with a romantic name—Calbuco, Osorno, Puntagudo—but, you reflect, if an eruption should suddenly start, the lake wouldn't make a bad fire department. And then the little steamboat bumps into the shore and you are joggling along in an automobile again; and, once more, in all its alluring friendliness, the road in Chile spreads itself out before you.

Wheat fields. Corn fields. Children waving cheery greeting. Lone riders, riders in twos and threes, each with a poncho, that compact mixture of cloak and coat, sometimes drab and old, sometimes new and bright. Brown ponchos. Yellow ponchos. Blue ponchos and red ponchos. Riders prodding unruly herds of cattle or frightened droves of sheep. Riders with little sons or daughters in front of them, half-wrapped in dad's poncho. Riders trotting on their way with wives perched uncomfortably behind them. Riders roping steers in impromptu roadside rodeos.

Wooden shanties.hovels with rough thatched roofs. Ox-carts creaking along at a mile an hour. Small automobiles of incredible antiquity rattling past them in lordly disdain.

And Germans. Southern Chile is Germany in miniature. Though its official language is Spanish, though hundreds of the riders one meets on its roads wear those Chilean ponchos the like of which

(Continued on page 38)



Your Son's Future?

WHATEVER work your son undertakes, he will be much more likely to succeed if he has special training and a real chance to get started.

Will he have to accept the first job that offers—no matter what kind of work it is? Or will he be able to start his career logically—even if it means working, at first, for smaller wages? The answer may decide your son's entire future.

Just as you prize his health and happiness today, you will be ambitious for his success later on. So why not assure him the chance he deserves? Through a Life Insurance Program you can provide both money for his training and necessary funds for that difficult period while he is becoming of real value in his work.

A Field-Man will gladly outline the Program best suited to your circumstances. Telephone your local Metropolitan office and ask him to call . . . or mail the coupon.



The Metropolitan issues life insurance in the usual standard forms, individual and group, in large and small amounts. It also issues annuities and accident and health policies.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Frederick H. Ecker, President

One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(C)

I am interested in learning more about a Life Insurance Program which will provide for my son's future.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

The Tall Man

Continued from page 23

up the long Cummings legs, clutching at his vest and lapels as they tried to reach his ear, while Mr. Hoover and Mr. Bates sweated miserably in the darkest corners. Had the parties to the uproar been familiar with a certain happening in the Attorney General's past, much agony and effort would have been saved.

Back in February, 1924, and at a time when Mr. Cummings was state's attorney for Fairfield County, Connecticut, one of Bridgeport's best-loved priests was shot down as he took his usual twilight stroll. Some days later a non-descript by the name of Harold Israel was arrested as the assassin. Four witnesses identified him as the person they had seen running away from the scene of the crime, and when other equally damning evidence was brought forward, Israel confessed his guilt, even sending the police to the room where he had thrown the empty shell of the fatal bullet.

When the case came to Mr. Cummings' office, he was disposed at first to accept the findings of the city court and coroner without question, but in the course of a cursory examination, certain discrepancies caught his eye, and out of a growing mental disturbance came an investigation that lasted for three months. At the end of that time he walked into court and, after quietly remarking that it was "just as important for a state's attorney to use the great powers of his office to protect the innocent as to convict the guilty," set forth the result of his own exhaustive inquiry.

Prosecutor to the Rescue!

In convincing detail he proved that it was not humanly possible for the witnesses to have made the identifications; by his own experiments and the testimony of ballistic experts, he demonstrated that the fatal bullet could not have been fired through Israel's revolver; at every point he sustained Israel's alibi, and established beyond doubt that the confession had been procured by "third degree" methods that reduced the wretched suspect to a state of hysterical collapse. In conclusion he moved a dismissal.

The case still remains a Connecticut classic. The Wickersham Commission cited it as a "notable illustration of the proper discharge of the prosecutor's duty," and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Errors acclaimed it as an "example of adherence to highest public duty."

From which it may be seen that our hero has a fairly high concept of public duty. When, therefore, his fellow Democrats demanded the heads of Messrs. Bates and Hoover, he opined mildly that their jobs called for fitness, training and experience. Maybe, after all, they were the best men for the places. Anyway, he'd feel better if he took the time to find out for himself. He did, and both bureau heads were kept. Mr. Hoover, while aggressively self-confident, and a bit too dynamic now and then, was admittedly honest and able. Mr. Bates, though inclined to the contemplative and philosophical, backed up a warm humanity with common sense and thoroughness.

As it happens, penology is Homer Cummings' one hobby. Out of his own long and scientific study of crime and criminals, he has been able to weld brilliant individualists into a smooth-running machine that has made G-men a terror to evildoers. More than that, he has instituted a lot of reforms and improvements off his own bat. Hard to believe, of course, for there is never a moment when the skyscraping Attorney

General does not look like a man in the last stages of somnolence.

Just the same, it was his idea to have a penitentiary particularly designed for the housing of the "bad hombres" who caused riots and prison breaks, and, after getting Alcatraz Island away from the War Department, he supervised the spending of the \$350,000 that made it the last word in modern prison construction. "The Rock," as it is called, has done much to establish order and discipline in federal prisons, for it hives the trouble-makers, and has instilled a wholesome fear in the inmates of other institutions. The prison farms for first offenders are the real article; narcotic addicts are seg-

regated; new and higher standards have been raised for guards and wardens, and Mr. Cummings is now working on a far-flung plan for procuring large tracts for prison sites that will permit work and training in outdoor occupations.

Where the Tall Man has his best job, however, is with Congress. When he goes up on the Hill, it is with no blare of trumpets, but softly, inconspicuously and almost piteously. Talking with members of Senate and House committees, he gives the impression of pleading for the widowed mother of eighteen children who is about to be thrown out on the street by a cruel landlord. As a consequence, he has managed to put over a "twelve-point program" that gives teeth to the Lindbergh Law, makes the robbery of national banks a federal offense, cracks down on the transportation of stolen property across state lines, and extends the central government's con-

trol over firearms. All part of a fight to the death with an armed underworld that has been enjoying a certain immunity by leaping back and forth across state lines. Perhaps his prize achievement, however, is in the matter of unifying practice and procedure in the federal courts. For twenty-five years the American Bar Association has been urging that the Supreme Court be given the right to end the chaos created by the fact that each of the forty-eight states has its own complicated regulations. As Mr. Cummings viewed it, there was a "morass of laws in which the whole profession was mired." Slipping in and out of the com-

Jeffersonian doctrine, that when the legislative and executive branches of government join in the enactment of a law—Congress passing and the President approving—such agreements on purpose carry large authority and more than ordinary persuasiveness. It was this point that he stressed, politely yet boldly, when arguing the Gold Clause cases before the Supreme Court of the United States.

There, by the way, is another curious thing. What with the New Deal exploding all over the place, Justice carries as heavy a burden as any other department, yet Mr. Cummings has none of the brisk bustle of Harold Ickes nor the careworn air of George Dern, drowsing along as though he didn't have a duty in the world. At that, he seems to be always on top of his job. Even in less hurried days, few Attorney Generals appeared before the Supreme Court, but the Tall Man not only found time, but also laid down the point on which the justices based their decision. Had it not been for his insistence that damage must be shown, the public and private debts of the country would have been written up by \$69,000,000,000, and the increased interest charge on the public debt alone would have amounted to \$2,500,000,000.

Floating Against the Current

A curious person in many ways, this Homer Cummings. One would swear that here was a man who always floated with the stream, yet a study of his record proves that he has spent most of his life bucking the current. When he quit Yale in 1893 with his law degree, being twenty-three at the time, he wandered over to Stamford and diffidently edged himself into a job with the town's leading lawyer. Just as he was doing well, along came the campaign of 1896, and at the exact moment when the good people of Connecticut were most certain that Bryan meant to murder them in their beds, young Cummings announced his conversion to Democracy.

Churches prayed for him, but nothing had power to turn the youth from his fatal course. Not satisfied with becoming a member of the Democratic National Committee in 1900, he ran for mayor of Stamford on the Democratic ticket, and the dazed inmates of the town elected him three times running. After that came ten years as state's attorney for Fairfield County, an honor that is his greatest pride, for that office in Connecticut is selective, the judges getting together and picking out the lawyer they think best fitted by reason of character as well as ability.

In 1920, however, was when he did some of his best upstream swimming. The Democrats made him their keynoter at the San Francisco convention, but instead of piping down on Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations, he launched into an inspired defense of ideals and idealism that robbed the Tammany delegates of consciousness for weeks. Again in 1932, he bucked the overwhelming Smith sentiment in Connecticut, and came out for Roosevelt.

Even so, he does not seem to have made any enemies. Republicans may rage against Roosevelt, Hopkins and Tugwell, but when it comes to Homer Cummings the madness leaves their eyes and foam ceases to fleck their lips. Not the least of the reasons for his popularity is a vast and invincible placidity. How can you quarrel with a man who does not lose his calm even when taking his twentieth stroke in the depths of a sand trap?



"He got the idea from a Hindu fakir"

regated; new and higher standards have been raised for guards and wardens, and Mr. Cummings is now working on a far-flung plan for procuring large tracts for prison sites that will permit work and training in outdoor occupations.

Where the Tall Man has his best job, however, is with Congress. When he goes up on the Hill, it is with no blare of trumpets, but softly, inconspicuously and almost piteously. Talking with members of Senate and House committees, he gives the impression of pleading for the widowed mother of eighteen children who is about to be thrown out on the street by a cruel landlord. As a consequence, he has managed to put over a "twelve-point program" that gives teeth to the Lindbergh Law, makes the robbery of national banks a federal offense, cracks down on the transportation of stolen property across state lines, and extends the central government's con-

mittee-rooms of Congress, he painted his picture between grief-stricken gulps, and in exactly ninety days the bill was passed, and the Supreme Court is now at work on unification and uniformity.

No Hasty Conclusions

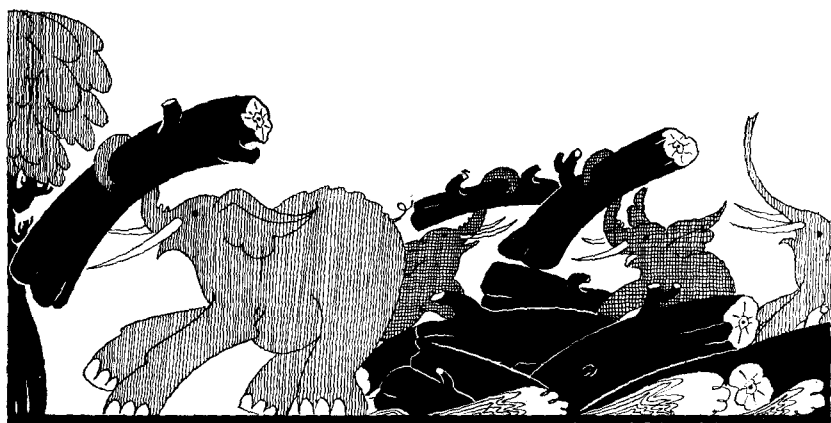
Even his critics admit that the Tall Man is doing a good job administratively, although not without bitter complaint against him on other counts. They insist, for instance, that he, as the Administration's law officer, ought to be passing on the constitutionality of proposed laws before their submission to Congress. To this demand Mr. Cummings returns answer that the question of constitutionality is one for the courts, and meekly points out that even judges have a hard time getting together.

A more compelling reason, however, is his deep belief, based on the good old

Cling hard to this idea

A good candy must not only be delicious, but it must also be clean and wholesome. Milky Way is one of the cleanest things that ever came out of a modern factory. It has become the world's best-selling candy bar because its deliciousness is the result of a happy blending of the finest ingredients money can buy. Today—you'll find an extra delight in Milky Way, America's choice, aristocrat of candy bars. Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slice, and Two Bits.





Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

One job in which the elephant seems to have no equal is breaking up the jams of teak logs that occur every few miles in the Menan River of Siam. The hundreds of animals that are engaged in this work not only have the power to push or pull these giant pieces of timber out of tightly held positions, but they are often better than their mahouts in finding the key log that is holding the jam.

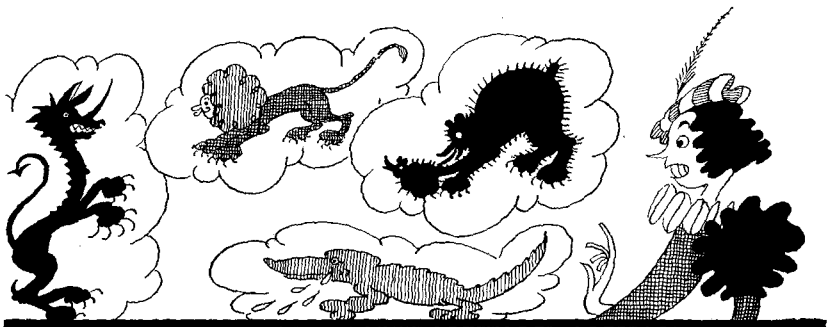
Besides ordinary block ice, there are four other forms of frozen water that are produced under high pressure and differ from one another in both crystalline structure and density. The hardest form does not begin to melt until it is subjected to a temperature of 175 degrees Fahrenheit.—By Irving Chipkin, College Park, Maryland.

Despite the excellent identification work of the police, an average of 165 bodies of unknown persons are buried every 24 hours in the potter's fields of this country.—By D. Emmett Ferguson, Lafayette, Indiana.

The death of Rudolph Valentino in 1926 affected more women than the passing of any other actor in history. Not only did several of them commit suicide at the time, but hundreds of thousands throughout the world formed local Valentino Memorial associations, many of which still honor his memory each year.

Bestiaries, books that professed to describe living beasts, added much to the scientific confusion of the Middle Ages. They not only include imaginary animals such as dragons and man-headed lions, but they gave fabulous characteristics to real animals, two of which have been believed almost to the present day—that crocodiles shed tears and that bears are born without form and have to be licked into shape by their mothers.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers



"Ulysses," by James Joyce, is believed to contain the longest sentence ever written in any novel since the introduction of punctuation. It is composed of more than 12,000 words.—By Barry Fox Stevens, Lanikai, Hawaiian Islands.

The longest and most difficult motorcar race on record was run from New York to Paris in 1908. Only two of the six cars that started were able to complete the trip. The winner, driven by two Americans, made the journey of 13,400 miles—across the United States, Canada, Alaska, Siberia and Europe—in 112 days.—By Bob Peteler, Jr., Glendale, California.

Père David's Deer, an abnormal mulelike deer whose existence became known to Europe in 1868 when Père David discovered a herd in the imperial park in Pekin, is a zoological curiosity. There is no record of the original habitat of that herd nor has one of these animals ever been found living in the wild state. As far as is known, all that are alive are in zoos.

During the Age of Chivalry in Europe, when husbands and wives were not supposed to be in love with each other, many knights and ladies who were married to others entered into platonic partnerships called "love alliances." Strangely enough, these alliances were frequently solemnized by a religious ceremony and were harder to dissolve than regular marriages.

El Teniente, Chile, possesses an unusual copper mine. It is in a mountain and, as the entrance is at its base, the miners ride up—not down—to reach the various levels.—By Jack Lynch, Newark, New Jersey.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Don't follow blindly the advice of well-meaning friends

Don't Catch Cold

Continued from page 18

healthy, cold baths are an excellent hardener and stimulus.

If you have a shower over your tub you can take a cold bath in even the coldest weather and get a good reaction one hundred per cent of the time. The trick is this—fill the tub ankle-deep with hot water, and get your feet warm. Then, still standing in the hot water, take your cold shower. So long as your feet are warm, you can't get chilled.

Wear woolen clothing, but wear it on the outside. Stick to linen or silk underwear, adding as many layers of wool or fur as you need to make you comfortable when you go outdoors. You wouldn't wear wool on a summer day, would you? Yet most houses are kept at summer temperature and the occupants wear woolen clothing. And remember that winter clothes depend for warmth on weave and porosity, not on thickness.

Furs and leather coats and vests are all right in their place, but they should be discarded as soon as you come in, because they do not permit good circulation. Tight shoes, hats, collars and belts should be avoided for the same reason.

Before the Doctor Comes

Avoid drafts, since they upset normal circulation by chilling one area of the body. If the body is perspiring, a draft can cause a cold very quickly. Keep the temperature of the room at about sixty-eight degrees or not higher than seventy-two degrees, and keep it moist.

Antiseptic mouth washes, sprays, gargles and inhalants help if used correctly and in specific circumstances. But many of them are ineffectual when stood up against the determined advances of a cold. Some so-called "colds" are traceable to digestive troubles or other inter-

nal disorders, which obviously cannot be helped by sprays or gargles.

Don't let the youngsters get too tired, and don't let them spend too much time on school work. A child should spend eight hours at meals and play, and should get ten and a half hours' sleep. His bedroom should be kept at from fifty-eight to sixty-two degrees—he may catch cold if the temperature is too low. If his adenoids and tonsils are interfering with good health, have them removed. Clothe him so that his legs, head, hands and feet are protected but his movements are not restricted.

In spite of your best efforts you may find some morning that you are unable to sound your n's, your nose and eyes water, you have a headache, chills and fever, and you need a box of paper handkerchiefs at your elbow. Then what?

The best thing to do, of course, is to see a doctor immediately. But if the doctor is unable to come right away or you can't go to his office, you can take some preliminary precautions.

If you are at home, climb into a pair of warm pajamas and go to bed in a warm, well-ventilated room. Go on a completely liquid diet consisting of hot or cold orange and lemon juice, perhaps with a spot of rum or brandy, and plenty of water. Take a mild laxative, and every hour for four hours take a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a glass of water. A warm bath or a hot mustard bath is both helpful and consoling. And an aspirin tablet will help kill headache or fever. Use paper handkerchiefs—they are more sanitary, convenient and less of a strain on the family laundress.

Above all, don't follow blindly the advice of well-meaning friends who know "just the thing for your cold."

Rendezvous

Continued from page 27

a halt and was looking at me rather queerly.

"Barnes," he began, "first of all I want to apologize to you—"

"What for?" I asked stupidly.

"And then," he went on, "I'm going to ask you for two things. The first is not to ask any questions about what I'm going to tell you."

I thought he might be joking but his face was too deadly serious.

"I'm not going over to Interlaken with you," he said. "I never intended to. I'll see you over the pass and down to the easy part—then I'm going back. And here's the second thing I have to ask. When you get to Interlaken go to the Schweizerhof. Wait there. Within three days I'll join you. If I don't—" he took a letter from his pocket—"if I don't, mail this letter to the War Office."

He thrust the letter into my hand and waited for me to speak.

IT'S hard for me to analyze the impulse that made me act as I did. As I've said, I had come to like the man more than a little. And I felt sure that he was going back into some definite danger.

I handed the letter back to him.

"I'm coming along with you," I said. "If it's war business, remember I'm in the army too."

He shook his head.

"This is my show," he said. "I've no authority to bring you into it."

But I insisted and after a while I saw him begin to weaken. Then his face cleared and an expression of relief came into it. He wasn't one to mouth his gratitude but I could feel it.

"Right," he said.

He hesitated, as if what he had to say was hard to phrase.

"You'll have to take most of it on faith," he said. "I'm going back to the hut to find—something that I have reason to think is there. That something is a—document. What it is I am not free to tell you but you must believe that its recovery before it falls into the Germans' hands is of supreme importance. A man could carry this document in his clothes. But, as it is rather bulky, it is probable that if he believed himself to be alone he would leave it among his equipment. If not—he broke off and looked at me keenly—"if not, two men ought to be able to overpower one—even one big man."

We were both silent for a moment.

"Has Valery—" I hesitated.

"You must also take my word for it," he went on, "that I have authority from my chief—who is also Captain Valery's superior officer—to deal with Valery as the occasion demands if what they suspect is confirmed. Those were my instructions from Intelligence when I was ordered to follow him to Switzerland and to put myself in his company when he left Brigue."

He paused and his manner changed.

"I went to school with the man," he cried, and there was complete bewilderment in his tone.

"You said the other day," he went on after a moment, "that the hut would make a good rendezvous for the Germans. I hope it isn't one before we get back."

Again he looked at me searchingly.

"There's more danger in this than in driving ambulances. You know that lost gun of mine. Well—I didn't leave it at Brigue."

We started back toward the hut. By the time we had gone half the distance we could tell that the sun must be above

the peaks to the east; the fog around us was tinged with a sickly gray light. But down the valley it seemed to be thinning.

Carr looked ahead and frowned.

"We'll have to get off the direct line," he said.

We circled to the left, approaching the hut from the rear. Soon the rocks came in sight. Through the mist they were like great crouching beasts.

As we clambered up them Carr came close to me and whispered:

"Careful. Don't dislodge any stones. And don't let your hobnails scrape."

Then we saw the hut and instinctively we both dropped behind a rock. We lay there for a long time.

Carr brought his lips close to my ear.

"He's inside," he whispered.

After a while we heard the door creak open. Footsteps sounded on the platform, nails scraped against rock.

We lay still for another ten minutes, then Carr crept up to the hut and cautiously peered around its corner. He beckoned to me and disappeared. I found him by the door.

"Keep watch here," he said.

He went inside. I kept my eyes fixed on the path where it dropped down over the rocks ten yards away.

Time went on and on but no sign came from inside the hut. My ears were strained for any sound from the path.

Suddenly Carr appeared in the doorway. In his hand was a small portfolio of worn and discolored leather. Without a word or look in my direction he opened it and began to spread the contents on the bench beside the door. I went up and looked over his shoulder at the typewritten sheets. All that I could see was that they were in code.

Carr's voice had a hard metallic ring: "This is it."

Our backs were toward the path. What the sound that I heard was I can't remember but suddenly I had straightened up and whirled around.

Valery stood there.

FOR a moment—a moment that stretched out endlessly—we were all three frozen in our steps. I had a curiously detached feeling, as if I were watching a play. Valery's eyes were the only part of him that was alive; they had that desperate, cringing look of an animal caught in a trap.

But quickly he had complete control of himself. He made a step toward us and now his eyes were like those of a cat stalking a bird. I know what the bird feels like.

"Stand where you are!" Carr rapped it out like a blow.

Valery stood. I watched to see his hands clench for the spring.

He didn't spring—not toward us. Instead he whirled and leaped toward the door. Before we had moved he was inside.

The next moment Carr was after him.

"The gun!" he shouted.

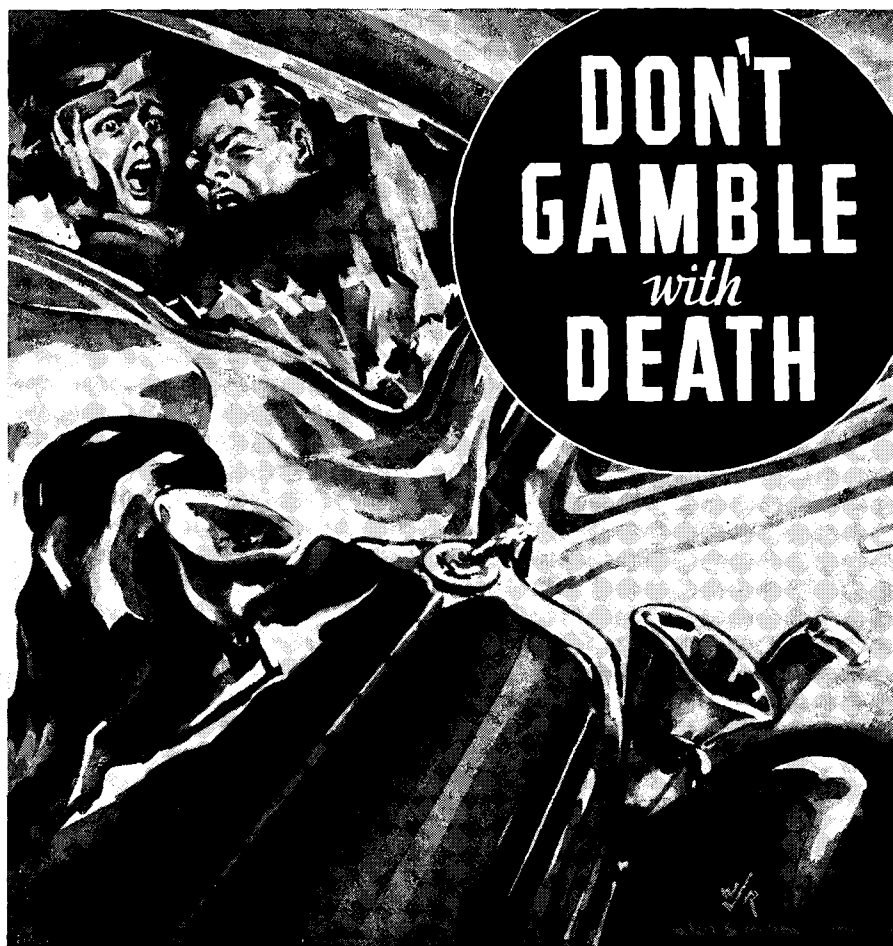
He caught hold of the heavy door and swung it shut with a crash. He braced himself against it. There was another crash from inside and the door was forced open a few inches. But by then I was at Carr's side and, inch by inch, the door went back.

Suddenly the pressure inside ended. Carr and I looked at each other. We both knew that Valery had gone for the gun.

Then Carr wedged the point of an ice axe in the platform and the head against the door.

We leaped aside. The next moment there were two loud reports inside and

(Continued on page 36)



● Lack of Tire Chains when roads are slippery causes more auto accidents than any mechanical defect, even defective brakes, according to The Travelers Insurance Company. By far the majority of 36,000 deaths and 954,000 injuries last year occurred to cars in good condition. This means the driving is responsible. Drivers kill, cripple and destroy when going too fast, when over-confident, when careless, when indifferent to safeguards like Tire Chains.

OFFICIAL AAA TEST PROVES NEW TYPE TIRE CHAINS REDUCE STOP-MARGIN

Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains on rear tires stopped a car in 45.8% less distance than when no chains were used, and in 66.8% less distance when chains were used on all four tires. (Official AAA Contest Board Test No. 3143.)

That margin of 45.8% less distance may measure the distance between safety and accident. . . . These new type Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains increase the safety by doubling the traction of ordinary tire chains. Their reinforcing bars do this. Projecting above the cross chain links they dig in like tractor cleats. These reinforcing bars also double the mileage by offering twice the metal to wear through. Increased safety and more than double mileage. Demand Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains. A product of The American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Look for the Sign
WEED CHAINS PUT ON HERE

- 4 FEATURES MORE THAN DOUBLE THE MILEAGE**
- 1 Bar-Reinforced Cross Chains.
 - 2 Hardened Side Chains Electric Welded.
 - 3 Lever-Lock End Hooks.
 - 4 Weedalloy—a special hard tough tire chain metal.



WEED AMERICAN
Bar-Reinforced **TIRE CHAINS**

Licensed to manufacture and sell Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains under 32 United States and Canadian Patents: American Chain Company, Inc.; The McKay Company; The Chain Products Company; Pyrene Manufacturing Company; Dominion Chain Company, Ltd.; and Pyrene Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd.

(Continued from page 35)

the wood of the door splintered outward around two tiny star-shaped holes that appeared at the level where our chests had been. Then a weight smashed against the inside but the axe held as firmly as a bolt.

"It'll take him a long time to hammer his way out," muttered Carr.

He thrust the portfolio into his rucksack and, keeping away from the direct line of the door, we started down the rocks.

Above us the mist still filled the bowl from rim to rim. But by now the hut was almost clear and below we could see once more the whole broad sweep of the glacier where it curved down toward the Rhone.

Carr glanced in that direction. As he looked he stopped short and gazed intently. He pointed at a spot about a mile away.

There they were—three black dots close together on the flat white surface. I lined them up with a spur of rock on the other side of the valley. Yes, they were moving—moving in our direction.

"The Kaiser's own," said Carr. "They'll be here in half an hour."

WE RACED down the remaining rocks. Across the snow we followed our earlier route but now Carr led at a pace that had me stretching to keep up. The surface was so hard that we left no tracks. Soon we were covered by the fog but, with the compass, we kept our course straight for the Joch.

After a while Carr stopped.

"Look here," he said, "this is no good. These clouds are still rising. In an hour or two the whole slope up to the pass will be clear. We've only half an hour's start on them. They'll see us. And when we have to cut steps up above they'll use 'em and catch us before we're on top."

"What's the answer?"

"Remember that pass we saw from the Gletscherhorn, the Lauitor? Think you can go down it?"

"If I have to."

"We'll make for that. They'll be sure we've gone for the Joch and if the fog holds for another hour they may not see us at all."

We turned off to the left. Soon the rising grade slowed up our pace and sometimes we had to pick our way carefully where the glacier was twisted into a maze of crevasses and leaning walls of ice.

Our bad luck came on us swiftly.

One minute we were safely hidden under the gray canopy of mist. Then all at once it began to wear thin above us and streaks of blue sky appeared. The peaks ahead of us shouldered their way out into the open and their outlines rapidly took form. In an extraordinarily short time the whole mass of fog had been swept away and the great bowl was bare in the flat slanting rays of the sun.

We were like insects exposed by the rolling away of a stone.

We looked anxiously back toward the hut. There they were—black dots on the snow—four of them. They were moving toward the Joch.

"Hope to God they won't look this way," I said, but I knew it was a foolish hope.

We pushed on up the steepening slope at a pace that set my lungs on fire. If it were only a fair race uphill! But once over the crest Carr and I would crawl down at a snail's pace. Every step would have to be cut in hard ice. Those others would use our steps and go five feet to our one.

"There they come," Carr's announcement was matter of fact.

I looked back. There couldn't be any doubt about it—the four dots were moving in our direction now.

At last the steep grade eased off and we were on a broad saddle of snow at the top of the pass. A few steps brought us to the brink and we could see what lay ahead.

It was even worse than it had appeared from the top of the Gletscherhorn. The ice-glazed gully curved over and disappeared—then there was only empty space to the green meadows ten thousand feet below.

We saw to it that the rope between us was firm, then went straight down over the curve. I went first, my axe swinging below me like a rapid pendulum. A thin stream of ice chips went tinkling down ahead.

The angle grew so severe that I could reach out and touch the slope as I stood upright. I had never cut steps so fast, yet each one had to be fashioned per-

staircase that had taken us an hour to cut.

"We're within range," said Carr. "Move over on the rocks to the left."

The slabs that bordered the gully were steep to the last limit of possible climbing but there were holds for hands and feet. For the moment we were protected from shots from above, but our pace was even slower than on the ice. Coming down in our steps the two behind were overtaking us hand over hand.

WE HAD to climb one at a time, Carr above holding the rope taut while I inched my way down, my feet groping over the granite for the scanty holds. When I had reached a safe stance Carr would come down to join me.

We had made only fifty yards when

slab, a huge block of granite uptilted at an angle of sixty degrees.

There was a sudden outbreak of sound from above—a smothered shout, nails scraping on granite.

I looked up in time to see the thing happen.

The other two had been climbing with twenty feet of rope between them. Valery, in his haste, must have slipped from an untested handhold. He was sliding down the smooth rock, gathering momentum with every yard. He flashed past the guide just out of reach, then his foot caught on something, he turned over and began to fall head downward. He was thrown over on the steep ice of the gully where he hurtled down the full length of the rope.

The rope went taut with a terrific jerk. The guide above was torn from his insecure stance; but, as he fell, he caught hold of a splinter of rock at the edge of the gully. He hung there against the ice, the entire weight of Valery's body dragging down at his waist.

Valery made one or two ineffectual attempts to reach a shelf of rock which was only a couple of yards away, but he could get no footing on the glare of ice. The rope was constricted around his ribs, choking the breath out of him. In a few seconds his body went limp.

I watched, expecting every second to see the guide's grip relax. But still he hung there, his arms stretched out full length.

CARR'S decision must have been made before Valery had fallen to the end of the rope. Before the latter's body had gone limp Carr had untied himself and was climbing the slab.

I have never seen a man go so fast over dangerous rock. He went straight up to where the guide clung. The man was still holding on.

Carr caught the rope and with a tremendous heave lifted Valery's body a few inches, relieving the strain on the guide. Then he managed to draw the rope over a knob of rock and so take the strain off his own arms.

I had followed him up as fast as I could. I got there in time to help pull the guide over to safety on the rocks, where the man clasped his arms around a point of rock and lay still.

Carr found a secure stance, and taking the rope that led down to Valery, hauled away from the gully. Valery's body was drawn across the ice to the yard-wide shelf six feet away from him.

Once the pressure of the rope around him was relieved Valery's recovery was almost instantaneous. In a moment we saw him standing on the level shelf twenty feet below us.

Then I saw the revolver.

It was strapped around Valery's waist and, as I watched, I saw his hand drop and close around its butt.

We were a motionless tableau. Valery below stared up at Carr, his face stony and without expression. We stared back at him. Again I had the odd illusion that I was watching a play—or rather a game on some far-away school grounds—the end of the game.

Valery's fist tightened and the gun came slowly out of its holster. I heard Carr draw in a long, slow breath.

Then suddenly Valery's face relaxed into a smile—a sick and tortured smile. The pistol went back into its holster, was unbuckled and laid on the rocks beside him.

"Tell 'em I was a good loser, Bob," he said.

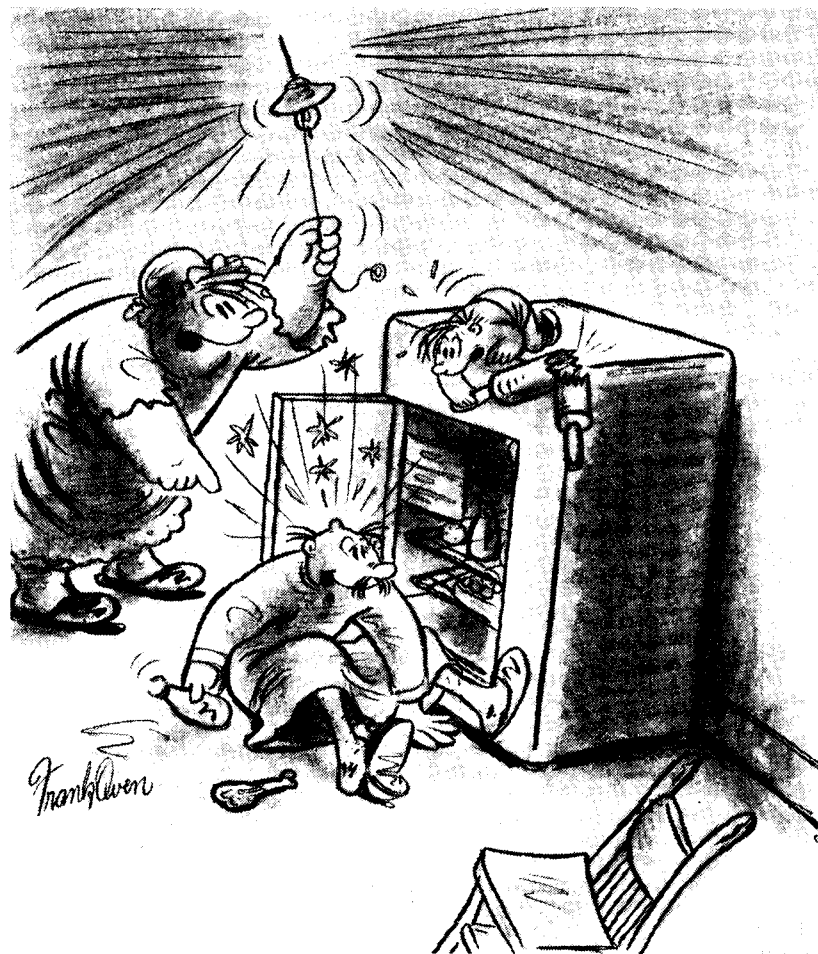
He motioned us to pass him and go down.

When I looked up from fifty yards below he was still standing there, tall and motionless. Then I saw him say something to the guide and they began to descend, but so slowly that we soon outdistanced and lost sight of them.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"You didn't know it was Papa. You hit first and talk after, because you're a G-man!"

fectly. If I should slip from a too-shallow step Carr might be able to jam in the point of his axe and hold me. Or he might not.

"Don't wait to cut them so deep," he called. "I can hold you."

Half an hour went by, my arm ached unbearably and my fingers would scarcely grip the axe. But when I looked back at the top of the pass and saw how short a distance we had covered, I hacked away faster than ever.

In an hour we were a little more than halfway down the steepest part.

CARR called to me. He was pointing above. I looked up and saw a figure silhouetted against the sky at the top of the pass. Then another. We heard the rumble of a hoarse shout that echoed between the cliffs.

I turned back to the step-cutting and for five minutes forced my eyes to stay at my feet. When I looked up again no more figures had appeared but the two had already come down a third of the

the other two left the ice at the same point we had.

We got a clear view of them as they came over the edge of the rock. Valery was in the lead, we could see him lean out from the slope to peer down at us. The other was short and stocky. I guessed him to be a native of one of the Oberland valleys.

"The other's only a guide," said Carr. "He won't be armed. They've outdistanced the rest."

We dropped over the bulge of a steep pitch and, for a moment, the two were out of sight. When we had another glimpse of them they had chosen a line at the edge of the ice while our route was a few yards farther in. They had changed places, the guide was leading while Valery was above.

What little hope I had ebbled out of me as I saw how fast they were coming. Valery seemed barely to brush the rock face with fingers and toes as he slipped smoothly from hold to hold.

Now both parties were on the same

Hockey Jockey

Continued from page 22

best lesson on that from a gentleman who raised a pot among his friends and started off to play the horses in Arizona. His first wire back educated Mr. Gorman forever onward.

"The game is swell," read the wire. "Send more money."

What got Gorman away from Agua Caliente was the repeal of prohibition in this country, which definitely ended the foreign thirst places, and a famous horse named Phar Lap. Gorman had a contract with S. T. Davis, the owner of Phar Lap, whereby a national tour of the phenomenal Australian animal would be booked by Gorman in the event Phar Lap won the Agua Caliente Handicap. There was some slight heart failure on the part of Mr. Gorman before the race when the horses paraded for half an hour before going to the post. The other delicate creatures were led about by their attendants but Willie Elliott, the Phar Lap jockey, sat up on his horse and surveyed the scene. Upon suggestions from frenzied parties to get his 135 pounds off the nag before he wore him out, Mr. Elliott only answered with disdain:

"Get down? Why should I get down. I can see better up here. . . . Lose the race? Don't be silly. We'll walk in."

It was really no contest. Phar Lap, who won the Melbourne Handicap in Australia carrying 165 pounds, is held by many racing men to be the greatest horse of all time. Gorman started East to get the rich bookings which awaited Phar Lap. He was to run against time at the great tracks. It would mean a million dollars for the promoters. Gorman was headed for New York and Phar Lap was going up to San Francisco for another meet. When Gorman got to the Union Station in Kansas City, he picked up a paper and saw that Phar Lap had died of colic in California.

"Phar Lap was dead and I almost dropped dead right there on the floor," says Gorman in sad retrospect.

Next heard of, Gorman is manager of the Chicago Black Hawks. The team is owned by Major Frederick (Irene Castle) McLaughlin and Gorman had them winning the Stanley Cup in his first year. It was a tough team and a marvel on defense. One night in Montreal they bumped the Canadiens around with more than the usual ardor. When it was over, Howie Morenz, the great Canadiens forward, skated over to the Black Hawks bench.

"If there's any of you guys who hasn't hit me," he said, "you'd better hit me now because I'm just on my way home."

Winners Out of Losers

After winning with the Black Hawks, Gorman accepted an offer to be managing director of the Montreal Forum, which corresponds to Madison Square Garden, and also to manage the Montreal Maroons, which had been bumping along with no success for years. He had Hooley Smith, Lionel Conacher, and Alex Connell to build on and made stars of Cy Wentworth, Baldy Northcott, Russ Blinco and Gus Marker. They won the finals in the play-off in three straight games from the Toronto Leafs, which up to that moment had been considered about the finest team on skates.

Hockey is the national insanity of Canada and unless you have seen a game between the Maroons and the Canadiens in the Forum you have not taken part in the sport. In mid-winter the snow will be lying fifteen feet deep around the city, the temperature will be down to forty below and it would seem to be a time when all decent people would be inside

preserving their lives. Instead the citizenry of Montreal are musing their way from their homes to the Forum with hope that there will be murder on both sides and perhaps even a general fracas in which the spectators can join. It is a bi-lingual evening with the French having the advantage because nobody was ever known to talk as rapidly and persistently as an excited Frenchman. In this atmosphere, Mr. Gorman with his touch of brogue is at his best. Insults are no novelty to the gentleman and he always has a nifty word in reply if he can get the attention of the insulter. It's a gay scene, the Montreal scene in mid-winter.

But if this is true of a regular league game between the Maroons and Canadiens, it is nothing to the furor which greets a Stanley Cup winner. Even during the summer months Tommy Gorman can't walk through the streets of town without keeping both arms warmed in salute. The celebration after the final victory over Toronto last year was in the nature of a public orgy, with bands playing, people parading through the streets, speeches from the steps of the City Hall and the conquering heroes being borne aloft on the shoulders of their demented followers. Alex Connell, the goalie, is noted for the tenacity with which he clings to his salary check and although he was duly thankful for the attention of the populace, he was taking no chances when being dragged through the streets of the city.

"Tommy," he yelled in a voice of some concern, "keep an eye on my overcoat."

Power Man of Montreal

Gorman considers Charley Conacher of Toronto the best player of modern times. Conacher has such a powerful shot that he can break the net with a drive from mid-rink. This reminds Gorman of the famous Hank Stavenaw of earlier times, who was supposed to have such a wicked shot that he could break out the boards at the end of the rink. Nobody was ever to see this done, however, because by the time Hank could get wound up for the shot somebody would take the puck away from him. He finally got his chance one night.

"He wound up and let go," says Mr. Gorman. "It was a powerful wallop, sure enough. The only trouble was that it went a mile over the net and broke the clock!"

Lionel Conacher, the power man of Montreal, is the greatest athlete of Canadian history. He has been a star at lacrosse, football, wrestling, baseball, rowing and boxing. He is now engaged in airplaning in the off season. They were interviewing Conacher over the radio after the Toronto game last winter. They got around to the time when Conacher faced Dempsey in an exhibition bout.

"What did you think of Jack Dempsey, Lionel?" the radio gentleman asked.

"Pretty good," conceded Conacher. "He stayed four rounds with me."

The town that Gorman dislikes most is Boston.

"We never go up there without a fight and somebody getting arrested or somebody going to the hospital."

Last year a Boston-Montreal game ended in a tremendous row brought on by the conflict between Lionel Conacher and Lamb of Boston. When it was over Conacher was on the bench with a policeman watching over him.

"Think you're some scrapper, don't you?" sneered the Boston officer, showing no love for the common enemy.

"I'm really at my best in a riot," answered Mr. Conacher modestly.

Hockey is a different game now, according to Gorman. In the old days it was a question of one team going out and blasting around until the opposition either died or got out of the way. The teams now carry sixteen players, a doctor and several trainers. The trick of the manager is to keep his teams fresh, with the result that to the ordinary spectator an evening of hockey consists of lines of players tumbling over the railing by the bench and rushing into the fray. By alternating three fresh teams, there is no let-up in the pace and no opportunity for a gentleman who enjoys a good nap on the ice.

The professional game is concentrated now in the larger cities. In 1904 the Stanley Cup matches were between the Dawson City Nuggets from the Yukon and the Ottawa team.

Arctic Nights' Entertainment

The Alaskan outfit came two thousand miles by dog team, with one player dying on the way. The hero of the series was the best player Gorman has ever known: Frank McGee of Ottawa, who had only one eye but was a deadly shot, slashing in fourteen goals against the Yukon team.

The Canadian fans are as maniacal as a St. Louis baseball crowd. Gorman remembers with interest the cockney constable who was irate at the spectacle of a spectator throwing a heavy object on the ice one night in a small town north of Ottawa. The old gentleman came out on the ice and addressed the crowd.

"Show to me," he cried in an indignant voice, "show to me the man what threw the frozen cat on the hie!"

The fans in Montreal are as rabid as they come, what with the town rivalry between the Maroons and the Canadiens, but they are really no worse than the fans in such a city as Chicago. There was one loud-voiced gentleman several years ago who spent the season riding Paul Thompson of the Black Hawks. He was so conspicuous and so marvelously equipped with lungs that the Chicago newspapers began referring to him as The Voice. One night Thompson went crazy and shot three goals. He came off the ice beaming.

"I guess that'll shut the guy up," he said proudly.

The next night when the team skated out, Thompson came modestly but confidently near the end of the line.

"Great God, Thompson," howled the man from the gallery in extreme amazement. "Are you here again?"

Tommy Gorman has no hobbies. He plays the worst game of golf in the Dominion of Canada, doesn't smoke, gets spiffed if he looks at a cocktail, reads nothing but newspapers containing sporting scores, and spends a great deal of time wrangling with the prize-fight managers who think that if their man gets all the purse and the eight other lunks nothing it will be eminently fair. Gorman was quite a lacrosse player as a young man, being on the team which won at the Olympics in London in 1912, and he still retains an intense interest in the sport, but his real hobby, naturally, is hockey, the national religion.

However, there is some suspicion that Tommy Gorman will never forget Agua Caliente. This was borne out by a meeting with a man in Montreal who has known Gorman for years back.

"Tommy?" said the gentleman. "Say, when Tommy Gorman dies they'll find Phar Lap written across his heart."

SLIPPED ON ICE and Sprained Ankle



But Absorbine Jr. Promptly Applied Saved Salesman's Job

TWO days after he had found his first job in more than a year, J. W.,* father of a little family, slipped on the icy street and gave his ankle a severe wrench, besides bruising his arm.

Driven home in great pain, he concluded he'd be laid up for some time and have to start job hunting all over again. But prompt and frequent massage with good old Absorbine Jr. quickly eased the pain and reduced the swelling. He was back at work, feeling fairly comfortable in a couple of days.

Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. today and keep it handy for these emergencies. There's nothing like it for sore muscles, aches, sprains, cuts and bruises. Also great for killing the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. Very economical, too—a little goes so far. All druggists', \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter from our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

Ponchos, Patches and Peaches

Continued from page 30

Germany never saw, and stick their toes into stirrups like wooden boxes which would give a German horse fits, the Teutonic tinge over the region makes it seem almost like a bit of Bavaria or the Black Forest which has cut loose from the Fatherland and floated across the Atlantic.

Germans began going to Southern Chile in the 40's of last century and they have been going ever since. Repeatedly, in the midst of persons of swarthy hue and pronounced Spanish or Indian cast of countenance, you meet individuals with golden hair, blue eyes, and little or no back to their skulls—Germans, every inch of them. "Are you German?" you ask them.

"No, we are Chilean," they reply. But they add that their grandparents or parents came from Prussia, or Pomerania, or some such place; for, no matter how Chilean they may become in the long run, they seldom forget the home of their forefathers.

When you enter southern Chile, you are taken in hand by Teutons as soon as you arrive and you are not out of their hands until you are across the border of that Little Germany. If you arrive via Puerto Blest, on the Argentine frontier, you will be welcomed at a hotel whose proprietor hails from Mecklenburg. At the place where you spend your next night you will be shown to your room by a portly Swiss-German.

Next morning, on the steamboat which ferries you across lovely Lake Todos Los Santos, a marvel of emerald waters and views of mountains capped with snow, you will find a fair-skinned Teutonic skipper. Next you will be consigned to a young blond giant who, as he drives your car along the banks of a roaring mountain torrent, informs you that his name is Franz and that he left Hamburg five years ago to try his luck in the new world. He will bring you to a very Teutonic-looking hotel, where you will partake of lunch dispensed by a hotel keeper even more Teutonic than the premises. Then, when your hunger has been stilled by food of strongly German character and your thirst quenched by beer made in Chile but proudly proclaiming itself of the Pilsner persuasion, you will be assigned to another motorcar, at the wheel of which sits a tall youth resembling a Prussian grenadier.

Santiago is a pleasant city, set in the midst of a fertile valley, with the Andes Mountains paternally watching over it. There I got my first lot of first-hand data about the crisis through which Chile is passing just now and about her prospects of getting out of it. Like the rest of the world, the Chileans have been suffering acutely from the depression, but their trouble has been aggravated by the slump in the exports of nitrate, which have been the country's main source of revenue for a couple of generations.

The Reign of Easy Money

Not many years back Chile was in complete control of the world's markets for pure nitrogen, indispensable in the manufacture of fertilizer and explosives. The reason for her monopoly was that the prime source of nitrogen—nitrate—was to be found only in her northern deserts, wrested by her from Bolivia and Peru in the "War of the Pacific," which ended in 1883. The export tax levied on nitrate by the Chilean government brought in an average of \$25,000,000 yearly—"easy money," if ever there was any! Over a period of nearly half a century nitrate paid nearly half the total of Chile's official expenditures. The country was indulging in a wild nitrate jag; it was living on nitrate, making whoopee on nitrate.

But clouds were gathering. Manufacturers of synthetic nitrogen were

getting to be more and more of a threat to the Chilean monopoly. Even as far back as 1912 Chile, which had been supplying a full 100 per cent of the world's pure nitrogen, found that her percentage had dropped to a mere 57. But, just as her nitrate magnates were beginning to feel alarm, the World War came along, the demand for nitrate, as a base for deadly explosives, became frantic, and the reign of easy money in Chile took on new vigor.

Production of Chilean nitrate rose steadily. Just before the World War it had reached almost 3,000,000 tons in one year, which yielded some 450,000 tons of pure nitrogen. This figure was surpassed during the war, in 1917, when an all-time record of 486,000 tons was made from the nitrate sent from Chile to the Allied belligerents. And, for several years after the return of peace, nitrogen was sought with similar eagerness as a fertilizer for the fields which had been neglected while millions of tillers of the soil were busy killing each other.

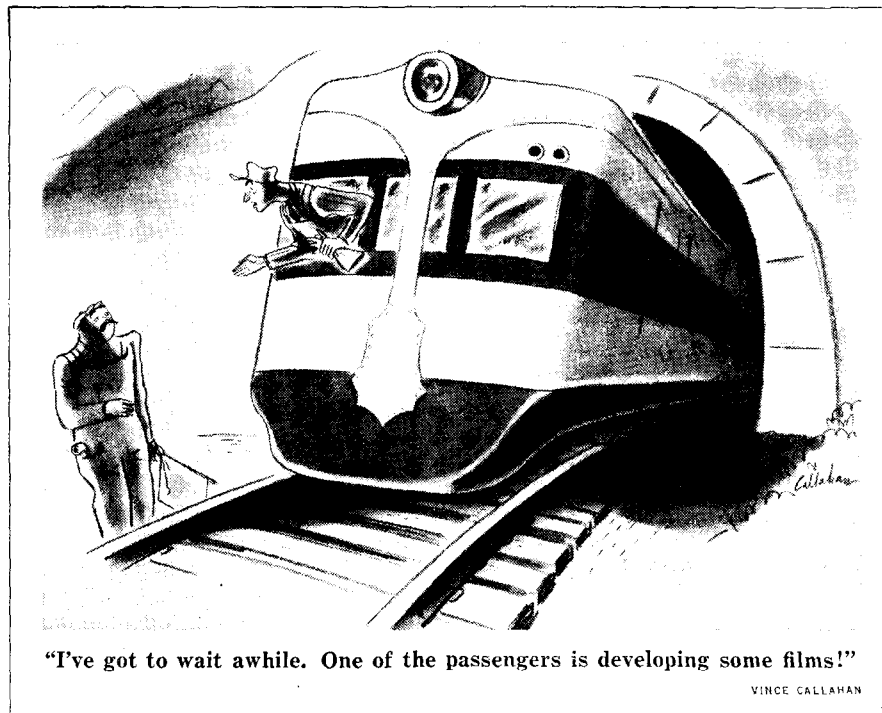
In 1926 the situation changed with

facture of synthetic forms of nitrogen, the product derived from Chilean nitrate will maintain its superiority.

But it is realized on all sides in Chile that the country must never again depend on nitrate as its main source of revenue. Hence the active attempts of recent years to foster Chilean agriculture and home manufacturing; hence the bright hopes of profits from the sale of Chilean wines in the United States and elsewhere. For Chile, be it known, is a land of many vineyards, which turn out good wines in large quantities.

"When Times Get Better"

Already the increased attention being paid to agriculture is bringing an improvement in the country's internal situation; domestic needs are being met and a small surplus is available for export. As for domestic manufactures, they are supplying the home market more and more with articles formerly obtained exclusively from abroad. Some day, optimistic Chileans assert, their native land will be practically inde-



tragic suddenness. Germany, cut off from her Chilean source of nitrate supply, had turned to synthetic nitrogen as her only salvation from surrender. In 1915 she made 200,000 tons of the synthetic product; in 1918 she turned out 400,000 tons. Other nations, deeply impressed, started eagerly to imitate her. Within a few years the principal consumers of nitrogen, foremost among them the United States, Britain, France, Italy, Japan and Russia, were well on the road to self-sufficiency in the manufacture of synthetic nitrogen.

Chile woke up to find herself on the brink of ruin. In 1929, she, the former monopolist, was caring for only about 20 per cent of the world's needs in nitrogen! Since then, this percentage has tobogganed still further. No wonder revolutionary disturbances followed each other in quick succession in Chile.

Most Chileans now believe that the good old days of the nitrate bonanza are gone forever. Nevertheless, a considerable undercurrent of optimism is noticeable in the midst of the general gloom. For one thing, the belief is widespread in Chile that nitrate will always be in demand as a basis for certain kinds of fertilizer; that, no matter how great may be the improvement in the manu-

facture of synthetic forms of nitrogen, the product derived from Chilean nitrate will maintain its superiority.

The copper business in Chile—copper has been second only to nitrate as a source, in recent years, of Chilean wealth—has also been in the doldrums. In spite of this, most Chilean and foreigners conversant with the situation look upon the copper crisis as essentially different from the catastrophe which has befallen nitrate.

"When times get better," they tell you in Santiago, "sales of our copper will get better. They are down now simply because sales of all sorts of commodities all over the world are down. There is nothing basic in our copper slump, as there is in the slump of our nitrate. One is merely a passing commercial phenomenon; the other cannot be remedied."

The roads of central Chile differ from the roads of the south. For one thing, most of them are better made and better cared for. Some are paved with concrete—as, for instance, the highway between Santiago and Valparaiso, the principal Chilean seaport. Ox-carts, however, still abound, greatly slowing up the progress of automobiles. This

led a sarcastic Chilean to ask exactly why oxen should need concrete boulevards. Another—when I remarked to him, apropos of the considerable motor traffic on the roads around Santiago: "Most of your cars down here were bought in the United States, weren't they?"—replied: "Yes. Bought—but not paid for."

The well-paved highway from Santiago to Valparaiso ("why concrete boulevards for ox-carts?") cuts boldly through mountainous uplands, and then drops across fertile fields toward the Pacific. Along its whole length you meet automobiles which (whether paid for or not) certainly burn up the miles—except when sleepy oxen force them to slacken their pace. If you make a detour from this high road before reaching Valparaiso you will pass Vina del Mar, the favorite seashore resort of Chile. At the Casino there, every night during the season, you may play roulette and other dangerous gambling games to your heart's content. Not even at Monte Carlo have I seen bigger crowds around the tables.

Everywhere along these roads you meet Chilean "rotos." The word "roto" is used to denote a member of the lowest class of the population, be he a poverty-stricken laborer in a town or an equally needy inhabitant of the countryside.

Hunger Takes a Holiday

The condition of the rotos today is much what it was when the land was a Spanish colony administered by Spain primarily for whatever profit was to be made out of it. They are unschooled, unwashed and almost unclothed. A good look at the garments of a ragged Chilean roto makes you realize that the art of patching in other lands is in its infancy. Many of the lowest class, especially street urchins in the towns and the ragamuffins who abound along the roads, wear clothes which are so tattered that it seems impossible for them to hang together another hour, and so alive with vermin that it seems out of the question that their wearers can endure them another minute. Stitches, itches, patches, scratches—that sums up much of the life of the rotos of Chile.

Yet most of them seem cheerful enough. And there is one bright spot in their lives: food in Chile is plentiful and cheap. Many rotos raise their own food. Along the roads you constantly see their little shacks, set in the midst of diminutive truck gardens, whence ragged but apparently contented children survey you amicably as you pass.

"Nobody need go hungry here," a roto informed me, smiling as if his existence was all beer and skittles. He told me further that a few centavos would buy meat or fish enough for a good meal; and, as for vegetables—"Why, señor, at any market you can get onions and carrots and tomatoes and potatoes at prices which anybody can afford. And, as for fruit"—he smacked his lips—"have you tasted our Chilean peaches, señor? Well, there are peaches of the best in any market at a peso a whole dozen [normally, about twelve of our cents, but only four cents at that time] and three pesos a hundred for those not so good. And plums—what, you have not tried the Chilean plum, señor! *Que lastima!*—why, a few pesos will buy as many as you can carry away with you!"

"And don't you know our shellfish, señor? Ah, try some, be sure to try some!" Again he smacked his lips and rolled his eyes and then he rattled off the names of a whole list of locally celebrated mollusks—*locos*, *erizos*, *camarones*, *langostinos*—all of which, he vowed, were fit for a king, yet within reach of a roto.

"Nobody need go hungry in Chile," he repeated. And I can well believe him.

Positively Genius

Continued from page 9

us sailing down Santa Monica Boulevard and yell "Hi-yah, Hank!" I'd have to stop the car, while Hank climbed out to shake hands. A crowd would gather, of course, and that would mean fifteen minutes. The Boss ordered the gateman at the lot to clear away all the juicers and grips and extra people from the stage doors. But there'd always be half a dozen hanging around. Another ten minutes shot.

FINALLY, one day after Hank had wasted half an hour on a bus load of schoolteachers from Colorado, I got sore.

"Listen, Hank," I said, "a hundred and twenty million Americans are waiting to hear those gags and so are the box offices. Why delay in the middle of Highland Avenue?"

"Oh... that's right, son, that's right," Hank said.

We started shooting "Papa Gets Rich." On the third day, Mrs. Bloss telephoned she wanted to see me at the house. I found her on the terrace. She had been crying.

She was wearing a sports ensemble, and she looked a long, long way from the little white house in Nepomunk, Kansas.

"Somebody's got to do something to make Daddy—Mr. Bloss realize that we're not paupers or ignorant hicks," she said. "I'm at my wit's end, Mr. McGrath. God knows I've tried to see things his way, but I can't."

"Well, for instance—" I stalled.

"Why is it wrong for me to ask fifty thousand a picture for Daddy's next three? General Films is making hundreds of thousands out of Daddy. Why is that wrong?"

I couldn't say anything to that.

"Well, then," she went on, "why is it so terrible for me to give Rog fifteen hundred dollars for half interest in a sail boat and to join the Athletic Club? Other families with our income spend a lot more foolishly. And why is it so awful if Sally has a roadster of her own? The good Lord knows the children were poor long enough. Why is that wrong?"

This stopped me cold, too.

"Why should Daddy feel that he has to keep up this masquerade of commonness? He seems to take delight in using bad grammar when he knows better, and in insulting all our friends. Is the studio forcing him to act like a yahoo, Mr. McGrath?"

Well, what would you have said to that?

"God knows I've tried to keep expenses down and not put on any airs. Only—we always were so poor, and now it seems as if Daddy begrudges me and the children the things we always dreamed of. Not that I haven't contributed plenty to charity. I'll show you the checks. But I think it's just as bad to fake poverty when everyone knows you have money as it is to flourish wealth when you're poor. Don't you?"

IT WAS all sound enough, wasn't it? But out of stubborn loyalty to Hank I said, "Maybe he thinks the folks in Nepomunk will rib him or something."

Mrs. Bloss shook her head.

"That's just where Daddy makes his big mistake," she said. "Our neighbors expect us to live up to our position. They want to be proud of us. I don't think any of them, except a few mean gossips like Mrs. Tumenill, begrudge us a single luxury."

Huh? No, you dope, I didn't have any more bright arguments. According to their lights, Mrs. Bloss and Sally and Rog were dead right. Poor old Hank was behind the eight ball. How can you stay

plain as an old shoe when folks throw thousands of dollars into your lap for being plain as an old shoe? I'm just a poor five-hundred-a-week talent scout and I wasn't hired to wrestle with conundrums. I patted Mrs. Bloss on the shoulder and she started crying again and said Hank had turned against her and the children. So I promised to fix it all up.

I hotfooted it to the studio and told the Boss about Hank's family trouble.

Hell, Jake is a genius.

"Stop trying to think, mug," he said, "I just looked at the rushes on 'Papa Gets Rich' and Hank is better than ever. You know that scene where Hank is clipping coupons at the bank? Well, he ad libs a prayer that'll socko audiences from Maine to California. Don't worry about Hank. I used to—a little—but not after that prayer."

"What does Hank say in his prayer, Boss?" I wanted to know.

The Boss grunted.

"You can't hear what he says, mug. His shears make too much racket, clipping coupons. Get it?"

ON THE morning of preview day, Hank had to make a speech before the Breakfast Club. He was dog-tired and he hadn't had any time to think up anything funny. It wasn't such a hot speech, but they laughed anyway. Hank was rated as a very humorous guy by this time.

Going back to get ready for a charity luncheon at the Biltmore, Hank slumped down in the seat.

It scared me to look at him. He'd aged about fifteen years; it seemed like he had a cancer or something inside that had reached out and puckered him.

"Sol," he said, after a long time, "why did they laugh at me this morning?"

"You're Hank Bloss, aren't you?" I stalled.

"I didn't say anything good this morning," he said. "A man can't say something funny every time he opens his mouth. But every last soul who comes up to me has his smile all set. It's got so I can't look 'em in the eyes any more. I know I'm going to disappoint 'em."

"No man can bat a thousand with gags, Hank," I said, trying to cheer him up.

"They make me feel like a gol dang cheat," Hank said. "Look at this—" He handed me a clipping.

It was from that day's column by the chatter writer. The lead paragraph, too:

All Hollywood is amused by the efforts of our newest homespun philosopher to remain one of the common people. Despite an income in six figures, this star seems determined to persuade his fans that his heart bleeds for the forgotten man. And are we laughing!

"All she wants is a new mink coat, Hank," I said.

Hank only hunched his shoulders higher and let his chin sink lower in the collar of his fifteen-dollar topcoat.

"Think folks are goin' to like 'Papa Gets Rich'?" he mumbled.

"Jake says it's sure fire!" I said.

We were almost out to the U. C. L. A. campus before Hank said anything more.

Then, he said: "Nope. It'll flop. Folks don't want to see money-hunger kidded. In my other pictures they stood for me because I was poor and there was always a chance for a windfall. But in this one I actually get rich and kid the whole business. They won't like that."

I was feeling too low by now to make cheer-up talk sound authentic. We rolled up to Mrs. Bloss's six-hundred-dollars-

a-month rented palazzo. Hank slid out of his seat and tramped slowly into the front hall. He looked like a poor relation who knows he isn't welcome.

Hank's wife and Sally and Roger were laying for him in the living-room.

They all started talking at once. It seemed Sally had sneaked into a studio showing of "Papa Gets Rich." She must have reported in full. The way they lit into poor old Hank was murder.

"Poking fun at your own flesh and blood. Oh, Henry, how could you?" Mrs. Bloss said.

"Just because we've tried to hold up our heads and be somebody. You know what everybody is saying, Father? They're saying you're at heart a Communist and a traitor to your own class!" Daughter Sally said.

BUT young Rog took the prize. Young Rog, who'd never earned a penny in his life and was strutting as if all this luxury was his by God-given right.

"Dad's no Communist, Sally. This is all put on. He likes money as much as anybody. He just thinks it's good business to kid the great unwashed along. Am I right, Dad?"

Hank had listened without saying a word. Suddenly he raised his head and looked at Mrs. Bloss and then at Sally and then at Rog.

"Maybe so, sonny," he said, thickly, "maybe you're the real Americans, after all."

Then, he shuffled around and walked out the front door. I stopped to give Mrs. Bloss a good bawling out or I might have had a chance to catch Hank.

We all ran to the terrace. Hank was driving down the road in his flivver sedan.

Yeah. Gone. And he hasn't been back since. He ain't coming back, either. Huh? Yeah, I know where he is. He's somewhere down south where they don't have a picture show in fifty miles.

And here's one time the Boss is wrong, even if he is a genius and earns his two hundred and sixty thousand a year. When I told Jake that Hank had gone for good, he wouldn't believe it.

"Hank's the real American, mug," the Boss said. "He'll be back. Watch the box office on 'Papa Gets Rich.' They love that guy. Plain as an old shoe, that's Hank."

BUT Hank won't never come back. And you know why. I dare you to print it. Hey, waiter, another stein of beer.

Sol McGrath's boss, Jake, really must be a genius. Because, just after I had spent a solid month writing the bitter story of Hank Bloss, I heard the newsboys shrieking in the streets. I bought a paper with this headline:

HANK BLOSS FOUND VACATIONING IN MEXICO

Wife and Children Meet Him

With Yacht "Nepomunk" at Tampico

"Why All the Fuss?" says Hank

General Films Will Start New Picture

to Follow Smash Hit "Papa"

What interested me particularly was a paragraph which quoted Jake as saying: "Hank told me by long distance that the reason he stayed away so long was he tore his only pair of pants on a cactus. Plain as an old shoe, that's Hank."



For
More
MONEY
in
1936!

**Take a Timely Tip
from This Young Champion**

"NOW that Prosperity has turned the corner," says this young champion, "strike a few blows for a larger income."

The Battling Kid is right! If you want more money in 1936, try our profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for **COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE** and **WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION**.

Increase Your Income!

A FEW hours a week of your time may equal thousands of dollars of invested capital in bringing you a steady income—an income that will allow you to have the many things you want but "just can't afford right now." Many of your friends are already subscribing—their renewals will bring you the same big profit as new subscriptions.

Mr. Russell Shirk of Indiana has built up a profitable business as our special subscription representative.



Of course, it's up to you to make the first move. Then, we'll help you with personal cooperation from a competent Division Manager. For free money-making supplies, mail the coupon now!

-----Clip Here!-----

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-56
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

YES—I want more money in 1936. Please show me how to get it.



Name

Address

Town

State



Insure Your Contract

Continued from page 19

with six spade tricks, seven diamond tricks and your ace of hearts to spare. Why give the opponents any tricks?"

"Playing safe to make sure of the contract," replied the declarer.

Soon the kibitzer understood. After West won the second trick and returned a club to be ruffed in the South, Mr. Goldwater dropped the trumps and ran the diamonds to make his contract.

Sometimes it pays a declarer to provide against five trumps being bunched, as here:

North			
♠	J 4		
♥	10 3		
♦	A Q 7 6 2		
♣	J 4 3 2		
West		East	
♠	9 8 6 5 2	♠	7
♥	A K Q 9 7	♥	8 6 5 4 2
♦	5 3	♦	J 8 4
♣	10	♣	9 8 7 5
South			
♠	A K Q 10 3		
♥	J		
♦	K 10 9		
♣	A K Q 6		

A greedy type of shoot-the-works performer, who was in a four-spade contract because he liked to score honors, upset the appletart for himself when he tried to make six-odd on the hand. West's lead of the heart king was followed by the queen, which looked like a luscious morsel for South to trump. With not another trick to lose—or at least so he thought—he raked in the dummy's jack of trumps, then led the small trump toward his hand. When East showed out, he had the bad news. After this trick, he had only two trumps left and West three. Trying to ruff West down to his own trump length, he led his diamonds, but West returned a heart and forced him again, leaving just one trump to West's two. Again he made West ruff, a club this time, but West played another of those blasted hearts and took out his last spade, leaving West a trump for the final trick and setting the contract by one.

There is an old sacrifice play which is well worth knowing for use in these situations. It is to discard even a winning card on that second trick, instead of ruffing with the long trumps. Then, no matter what West did, South would get the rest of the tricks, for he could ruff a third heart in the short trump hand. By doing this here, South would make five-odd. Of course this deal is a laydown for six in either minor suit, but that is another story.

Smart Sacrifice Plays

Unlucky is the bridge player who does not know when to refuse a finesse. As a generality, it might be pointed out that the average finesse gains a trick when it wins but does not lose one when it fails. Hence, with something to win and nothing to lose, it is winning bridge. That would be all very well if there were no other factors to consider. Unfortunately for the constant finesser, there can be much more important factors. Disregard of one of the simplest of them brought grief to the four-heart declarer on this deal:

North			
♠	A Q 7 6		
♥	K 10		
♦	8 7 6 4		
♣	8 7 6		
West		East	
♠	10 9 4 3 2	♠	K J
♥	9 6 3	♥	7 4 2
♦	A	♦	Q J 10 5 3 2
♣	J 10 5 4	♣	9 3
South			
♠	8 5		
♥	A Q J 8 5		
♦	K 9		
♣	A K Q 2		

West followed his diamond ace opening with a switch to the ten of spades. With an unbid small slam possible if the finesse would work and the clubs were divided, South put on his queen. After East won this, he returned a diamond for the ruff which beat the contract, since the clubs did not break.

A safety-minded player should have realized that the diamond ace was probably a singleton and consequently that the contract was endangered unnecessarily if the spade finesse failed. Such a declarer would come up with his ace to the second trick, then drop the trumps at once and be sure of his contract, depending on the possible club break for a single overtrick, but with no hope of small slam. He would not get any overtrick at all, with the clubs as they were, but his game would be certain.

A goodly percentage of sacrifice plays at suit contracts are designed to take the teeth out of the opponents' trumps.

The contract was now safe, no matter what East did. If a club had been returned, it would have been up to the ace-jack tenace. If a spade, declarer could have ruffed it low, dropped the trumps and lost merely a club at the end, making his contract. If the king of diamonds, he could have ruffed it low, letting West over-ruff for the last trick his side could get, as the diamond ten would then be set up for a club discard. East made the best possible return, though—his nine of diamonds.

This compelled the declarer to use his thinking cap. If he ruffed this trick, he would be beaten. Using his deuce would enable West to over-ruff him and then East would finally take the setting trick in clubs. Using a higher trump would enable West eventually to get a trump trick in addition to East taking a club. By means of one of the most important of all safety plays, Mr. Stockvis saved the day. He discarded a club on the dia-

or the last player has three to the king. It is a good form of procedure even when the side has only eight trumps and five are out against them, if two tricks can be lost, but three would be fatal.

Here is a combination usually mis-played by most declarers:

Declarer	Dummy
♠ A 10 9 3 2	♠ Q 8 5 4

What we usually see is a lead toward the queen, either before or after the cashing of the ace. That is correct when the other cards are all small, but the presence of the ten, nine and eight make other play more profitable in the long run. They render it advisable to lead the queen to the first round and, if it is not covered, let it ride. Then, if the guarded king is held by the first adversary but not played, or if a singleton jack is held by his partner, no trick need be lost in the suit. If the second adversary, however, wins with the king, then the declarer's ace should be played on the second round when the side has nine trumps, the ten finessed when having less.

It is a principle of most trump suit play that, if a trick can be taken on the first round without endangering the chances of a finesse later, it should be done. If at the same time, a finesse can be prepared against either of the two opponents instead of just one, that course is advisable. Here is a case in point:

Declarer	Dummy
♠ K Q 9 4 3 2	♠ A 10 5

The first trick should be taken in declarer's hand, where there are two high honors. If either opponent cannot follow suit, his partner is marked with four to the jack, which will be captured by a finesse.

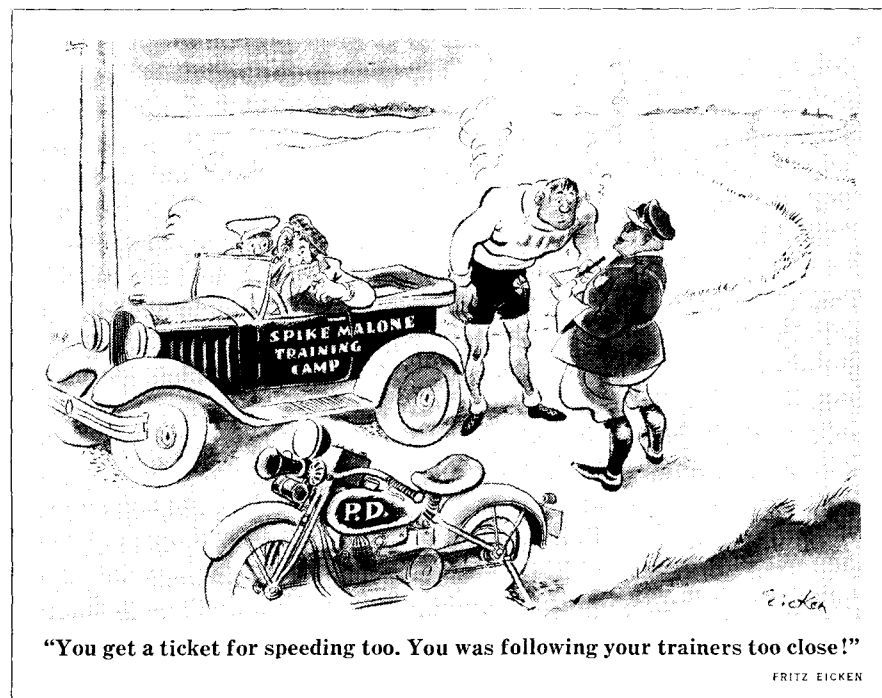
The thoughtful player need not learn a lot of these combinations calling for what would be considered by most players unorthodox play.

Aggressive Bidding Perils

Plenty of times the correct way to play the trump suit depends upon elements outside of the suit itself, as with this deal:

North			
♠	K Q J		
♥	A 8 4 2		
♦	A K 8 7 6 4		
♣	None		
West		East	
♠	8 5 4	♠	10 9 7 6
♥	5 3	♥	K J 6
♦	Q J 10 5	♦	3 2
♣	Q 7 5 3	♣	J 6 4 2
South			
♠	A 3 2		
♥	Q 10 9 7		
♦	9		
♣	A K 10 9 8		

Aggressive bidding by Charles H. Goren, one of the most brilliant cardsmen ever produced by Philadelphia, had landed him in a precarious six-heart contract, against which West opened a diamond to the dummy's ace. Mr. Goren discarded a club from his own hand. Deciding to guess East for the heart king, he avoided an error which would have been disastrous. Had he laid down the trump ace and then led toward his queen, the winner with the king could have returned a third trump round and spoiled the party, leaving dummy only one trump with which to try to ruff two losing clubs. His safety play lay in leading toward the heart queen immediately upon taking the diamond opener. East won with the king and fired back a second round of trumps, but the contract was now safe. Mr. Goren won this with his ten, ruffed a club, came back with the spade ace, ruffed his last losing club, then ran his set-up tricks.



Perhaps still more are to conserve the declarer's own trump holding, as proved necessary on this assignment:

North			
♠	9		
♥	Q 10 7		
♦	A J 10 8 5		
♣	A J 5 4		
West		East	
♠	A K 10 6 3	♠	Q J 7 2
♥	8 5 4 3	♥	6
♦	7 4	♦	K Q 9 2
♣	9 2	♣	Q 10 6 3
South			
♠	8 5 4		
♥	A K J 9 2		
♦	6 3		
♣	K 8 7		

To prevent spade ruffs, West followed his king lead with his three of hearts. Now, if the declarer gets the least bit careless, his four-heart contract may be beaten. This declarer, however, was A. Philip Stockvis, leading bridge figure of the national capital, who knows how to "protect himself in the clinches." After winning the second trick with the heart ace, he ruffed his second spade in the dummy, returned to his own hand with the club king and ruffed his last spade with the dummy's last trump. He cashed the ace of diamonds and led the jack to be won by the queen of East, who was marked as holding it by a double he had stuck in during the auction.

mond, conserving his trumps. Now it was impossible for his opponents to get more than one of the remaining tricks.

Since the earliest days of auction, the top rank players have manipulated certain trump combinations in a manner entirely different from that employed by the rank and file. Some of the new generation of students have rediscovered a number of these ancient devices and sensationally announced what they have found, for which they deserve highest credit in bringing them to the attention of others. Several of these have for their purpose the shutting out of a possible singleton king. Here is one combination:

Declarer	Dummy
♠ A Q 8 6 3	♠ 7 5 4 2

With the king, jack, ten and nine out, the way to play this depends on whether or not the declarer can afford to lose one trick in the suit. If he cannot, he must finesse the queen on the first round. If he can spare one trick, however, and has to avoid losing two, he must beware of a possible singleton king. Losing the finesse to a singleton would leave the other adversary still holding the jack-ten and thus assured of another trump trick. The safety play is to use the ace on the first round, lead toward the queen on the second and come up with it if the king is not played. This method cannot lose two tricks except when one adversary holds all four of the missing cards

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 25

as he retreated, these echoes tearing the dreaming quiet completely asunder. The shots were wide of the mark and Surratt, sliding away, heard the man crash downhill. He would, Surratt understood, be back soon enough with other men to help him. It caused him to travel faster through the brush and so reach the river's edge.

Torveen's tracks tipped down a twenty-foot bank and were lost in the gravel; but it was plain that the crossing had been made here.

LOOKING over the shallow water, Surratt saw the solid green forest wall on the yonder side broken by a small aperture which represented another trail. The rush of the falls was deeper in his ears and he had only to look a quarter mile downstream to see mist curling heavily up from the sunlight where the fast-running water dropped into sudden depths.

But he had little time to view it, for the thought of pursuit was strong in him now and the ford was a risk he had to take and put behind him without delay. Accordingly he slid down the bluff and pushed through the water, the muscles along his back involuntarily tightening.

He came out of the water and rushed his pony up the bluff, into the timber again—and stopped. Perrigo stood directly in the trail.

Perrigo shook his head solemnly. "That was a damfool thing to do, Surratt."

"Where's Torveen?"

"We're camped a long ways off. I come back to cover the trail. Knew we'd left tracks plain enough for anybody to follow. Been four different men come out to that bank to have a look at the river. You're the only one that's been brass enough to come out of cover."

"Who was shot?"

"Sam."

"Bad?"

"Not good," grunted Perrigo. "Come on."

He went into the brush for his horse and afterwards took the lead, running freely into the rising timber. He had some method here, for afterwards he swung into the trackless pine deeps and traveled at the same rapid pace until he reached some other dim-traced way. This he followed for a little distance, and abandoned it for the pines again, and again struck some trail. Thus erratically was Surratt towed southward. They came finally to a broad road and paused to reconnoiter it before crossing. Up its length Surratt caught a glimpse of the Gray Bull peaks. Then they were once more closed around by the somber pine blanket, running constantly south. Surratt guessed they had traveled a good eight miles when Perrigo swung downhill and reached the river. They forded it without much prior inspection—Perrigo seeming to feel himself on safer ground—and went a good two miles along a narrow and rocky way. It was around noon when Perrigo stopped and called down the trail casually:

"All right, Ferd."

FERD BOWIE put his head out of the brush. They dismounted and went past him and were at the river's bank turning through what once had been another channel but was now rocky and half overgrown by brush. A sheer rock wall confronted them and showed them a broad hole smashed out by some ancient current. They went into this tunnel for a dozen yards and walked on through

the semidarkness. A small, bright fire burned on the gravel. Ed sat cross-legged before Torveen, who lay in his blankets with his face turned up. He seemed to be sleeping but the crunch of Surratt's feet opened his lids. The pallor of the man was distinct. He grinned remotely. His voice was only a whisper: "Hello, kid."

"What were you doin'?" demanded Surratt.

Ed said: "We was bein' chased back by Peyrolles. Sam came up and we made a stand of it, on the ridge near Cameron's." Ed looked anxiously at Surratt. "The bullet hole looks to be near his lungs. You know anything about those things?"

"Let it alone," murmured Torveen. "I can lick this."

"Sure," agreed Surratt quietly. "Sure you can." But he was watching Torveen's lips settle and didn't like what he saw.

"Glad you got here," muttered Torveen—and closed his eyes.

Ed stared at Surratt, secretly shaking his head. Looking around the cavern, Surratt observed they had saved their blankets and not much else. The place, even with the fire burning, was damp and drafty. He stood a moment, watching the labored lift and fall of Torveen's chest, and turned out to the mouth of the hole, signaling Perrigo to follow. He stopped in the sunlight. He filled his pipe.

"Got anything to eat?"

"No," said Perrigo.

"That boy needs a doctor."

"And how would you work that?" countered Perrigo. "Doc Brann's the only one—in Morgantown. You got any ideas?"

"Sure. I'll fetch him."

PERRIGO surveyed Surratt morosely. "You'd be nerry enough to try. But it won't do. For one thing, these hills are full of Bill Head's men. He's huntin' us. By the middle of afternoon every stray rider in the country will be beatin' up the brush. No doubt you can get through to town. How you goin' to find Brann when you get there? The place is poison to you—you can't stick your head out on Main Street without gettin' it shot at. If you get Brann, how can you bring him back without bein' followed? No, Sam's got to tough this out alone."

Surratt said: "What's this Brann like?"

"A fat fellow with white hair. He's all right. This quarrel don't mean anything to him, one way or another. His office is over the bank. He lives up there, too. But you can't do it, Surratt. You pushed your luck twice in Morgantown. It won't hold up three times. Don't consider it."

"It will be late tonight before I get back," decided Surratt. He smoked his pipe idly, and in equal idleness considered this hideout. The timber reached down to the ancient river bed. A high bank of gravel, studded with brush and seedling pines, locked it in from the water. The river ran quietly past the far side of the gravel bank and this gravel bank screened the tunnel from anybody who might be across the river.

"Where are we?" he wanted to know.

"This is George Bernay's country. We're south of the pass road. It is about twelve miles northward down-grade to Morgantown."

"We'll try it," decided Surratt. "I don't like Torveen's look." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe; he swung into his saddle.

"Wait," said Perrigo. "You maybe might not find it easy to get back. But Doc Brann knows this country. Tell him it's the place where Modoc Niles' bones were found the year after Martin Head had fence trouble with George Bernay's dad." Perrigo looked carefully at Surratt. His voice softened and quickened. "What was it you said about Ferd Bowie's callin' to you the other night?"

Surratt's answer was dry: "It is my affair, Nick. I'll take care of it."

PERRIGO spoke in a grudging, reluctant way: "I'm forced to admire a man that keeps his mouth shut." Then he said, more and more taciturn: "If a bullet came at you from the wrong direction, Surratt, it wasn't mine."

Surratt climbed back through the brush to the top of the bluff. Perrigo watched him go, but a moment later he followed quickly. Ferd Bowie was in the trail when Surratt went by, and Perrigo came up to Bowie and stood beside the kid until Surratt had vanished somewhere down in the timber. Perrigo's eyes kept watching Bowie. Bowie made an impatient swing with his shoulders. He said: "What you want, Nick?"

"Nothin'," said Perrigo. Yet he kept staring at Ferd Bowie, a dead darkness making his glance wholly obscure.

Surratt took his way through the hills carefully and without haste, knowing he could do nothing in Morgantown until darkness covered him. So his trail was one that circled and zigzagged, avoiding all clear country. In the early afternoon he had sight of a small ranch sitting well down in a bowl-like meadow, with men working in near-by corrals. Later he struck a road and was careful to erase his prints when he crossed it. At five o'clock, thus vigilantly riding, he came out on the timbered ridge back of Morgantown and saw the settlement sitting all yellow and hot under the harsh flare of a late sun. He sat down here and waited the arrival of twilight, meanwhile observing riders come in and increase the traffic of this town. At half past seven, with the shadows safe for him, he left his horse tied to a tree and crawled to Morgantown's back end and made his way along a between-building alley. He took his station at the corner of the saloon; in the semidarkness of his position he watched men stroll by him, near enough at times to touch.

POKEY, who took Old Martin's orders always literally, went directly from Crow Track to Torveen's and had a look at the place. He picked up the churned marks of the departing crew and followed them into the hills; a little after noon he stood at the same spot on the river where Surratt had stood before crossing. But Pokey avoided the ford and instead made an enormous detour to the pass road bridge and crossed there. It took him two hours to get back to the place where Surratt and Perrigo had met. Here he studied the tracks and softly pursued them. When they began to break away into the timber he got down and led his horse and patiently unraveled the puzzle.

There was no hurry in him and no uncertainty; for Pokey was a methodical man who once had been an Indian scout and knew the ways and the signs of fugitives very well. It was growing dusk when he reached the pass road and saw the prints cross and continue southward. Here, with the light too dim to read sign by, he rolled up in the

(Continued on page 42)



If your general resistance is built up!

Common winter ills may not be serious, but they are certainly uncomfortable to have. And this is *one of the peak months* for them. Experts say that they occur more frequently, and last longer in January and February than any other time.

Like many other people your general *resistance* is likely to be low, after a winter of indoor living. You may not get enough air, and rest, and sunshine.

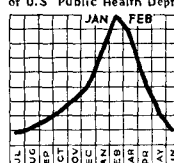
If you feel the need for some resistance-building measure, begin *before* winter ills bother you. Start with *Adex* today! You may be spared discomfort later.

Adex provides Vitamin A, which contributes more than any other vitamin toward building good general resistance. It also contains Vitamin D, insufficiently supplied by sunshine, and needed from some other source, at this time of year.

Each *Adex* capsule provides *not less* than 6600 units of Vitamin A and 1320 units of Vitamin D, enough to *more* than take care of your daily needs. And the vitamins in *Adex* are obtained exclusively from *natural* fish oils, like cod and halibut liver oil.

Begin with *Adex* capsules *now*, and keep on taking them every day. At any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

(Continued from page 41)

brush and fell asleep. There was no other man in these hills who could have followed all the confused turnings of that fugitive trail; to Pokey it was as clear as ink on paper and he knew that if Torveen still camped in the hills he would find him before noon of the following day. From time to time during the night he was wakened by men riding by and he understood they were looking for the hidden Torveen. Yet he never betrayed his position and he took no interest in their searching. He was, in fact, mildly amused at their noisy beatings through the hills.

STANDING at the corner of the saloon, obscured by the building's shadow and one step away from the indolent current of riders ranging along the board walk, Surratt saw both Bolderbuck and Sheriff Ranier on the porch of the White House Hotel across the way; and with them was the lank-shaped, sharp-nosed Peyrolles. He watched them with a moment's interest, observing Peyrolles' arms lift expressively as he talked. Then he stood quite still, hearing steps in the alley behind him. He didn't turn. A man circled him in this darkness and veered a curious face at him and went on into the street. Surratt bowed his head a little, bringing the hatbrim down in front of his face. But he saw the man look back before swinging around the corner.

The bank building was across the alley. Scanning its second story, where Perrigo had said Doc Brann's office and living quarters were, Surratt saw a light shining behind a drawn curtain; and then, searching the alley for a side stairway into the building and finding none, Surratt knew that his position had become ticklish. To reach Brann he had to leave the alley, pass the bank corner and enter the stairway from the main street.

He crossed the alley to the bank side—a matter of four long strides. He meant to pause here and wait a moment before stepping into the stream of ambling townsmen; but all this while he had kept an eye on the White House porch and he saw Ranier's head swing toward him and remain that way a moment. It was his nearness to the bank door, Surratt guessed, that drew Ranier's attention; and he couldn't afford to let that casual inspection grow. Pulling down his chin, he turned the bank corner and walked along the front side of the building. Light from the hotel flamed over the dusty street and made a diffused patch on the bank wall. He tipped his head away from the hotel and stepped into the light—and passed beyond it and got to the building's stairway.

He went up the stairs rapidly and stopped to inspect a single hall with four or five doors. Brann's name was vaguely visible on the nearest. The others seemed unlabeled; but at the end of the hall lamplight and a woman's voice came through an open transom. He went forward and knocked on Brann's door.

THE odor of fried onions lay across the remnant of other musty smells in this close, dark corridor. The woman's voice kept on with an inexhaustible energy; the words were plain enough for his listening, but his mind was narrowly on other things and he heard only the outpour of sound. He had come from a cool night, yet he had begun to sweat. He knocked again; and heard someone swing off the street and start up the stairs.

He turned the door's knob and went into Brann's office, black and faintly rank with the presence of formaldehyde; he closed the door and put a slight weight on it, listening to these steps arrive and pass by. A far door opened,

the woman's vigorous talk rising. The door slammed. Surratt came out of the office then and considered this situation with a swifter, more aroused attention. Sweat had gotten below his hatband; the palms of his hands were soft. Save for the woman's room there seemed no other occupant up here; he had little choice in this matter. He went down the hall and knocked.

The woman opened the door, a buxom and ruddy and good-looking woman. "Doctor Brann?" asked Surratt.

"If he isn't in his office or his room," she said, "you'll no doubt find him at the White House eating. Or he'll be playin' poker at the saloon. One of the two."

"Thanks," said Surratt. The woman's eyes were interested in him. She remained against the roomlight; a man at the back of that room slowly turned

hands in his pockets, and drew them out. A whole column of cowhands whirled down the street and came to a dusty halt by the saloon. One solitary rider trotted more casually in the wake of the group. Abreast the lights of the White House, this rider turned in the saddle and Surratt saw the even, supple shape of Judith Cameron silhouetted there before she passed on.

He advanced to the walk and headed for the alley. He kept his face angled toward the bank window; and because he did so he saw the white sign gummed to the glass. It stopped him completely; it threw him for a moment off guard:

REWARD!

Five Hundred Dollars paid in hand for information leading to the capture of Sam Torveen, wanted



"Do you suppose we ought to get a larger fireplace?" J. M. ANTHONY

to have his look at Surratt. Surratt moved away. The woman came forward a step, calling after him. "Well, it will be the saloon. You'll have to go get him if you want him—he's liable to play cards all night. Be just as well if he moved his office down there for that's where anybody finds him most of the time."

"Thanks," repeated Surratt and kept on walking. At the head of the stairs he stopped a long moment, considering. For him the saloon was as far away as China; going into it was wholly out of the question. He went down the stairs and stood in the smooth darkness of the bottom landing.

Three punchers went by, their spurs dragging the boards. Looking across to the White House porch he discovered the meeting over there had grown. The short, chunky Dutch Kersom had joined it. And one other man had joined it and now stood head and shoulders above them. Staring at him—at this Bill Head who bulked so vastly against the others—Surratt felt a quick, tense excitement seize him. This game was getting dangerous.

He stepped back and plunged his

for murder of Henry Tanner, killed in fight on Cameron Ridge.

Five Hundred Dollars Reward for information regarding one Buck Surratt, for killing of Leslie Head.

One Hundred Dollars each for information for capture of Nick Perrigo, Ferd Bowie, and a man known as Ed, all riding with the aforesaid Sam Torveen.

Cattlemen's Protective Association.

Bill Head
Ab Cameron
T. J. Kersom
Frank Peyrolles

He wheeled from that notice, passing around the bank corner into the safety of the alley. He crossed the alley and stopped by the saloon wall again. Judith Cameron left her horse farther down the street and walked into the millinery shop with a quick, striding step. He saw George Bernay for the first time, idly smoking a cigar over under the shadows of the board awnings. His mind was running hard and fast and reckless now, for the town was full of men and the weight of some deliberate

purpose was clearly here. The risk grew greater.

He saw Ranier's exploring glance reach out once more toward him. Ranier suddenly detached himself from the cattlemen's group and started over the dust in Surratt's direction.

GEORGE BERNAY was on his ranch when news of Torveen's flight reached him in the middle of the afternoon. He knocked off work and rode around the country south of Morgantown until he found Billy Temple and Jud Horsfall. They were two-bit ranchers, as he was; they had all worked for one or another of the four big outfits in the hills before setting up their own places. And they were all sound friends of Sam Torveen. It was this that turned them toward Morgantown—three men still young enough to feel like fighting and still poor enough not to be worried over losing very much. On the way into town they discovered the reward notice tacked to a tree. They read it and rode thoughtfully on.

"Bill Head," reflected George Bernay, "always did enjoy squashing bugs under his thumb."

"It's funny," considered Jud Horsfall, "how a man can get to admire sheep when somebody tells him he mustn't."

"Don't let your admiration get the best of you," warned Billy Temple. "We're pretty small onions in this vegetable patch. Look what happened to Sam."

At the edge of town—it was six o'clock then—they found the street already filling up with riders from the big outfits. It was a pretty clear indication of trouble. George Bernay said as much. "Something up Bill Head's sleeve. We better not be together. Suppose we float around and hear what we hear."

They separated. George Bernay left his horse in front of the White House and went in for his supper. When he came out he met Sheriff Ranier face to face in the doorway. Ranier started to go by. But he stopped on impulse and considered Bernay with a worried attention. "Go up to the office a minute, George. I want to talk to you."

BERNAY loitered on the porch, building himself a smoke. Afterwards he ambled to the jail office and sat down in a chair. It was five minutes or so before Ranier appeared. Ranier closed the door, which was a thing that lifted Bernay's quiet interest.

"George, what's going to happen?"

"What?"

Ranier walked around the room. He needed a shave and he needed sleep. His eyes kept returning to Bernay, curious and troubled. "These sheep and cattle wars are hell. I'm not fooled. Bill Head's driven Torveen to timber, but that is not the end of it. What're those boys cookin' up? This Surratt is a fox."

"He rides high, for a fact," assented George Bernay casually. His glance measured the sheriff.

Ranier came to a stand. "I've been in other cattle-sheep wars. It always goes the same. The big outfits are strong and they have their way for a while. But sheep's a little man's easy crop. There's a lot of little men down your way, George. Little men never do love big outfits. What'll they do now?"

"Don't know," said George Bernay laconically. He got up. "That all, Sheriff?"

"Nothing more bitter than a neighborhood fight. I'm trying to play things safe."

"When a man straddles the fence," suggested George Bernay, "he can't keep from gettin' a sore crotch." He threw a sharp question at the sheriff. "What happened to Torveen—you know for sure?"

"We think Peyrolles shot him."

"Peyrolles?" murmured George Bernay. His eyes laid a faint glitter on the blandness of his face. Tom Bolderbuck opened the office door and walked in. He said: "Hello, George."

"Hello, you baldheaded horsethief. Look, Tom. You a friend of mine?"

"Think so," replied Bolderbuck imperturbably.

"Remember it durin' the next few days," said Bernay as he walked out.

"What's that?" called the sheriff, plainly disturbed.

GEORGE BERNAY strolled the street with a tight streak of a smile on his lips. He was talking to himself. "The meek shall inherit the earth, except that part of the earth which is cow country." Peyrolles stood in front of the White House, waiting for somebody. George Bernay only looked at him quietly and passed by. One time he had been a Peyrolles rider and he knew the man well enough. Peyrolles saw him and said: "George."

Bernay turned. The tone Peyrolles used was the old tone of command. It bit into George Bernay but he didn't show it. "George," said Peyrolles, "we may need you to help out in this business."

George Bernay murmured: "To hell with you, Frank," and walked on. Under the board awning of the hardware store he stopped to arrange himself against a post. He built a new cigarette and dragged in its smoke energetically. Dutch Kersom was entering town with his crew; they all wheeled by the saloon, ripping up the dust. Kersom walked over to join Peyrolles. The sheriff and Tom Bolderbuck came down from the jail office to join the two big ranchers. The riders pushed into the saloon. This town grew crowded, the sense of trouble was pretty definite. "And the meek," murmured George Bernay, "shall get their pants shot off."

Jud Horsfall came out of the saloon. He spotted George and walked over. "This is maybe news to you. Bill Head met this Surratt by accident up at Carson's Ford and they had a fight. Surratt laid Bill out. Why, my God, he must be the old fruit—this Surratt."

"That," said George Bernay, "is the nearest thing to truth you've said since you was seven years old."

"I likewise hear Blackjack Smith had a quarrel with Bill Head and pulled out of the Ford with his bunch of plugs."

"Where'd he go?"

"Don't know," responded Horsfall, ambling away.

SOUND rolled and boiled in the yonder saloon; and more riders trotted out of the hills into this crowding street. Men tramped ceaselessly up and down the board walks. All the store lights threw bright beams into the dust, deepening the intervening shadows. Annette Carvel came out of her dressmaking shop and seemed to watch the night carefully. George Bernay dropped his cigarette. He walked over. She saw him come, but she didn't pay much attention to him. Paused before her, he removed his hat carefully. Bronzed as he was by the sun, his face showed an increased flush. He said, rather diffidently, "Hello."

She murmured, "Hello, George," and gave him a more deliberate glance. Her arms were white in the light of the shop; her cheeks were soft and pale, turning her eyes very black. "What are you doing in town?" she added.

"Just lookin' around," he said.

Her glance left him and her thoughts left him. He felt that indifference with a quick, deep regret. It had been this way for two or three years—an emotion in him he could not express to her. He was a man that made no show, who

had no flamboyant manners which could compete with all the striking riders of the hills. Always realistic, George Bernay knew this girl was attracted by a color he did not possess; he had no qualities to draw her attention, so that she might really see him. Quietly in the background, he understood where her likings lay and to whom her smiles were given. In fact, he understood more about Annette Carvel than she dreamed; yet in the evening solitude of his own ranch house he kept thinking of her—of the mistakes she had committed, of the naive honesty which made her still so desirable to him.

She uttered a small, quick sound of anxiety. Looking around, he saw Bill Head ride into town with the Crow Track crew. Bill Head swung over to the group of cattlemen on the White House porch; the crew made for the saloon, a solid confusion rising from the turning horses. One other rider paced down the middle of the street and didn't stop. It was, George Bernay discovered, Judith Cameron; she wheeled in at the dressmaking shop and jumped to the boards.

"Annette," she said instantly, "what's happened?"

"You haven't heard about Sam Torveen?"

"No!"

"He had a fight with Peyrolles. They think they shot him—Sam. He's gone from his ranch. With the crew."

GEORGE BERNAY stepped backward so that the two women might stand together; he kept his glance on Judith—stirred by the picture she made in these moving shadows. She said: "Where is he now?"

"They don't know," said Annette. Her tone was defiant then. "I guess Bill Head would like to. That must be why they've all come to town—to think up a way of catching him."

Judith turned. "George—you're his friend. Do you know?"

"No," he murmured.

She was darkly thinking about it; and the stormy dignity of her features impressed Bernay immeasurably. She was a woman who could fight and still be a woman; it was a real distinction, though he could not define it. Her eyes were on him again. "Will you tell me, if you find out?"

"Yes," said Bernay, and watched the two women go into the dressmaking shop. He ambled along the walk, toward the saloon, noting the solid crowd inside. Across the street Bill Head talked aggressively to the other cattle owners, his big hand dropping with each word. It was, Bernay thought, the only way the man knew—to use his strength to get things done. Ranier was turning away from the group; he was coming across the street. Halfway over he stopped dead, for Bill Head's voice jumped arrogantly after him: "Come back here—I want you!"

Ranier turned in full obedience and went back; and then all the group entered the hotel. Ab Cameron came out of the hill road and pulled up at the White House. He got down so slowly that once George Bernay felt sorry for the old man. Cameron was a mild-mannered character who didn't belong with that pack. It was Bill Head who bullied Ab into line; this was the way it had been for years, as all the country knew. At the saloon's corner Bernay turned to cross the street. A voice said softly to him then: "Step back in the alley, George."

He was no fool, this George Bernay. He knew the tricks of the land. And so he remained paused at the corner a moment, serenely indifferent, while a group of Kersom riders passed. Afterwards he dropped slowly into the alley—and discovered Buck Surratt.

He could not help letting a quick warning fall out of him. "My God, man, you don't belong here! Ain't you seen the price posted on your head?"

"Go get Doc Brann and bring him up to his office. I'll be there."

George Bernay grinned in a small, brilliant way. "All right," he murmured and went instantly to perform the chore.

SURRATT crossed the alley and stopped a moment by the bank wall. The street was more crowded than it had been, but the cattlemen had gone inside the hotel—taking Ranier and Bolderbuck with them—and he felt fractionally safer. He tipped his hat down, stepped around the bank wall and strolled to the stairway. He went up, going into Brann's office. He lighted a match and found Brann's lamp. The room, he saw, was typically a doctor's room. He was waiting there in the middle of it when Brann entered and closed the door and propped his round body against it. He had a face that was half jovial and half professional; his hair was pure white, with shaggy silver eyebrows. He had his look at Surratt, seeming to be amused with what he saw and knew.

"Shouldn't think you'd want to come back to Morgantown?"

"You're Torveen's friend?" asked Surratt.

Brann shrugged his shoulders. "I'm supposed to be humanity's friend, son. But when I get dragged away from a pat full house I begin to doubt it. So Sam's been shot?"

"Who told you?"

"Why else would you venture into Morgantown?" retorted Brann. He went over to his table and opened a doctor's satchel there. He got a few things out of a cabinet. "A bullet hole—where?"

"Lungs, I think."

"It hadn't better be," remarked Brann grimly. He reached into his cabinet again. "Well, if I had five dollars for every bullet hole I've treated I suppose I'd be in Vienna now studying medicine under the famous ones, instead of practicing buckshot surgery out in the middle of the hills. Yet I doubt if I'd have as much fun in Vienna." He snapped his satchel together and put on his hat; he took a revolver out of his hip pocket and laid it on the table.

"Better keep that," suggested Surratt.

"I never carry a gun except when I play poker."

Men were coming up the stairs. Surratt backed quietly to a corner of the room; he stood against the wall, waiting like that. But it was George Bernay who came presently in with two others Surratt didn't know.

Doc Brann, observing Surratt's whip-like reactions, stepped forward to stand in front of Surratt with a dim and kind and skeptic smile printed along his fat lips. "I like you, son. You're a dissenter, you don't conform easy to the ways of the world. It makes your sleep bad but your days interesting. It's my hope I don't have to fold your hands over your chest, though it is a thin hope the way things stand. Now, where's Sam?"

SURRATT looked at the two strangers, whereupon George Bernay said: "That's all right. This is Jud Horsfall. This is Billy Temple. Doc knows 'em." Surratt remembered what Perrigo had told him. "Where Modoc Niles' bones were found?"

"Way over there?" said Brann in some surprise.

"Be careful," Bernay warned Brann. "Don't let anybody follow you in."

"Teachin' your grandmother to suck eggs?" retorted Brann. "Surratt, you wait till I'm gone before you come. I make better time alone." Saying that, he left the office.

(To be continued next week)

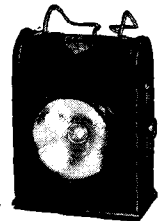
BOYS! OVER 300 PRIZES GIVEN WITHOUT COST!



Win This Bike

OH, BOY! Here's your chance to win a beautiful deluxe motorbike—and any of 300 other big prizes—without a cent of cost! Earn CASH PROFITS, besides! Just deliver Collier's, The American Magazine, and Woman's Home Companion to customers in your neighborhood. It's easy. Do it in your spare time. If you're 12 years or older, mail the coupon below. You'll be the happiest boy in your town when this classy 1936 model motorbike is yours!

You can win this dandy Buddy Lantern! Also get all your camping, sporting, and Scouting equipment without spending a penny. Mail the coupon below, and we'll start you.

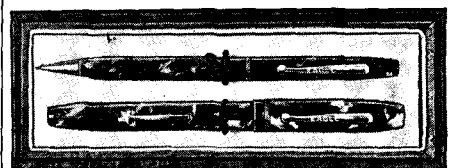
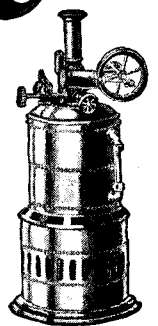


Run Your Own Movies!



Make Money

With this projector you can have heaps of fun running your own movies. Charge your chums admission; make money! You can get a steam engine like the one shown here. Heats quickly and has plenty of steam and power. Puffs like a locomotive! Win this engine, and all your school supplies, besides. Get started by mailing the coupon NOW.



Mail This Coupon Without Delay!

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-123
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to earn MONEY and PRIZES. Please start me at once.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Frozen Evidence

Continued from page 15

Carstairs examined the cabin unhurriedly and with great thoroughness; then, thoughtfully, he mounted and walked his horse along the trail toward the settlement of Pleasant Meadow, about a mile down the river. The cottage of James Bell stood well upstream from the settlement and it was still screened from his view by the new foliage when Carstairs met Will Farland walking up the trail toward him. He hailed him.

"Out for a ride, Corporal?" grinned Farland.

Carstairs dismounted.

"I wanted to ask you about Jake McQuestin," he said.

FARLAND squared his shoulders. In a country where big men were commonplace he was notable for his colossal build, and in a weather-tanned, rugged way he was surprisingly good-looking. He gave the impression, in his youth and strength, of the college athlete which coaches pray for but seldom get.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"You were out with McQuestin all winter?"

"For a while. I was trapping with him."

"When did you leave him?"

"Why? What's the trouble?"

"I just want to know about him, that's all. He's been murdered."

A deep flush rose slowly from Farland's throat and spread over his face until it seemed to glint redly in his eyes.

"And you're accusing me of killing—" The words stopped in his throat as if he choked on them.

"I'm not accusing anyone, Farland; but I'd like to know how a pair of red blankets marked with McQuestin's name happen to be in your cabin. I'd like to know why you're keeping a tin box containing two insurance policies on McQuestin's life, some government bonds and various private papers belonging to McQuestin. You've got a lot—"

With a sharp exclamation Farland plunged forward, aiming a blow at the corporal's head. Carstairs dodged it and threw Farland off balance; then Carstairs sailed in briskly with a volley of blows that struck Farland's great body with the ineffectual violence of hailstones on rock. Then Farland struck home—once—behind Carstairs' ear, and Carstairs dropped like a log.

CORPORAL CARSTAIRS came back to life in a world that seemed peopled exclusively by a number of strikingly beautiful girls with lovely hair and blue eyes that brimmed with some sort of warm good feeling. They had a confusing tendency to overlap one another, and they all had a strange resemblance, but as far as Carstairs was concerned their loveliness more than atoned for it. Then, with the realization of a splitting headache, he saw the dazzling images focus into one beautiful face that peered at him from over the shoulder of a large man who seemed to hold its possessor in his arms.

It was in Carstairs' mind to say something about it when the lovely creature cried out with a little gasp, "He's coming to!" Whereupon Will Farland released Janet Bell from his embrace and turned to Carstairs with apologetic concern.

"I'm sorry I hit you," he said, bending over the couch on which Carstairs lay. "I guess I lost my temper."

Carstairs looked up at him with the vague feeling that the back of his head had burst open.

"You hit me?" he said.

"It was an accident!" cried the girl eagerly. "Will thought you were accusing him of killing poor Jake McQuestin!"

Slowly Carstairs remembered.

"That's so!" he cried. "Jake McQuestin!"

tin!" Recalling his duty he leaped to his feet and stood swaying dizzily. "You—" he began, and then stopped short, realizing that he stood alone in the room with a murderer who had the strength of a bull, and that he wasn't feeling any too well.

The door opened and James Bell entered his quiet home. He was a keen-eyed, shaggy man of middle age, who bore more than a slight resemblance to an Airedale.

"What's brewin'?" he cried. He looked sharply from Carstairs, whose whirling brain made him stand stiff as a martinet, to Farland's worried face. "Ah," he said, "I see!" He turned accusingly upon Farland. "Ye're in trouble with the police!" he cried.

"No, Dad!" cried Janet. "It was an accident!"

"An accident?" Bell appealed to Carstairs.

Carstairs thought things over and de-

The red flush rose slowly over the face of Will Farland.

"Father!" begged Jennie.

"I mean it!" roared Bell.

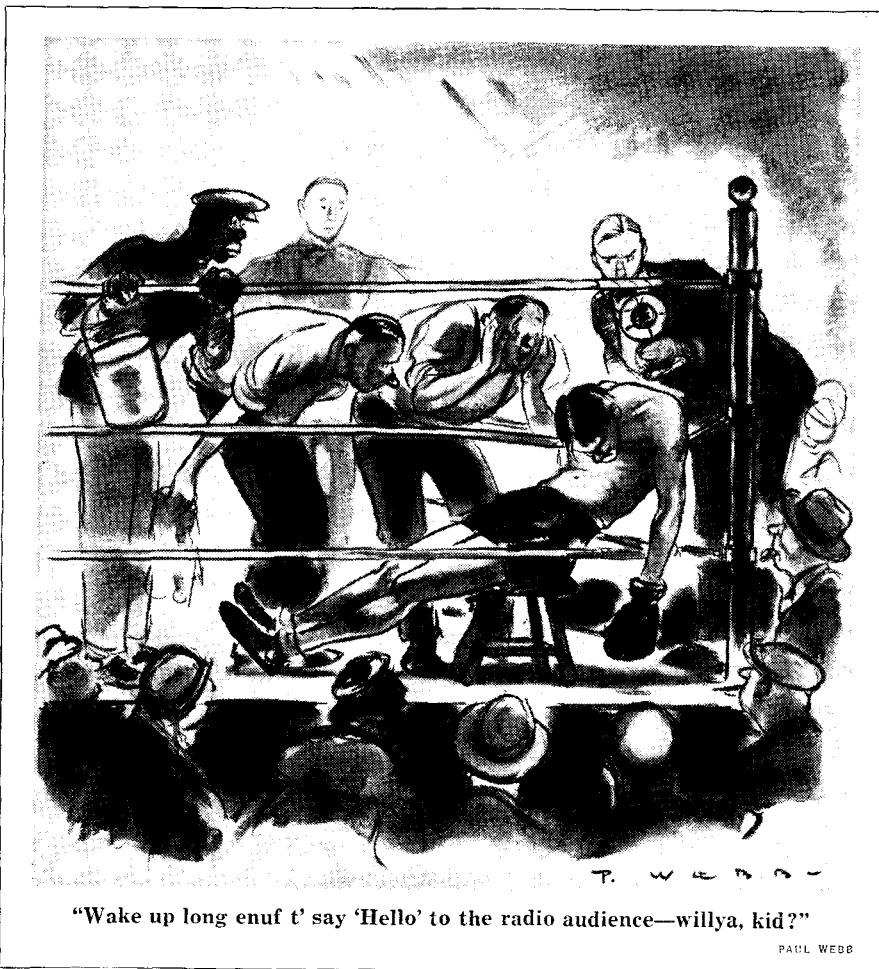
"Let him take me," growled Farland, "if he thinks he can."

THERE was a creak of wheels in the road outside and a splash of bright scarlet in the sunlight. Then the door opened briskly and Constable Barradine appeared with a lean man who towered beside him. With the feeling of a condemned man set free, Corporal Carstairs leaped to his feet.

"When I take you," he rapped out at Farland, "it will be for the murder of Jake McQuestin!"

"Murder!" cried Bell. "Murder!"

Farland glanced quickly at the scarlet coat in the doorway, at the scarlet coat that confronted him—and then Janet Bell was at his elbow, her arm linked in his.



"Wake up long enuf t' say 'Hello' to the radio audience—willya, kid?"

PAUL WEBB

cided that the odds were still against him.

"Yes," he said; "it was a kind of accident."

"And what was the accident?" demanded Bell. The three of them stared at him in silence. "I demand to know!" he cried. "This is my house. This girl is my daughter. And, by Jericho, it looks as if this barroom bully has struck a member of the Mounted Police under my own roof!"

HIS eyes blazed balefully upon Farland for a moment, then turned to Carstairs, who sank back upon the couch.

"You can take him to jail, Corporal Carstairs," he cried. "He's not welcome here! I'm only two days back from a winter at Fort McMurray, or I should have sent him away before. Since he was fired from the mills last week he has been persecuting us with his presence! I'd be glad to see you arrest him!"

"You'd better all sit down," she said quietly. "There must be some mistake."

She pulled Farland down to sit beside her on the couch.

"We can decide that," said Carstairs coldly, "by half a dozen questions." He cast a frigid eye upon the two newcomers. "Who is your friend, Barradine?" he asked.

"E's a bloomin' witness," said Barradine brightly. "Name of Burstall: Spike Burstall, lydies an' gents." He urged Burstall proudly forward and Spike, whose single eye was inadequately balanced by the droop of the opposite lid, leered on the company in a way to make flesh crawl.

"I thought he was in—in Red Rapids," said Carstairs.

"Released from jail larst Thursday," said Barradine cheerfully, "an' headin' up the river. I traveled with 'im as far as Garnet, an' when I 'eard of this case I trotted up after 'im, knowin' you'd want to arsk 'im a few questions,

Cawpril. It would 'a' done yer 'eart good to see 'ow pleased 'e wos to come when I told 'im 'is old friend Jake 'ad been murdered while 'e wos in jail." With a hideous grin Spike nodded confirmation of these remarks.

"Then tell them the truth!" boomed Farland. "Tell them how I left McQuestin in his cabin on the Bloodvein in December. You were there. You saw me go!"

All eyes turned upon Burstall, whose single orb rolled warily from Carstairs to Barradine to Farland.

"That's so," he admitted. "You was there, Will, and I saw you go."

"What were you doing there, Burstall?" asked Carstairs.

"I went up to see Jake about a property we owned together at Red Rapids. I had a chance to sell it."

"And Farland parted company with McQuestin while you were there?"

"That's right. Will loaded all his stuff on a sled and lit out."

"Why?"

"How should I know? Bad feeling, I s'pose."

"That's a lie!" roared Farland. "I went into the Caldron River country looking for white foxes. You heard us talking about it."

Fixing him regretfully with his one good eye, Burstall sorrowfully shook his head.

"No, Will," he said. "I couldn't rightly say I heard anything like that."

"You..." Farland leaped to his feet. Carstairs rose. Barradine stepped forward.

"You can all talk better sitting down," cried Janet clearly. She drew Farland back to the couch like an equestrian handling a fractious horse. The men slowly subsided.

"WHEN Farland left McQuestin's place, did you see him load his sled?" asked Carstairs grimly.

"I helped him," said Burstall.

"Good. Did he take away with him a pair of scarlet Hudson's Bay blankets?"

Burstall shook his head.

"They was Jake's," he said. "I've seen him use 'em. Will was only carryin' a double caribou robe."

"Did you see him take away a tin box containing private papers belonging to McQuestin?"

Burstall hesitated, glancing warily at Farland.

"I want the truth!" snapped Carstairs.

"No," said Burstall slowly. "I seen everything he took. There wasn't no tin box."

"How long did you stay with McQuestin after Farland left?"

"Until about the middle of January. Then I moved down to a stone house Jake and me built where the Bloodvein runs into the Tawny, and I trapped around there till the end of February, about."

"And then?"

"I went down to Red Rapids to sell some pelts, an'... I had trouble there."

"As far as you know then, Farland didn't return to McQuestin's camp up to the end of February?"

"No. He must've come back later."

"Hey!" Farland surged upward again furiously.

"Not now, dear!" murmured Janet. Farland subsided under black scowls from Father Bell.

"Why do you say he must have come back later?" asked Carstairs.

"Why, to get the blankets and the box," said Burstall.

"The cawpril didn't sye 'e 'ad the blankets an' box," remarked Barradine suddenly. He had been listening to Carstairs' examination with his head cocked sideways and an appreciative sparkle in his eye. Burstall's lean face was comical in astonishment.

"That's so!" he cried. "Durned if I didn't get the idee he had 'em, though."

Carstairs turned squarely upon Farland.

"When did you go back for the blankets and the box?" he demanded.

"I didn't!" Farland glowered balefully upon Burstall. "If you had let me talk I could have saved you time."

"Talk now!" said Carstairs. "Where'd you go when you left McQuestin?"

"Up north, into the Caldron country. I'd talked it over with Jake and we agreed it was a good place for white foxes."

"That was in December?"

"Yes, after Christmas. First thing after leaving Jake I went down to the stone house on the Tawny that Jake and Burstall had used. Jake wanted me to get his blankets and his box that he'd left there, and keep them for him."

"Why?"

"He was afraid Burstall would get them. He and Burstall had split."

"SO YOU took his blankets and valuables from the stone house and moved north!" Carstairs smiled skeptically.

"I did. I went up the Tawny River to Elder Creek and made a camp there with an Indian named Isaac Latzi. Then I made inland to the headwaters of the Caldron."

"When did you leave Latzi's camp?"

"About the middle of February. Isaac helped me tote my load over the divide."

"Then?"

"I stayed in the Caldron country until along toward the end of May. Then I took my pelts into Fort Dufand and then..."

"When did you reach Dufand?"

"May thirtieth."

Carstairs gazed at him intently.

"May thirtieth," he murmured gravely.

There was a portentous silence. The room stared breathlessly at Farland and a slow flush crept over his face.

"And then?" urged Carstairs.

"I came right down here and got a job at Beiden's mill." Farland's voice sank deeply into his throat. He knew, as did everyone in the room, that the date of McQuestin's murder had been placed between May twentieth and the beginning of June.

"Now tell me," urged Carstairs softly. "Between May twentieth and May thirtieth you were traveling from the Caldron River to Fort Dufand?"

Farland nodded slowly.

"Good." Carstairs paused and tongued his lips. "Did you meet anyone on the way?" he demanded abruptly.

The room was filled with a startled silence. Then Farland leaped to his feet, looking about him like an animal at bay.

"You're crazy!" he cried. "I didn't kill him! Why should I? He was my friend!"

CARSTAIRS and Barradine were erect, now, and close to him. Janet stood at his side, deathly pale.

"Did you meet anyone on the way?" repeated the clear voice of Carstairs.

"No!" cried Farland. "It's true! I didn't see a human soul from the time I left Latzi to the day I reached Dufand! It's true! There wasn't anybody that saw me!" His hunted eyes stared desperately at Carstairs, and Carstairs gazed back as coldly, as impersonally, as a graven image of Justice on a courthouse square. Barradine, his head cocked quizzically, seemed to be waiting for something to happen.

"You'll have to come with us," said Carstairs coldly.

Farland stepped forward, falling in between the two officers like a dazed animal. Carstairs moved toward the door.

"Wait a minute!" The clear voice of the girl sounded with a peculiar note of incongruity in the hushed atmosphere

of the room. They all turned and looked at her.

"It's got to come out sometime," she said. "You might as well know it now." She gazed at her father for a moment as if she pitied him and then turned back to Carstairs. When she spoke her voice sounded crisp and cool, like a teacher's explaining something to a class of children.

"Will couldn't tell you where he was since the first of May," she said, "because he's been here, at Pleasant Meadow."

"Jennie!" cried her father.

"But Ping Foster didn't vacate his cabin till last week!" said Carstairs heavily.

"Will wasn't at Foster's cabin," said Janet coolly. "He was here, in this house, with me."

"That's a lie!" shouted Bell.

"Jennie!" cried Farland. "You fool!"

"I can't help it!" cried Janet. "And I'm not ashamed of it!" She wasn't either; that was eloquent in the radiance of her eyes and the proud flush of her cheeks. "I love him, Dad! I love him more than I love you or anything else in the world. You tried to keep us apart, but you couldn't. If he hadn't come here I'd have gone to him! Wherever he was! I love him!" In front of them all she went over to Farland and threw her arms about him, holding him close to her, tilting up her face for his kiss. He gave her the kiss, but then, in vast embarrassment, he took her arms from about his neck. Freed from his embrace, she turned to Carstairs.

"Does that explain where Will was to your satisfaction?" she demanded.

Carstairs gazed at her with a worried frown. It was Constable Barradine who replied.

"No," he said briefly, "it don't."

"But it's true!" she insisted.

Constable Barradine smiled upon her good-naturedly.

"If it is," he said, "you ort to be ashamed of yerself. If it ain't, I'm proud to know yer. But either way, it don't signify. Wot interests me is that Burstall's willin' to tyke 'is oath that Farland left McQuestin on the Blood-vein in December. That's true, ain't it?" he demanded of Burstall.

BURSTALL'S one eye regarded him suspiciously.

"Yes," he admitted, "that's true."

"Then, allowin' two or three weeks for travel, Farland was with Isaac Latzi until the middle of Febewary." He cocked his head persuasively at Burstall. "We can check that," he pointed out, "with Latzi."

"O' course," mumbled Burstall, "you can check it."

"But what does that prove?" demanded Carstairs impatiently. "Nothing!"

"Beggin' yer pardon, Cawpril, it proves that when Jake McQuestin was murdered Will Farland was campin' with Latzi on Elder Creek."

"You're crazy!" howled Burstall; but above his cry sounded the voice of the girl.

"Will!" she sang. "Oh, Will!"

"But the body was only three weeks dead," protested Carstairs. He was feeling again the dazed helplessness of seeing Barradine take control. "McQuestin couldn't have been killed before May twentieth!" he cried.

"'E was killed," said Barradine stoutly, "before January seventeenth."

"But how was the body kept—"

"On ice!" snapped Constable Barradine. "Doncha see, Cawpril, that's why the murderer trussed it up the way it was."

Carstairs scowled upon him, vastly agitated.

"What's your evidence?" he demanded.

"Well, Cawpril," Barradine wrinkled his brow as one perplexed, "first there's the ruddy pole 'e was trussed to. When first I looked at it I sez to meself, 'This is a tree that was cut before the sap 'ad run.' An' it was; which meant it was cut before May. Then you remember I reckernized the tree, an' if you'll look at my report of the patrol I made to McMurray larst winter, you'll find I stopped at McQuestin's cabin the night of January seventeenth. Well, there wasn't nobody there, an' this 'ere tree, wot I used to 'ang me meat sacks on, 'ad been cut down before I got there."

"But it might have been lying there—"

"It wosn't," said Barradine. "Then there was the clo'es that was on the body. A man don't wear two suits of 'eavy woolens arfter the end of March."

"But, remember, he had no shirt or coat."

"No. An' why not? Because in the winter a man don't wear shirts an' coats; 'e wears a parka, made out of caribou 'ide. An' where was McQuestin's parka? I arks to know." He paused and looked about him, but received no answer. "Then I'll tell yer where it wos!" he snapped brightly. "It wos blinkin' well cut up into strips to tie McQuestin to that perishin' pole with."

"BUT why? Why lash a corpse to a pole?"

"To transport it, for one thing, to some place well away from the cabin—down to that stone 'ouse on the Tawny, f'rinstance. An' then again, to keep the body from curlin' up while it was stowed away in a crack between the ice an' the shore, till the thaw came to wash it down in the flood like it was accidentally drowned. Proper cold storage, that wos."

"An interesting theory," said Carstairs. "But the murderer would have cut the pole away before letting the body go."

"R," said Barradine softly, with a sudden friendly arm on Burstall's shoulder. "That wos wot spoiled it. You see before the murderer of ole Jake McQuestin could come back an' cut away that alder pole, blessed if 'e wosn't in jail at Red Rapids for swindlin' 'is landlord!"

There was a sound like that of a timber wolf robbed of its kill and Burstall hurled himself upon Barradine, who stumbled back a pace at the onslaught. As he fell back he snatched at Burstall's throat but the man twisted out of his grasp and pulled free, with Barradine's revolver in his hand. He shoved the muzzle hard against the scarlet tunic but before he could press the trigger Farland had stepped forward and struck him once—as an angry man might strike a dog—and Burstall clattered to the floor like a dead man.

THEY carried Burstall, manacled, to the buckboard, but Farland didn't help them, being otherwise employed. Carstairs walked down the trail for his horse and while he waited for him Barradine stood in front of the house thoughtfully regarding Janet Bell as she lingered in the doorway with Farland's arm protectively about her.

"I 'ope ye're properly ashamed o' yerself, young lady," he remarked severely. "A narsty shock to give yer pore ole father. With 'im away at 'is work in Fort McMurray, too."

But the brazen beauty laughed in her lover's arms.

"Pay no attention to anything my daughter may have said, Mr. Barradine," said James Bell. He stood beside the buckboard, looking like a wistful Airedale. "She is an outrageous liar."

"You can look at it either way you like," rumbled Farland contentedly. "I'm going to make her an honest woman."

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY



Travel the great scenic route

to **California** in

COMFORT • SAFETY • ECONOMY

via the Pacific Northwest

Stopover privileges everywhere

1000 added wonders

The Shasta Route

Low-priced meals

Very low fares

Information at any Ticket Office or Passenger Department, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Route of the famous air-conditioned

EMPIRE BUILDER

via Scenic Glacier Park between Chicago, Twin Cities and Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, California, Alaska, Hawaii

AMAZING NEW INVENTION!
Wanted: Local County Managers

The new mechanical eye fire alarm. Sends out loud warning when fire starts. No batteries or wires. Big demand stores, factories, schools, hospitals, homes, country estates, stock farms, etc. Bears Reexamination Service Mark of Underwriters' Laboratories. Endorsed by fire chiefs. Write for this money-making opportunity.
FIRE-CRY COMPANY, Dept. 10-D
1300 E. First Street, DAYTON, OHIO



WIN A BIKE
And 300 Other Prizes

NO COST To You



What a thrill to ride down Main Street on this deluxe model motorbike, fully equipped! Besides this bike, win a printing press, Print letterheads, cards, circulars; make money. Get 300 other prizes—all without cost. Earn SPENDING MONEY. Gain valuable business training. Just make regular deliveries of Collier's, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion to customers in your neighborhood. It's easy. Will not interfere with school or play. Mail the coupon NOW and we'll start you.

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-124
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me winning MONEY and PRIZES at once.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Meet the Navajos

Continued from page 11

their clan and that Faris had better see to it. They were being punished for having used a corn cultivator. Faris hurried to the hogan of the head of the clan and there, standing silent and humiliated, were three youths. Around them sat the elders and one by one they were verbally castigating the youngsters. It was a punishment more terrible than physical beating to them. Words of scorn came in a steady stream at the lads. Faris asked what it was all about. The caciques have an immense respect for Faris. He is, as far as a white man can be, one of them.

"These boys have insulted our gods," they told him. "Corn should be sown and grown and gathered just as our people have always done—in the manner set down many centuries ago by the Great Spirit. It should be gathered by hand. Our people should not use your cultivators upon corn."

"But," Faris interrupted in bewilderment, "you use our tractors, our binders, our threshers, our cultivators on wheat and barley and oats—why not on corn?"

The cacique smiled and, as though talking to a child, explained, "Corn is something which the Great Spirit gave the Navajos hundreds of years ago. He told, in a message, some great cacique of olden days how to plant it and gather it and we have always done just that in that manner. The white man came and he gave us wheat and oats and barley. But we had corn long before the white man came. We will use the white man's method when we raise the things that he gave us. But corn was a gift to us alone from the Great Spirit. We will raise it as He told us to."

Faris was in a spot, and he knew it. He had to give the old man a plausible answer to that one or he, and through him Washington, would lose face with the tribe. He thought fast.

"I agree with you," he said gravely, "that you should use the methods revealed to your caciques by the Great Spirit. The same spirit has told us how to raise corn with cultivators. I am sure that the Great Spirit has tried to tell your caciques, too, how to raise corn in our manner, but I think your caciques have not been on the job. I don't think they have been listening to the voice of the Spirit."

The old man nodded thoughtfully. "That may be," he admitted, "but nevertheless until he does we will use the old way."

Faris admitted defeat but he was able to retreat gracefully. He had been able to give the cacique a reasonable explanation of why the whites used machinery in the gathering of corn. Henceforth there would be no antagonism to the white man's methods. Oh, they would be ignored all right, and the Indians would go on in the same old way, but they would not resent the new methods.

Marriage and Divorce

This is not a tale of fifty or a hundred years ago. It is a story of something which happened a few months ago. The Navajos are true to their traditions and true to the religion which was theirs when the white man came upon this continent.

American civilization has made no headway at all among the Navajos, which may explain their rugged independence, their comparative freedom from disease and their resentment of anything that savors of patronage. Missionaries of all faiths have for years been trying to "Christianize" the Navajos. They have made very little progress. Even they will admit that.

I talked to an old Indian, one of the fifty per cent of the tribe who spoke English. He spoke of the missionaries with tolerance, amusement, and he spoke of some of them with affection.

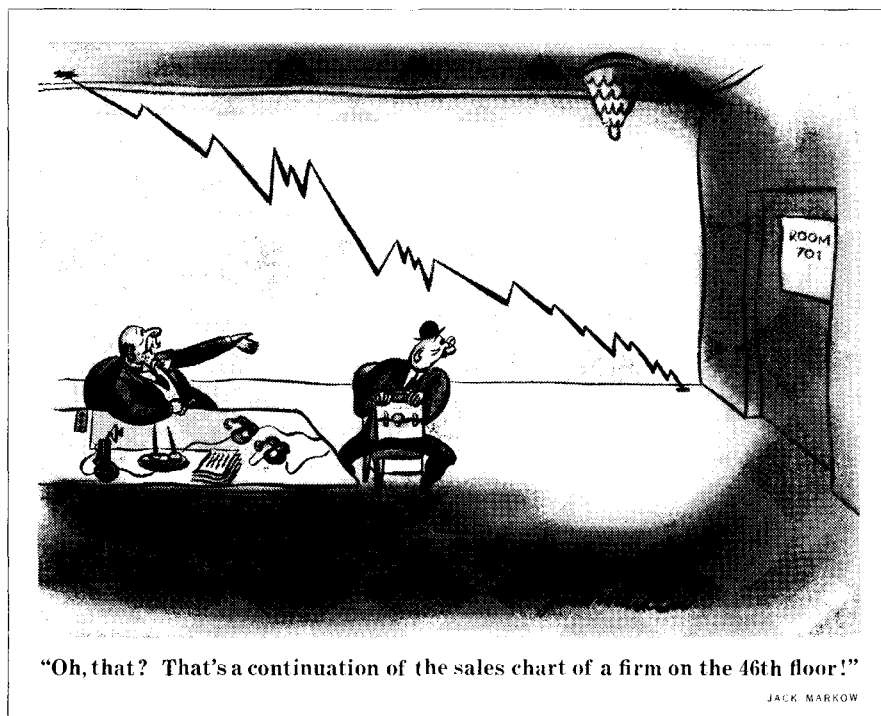
"They do not bother us much," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "They come and say, 'My God is the true one. You should worship Him.' We say, 'Sure, sure.' Then another one comes and says, 'You have been worshipping the wrong gods. My God is the only one.' We say 'All right. We will worship Him.' We listen to the missionaries, for some of them are good men. But it amuses us. You know, white men seem to have so many different gods. We Indians have many gods, too, but there is only one Great Spirit. We Indians do not quarrel about our gods as you white men do. All of our hogans face to the East."

A hogan is a house. All Navajos live in circular huts, built of logs with earth stopping the cracks and with roofs of mud and brush. The door always opens to the East. When an Indian emerges from his hogan in the morning, the sun smiles upon him. Missionaries may come and go and they may preach their theology to silent, respectful congregations

more moral than we are. Before a Navajo woman takes such a drastic step she will invariably consult with the head of her clan—which is her family. She will talk to the elders and state her case and ask their advice. If they agree that she has just cause, that the husband is lazy, won't support her, or is unfaithful (a rare complaint), then she will go ahead. But, strangely enough, I would say that the percentage of divorce is lower among the Navajos than it is among us."

A True Nomad

In the matter of marriage the Navajo code is rigid. A Navajo must marry within his tribe—but he may not marry within his clan. It was the late Anna Wilmarth Ickes, historian of the Navajos, who first noted the similarity between the moral code of the Navajos and the precepts of the Old Testament. It is almost as though the Old Testament were borrowed from the Navajos. "An eye



but a Navajo and the sun seem to enjoy a little quiet joke just between themselves. After all, the sun was there long before the prophets brought the religion of the white man to this world. Of course the Navajos will accept Christianity—but they will still build their hogans facing to the East.

In the matter of marriage and divorce the Navajo still follows his old custom. He is very suspicious of marriage by a clergyman or a justice of the peace. If he is married by one of these he can never be divorced. It is an odd quirk of the law that Indians come entirely under federal jurisdiction. Of course a state official can marry an Indian couple, but he cannot divorce them. No Indian can go into a state court asking divorce. The state says, "You are wards of the federal government. Go to it for your divorce." But there is no provision in federal statutes for divorce—which makes a married Indian very much a man without a country.

So they follow the old custom of divorce. If a Navajo woman wants to divorce her husband she waits until he leaves the hogan. Then she merely places his moccasins outside the door. When he comes home and sees them there he knows what it means.

"Divorce, of course, is thus made very easy," Faris says, "but the Navajos are fundamentally a very moral people, far

for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is their creed. "Cursed be he who moveth his neighbor's landmark" is virtually law in the Navajo country. Marriage is still a matter of purchase from the bride's family, a custom which reminds one of the story of Rachel in the Old Testament.

I was on the reservation when Mrs. Ickes died a few months ago. Chee Dodge, the unofficial chieftain of the tribe, said sadly, "It is always like that. We find a true friend whom we love and who understands us, and then she is taken away from us. Mrs. Ickes was the greatest friend we Navajos ever had. It is as though one of our family died."

The Navajo has an inherited and inherent horror of death. He, too, has a very practical way of disposing of his dead. He does it and has done it for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, by cremation. When a Navajo becomes gravely ill, a temporary hogan is built for him. He is removed to it. It is always built at some distance from the home of the family. When he dies the hogan containing the body is burned. The Navajos don't know the origin of this custom. Perhaps some wise cacique a thousand years ago associated death with contagion and realized that the sanitary way to dispose of a body was to burn it.

Unconsciously perhaps, the Navajos manage to avoid disease. Almost all of

their customs seem to owe their origin to basic health principles. They will never, for instance, cluster in villages or communities. The Navajo is a true nomad. Go through the reservation and you will never see more than two or at the most three hogans standing together. They move to new pastures frequently. Families are usually separated by a mile or more. A Navajo family may be stricken with a contagious disease. There is no danger of any other family contracting it. Incidentally, when sickness comes the Navajo doesn't call in the white man's doctor—he calls for a medicine man just as his forefathers did.

The medicine man will chant songs and sing to the gods asking their aid. If this seems barbarous, look at it in the light of our contemporary religions. In illness our clergymen pray for our recovery. They ask their congregations to offer up prayers. That, in effect, is what the Navajo medicine man is doing. When he squats in front of a sick man's hogan, bedecked in eagle feathers (which must be obtained without shedding of any blood), painted and grotesque-looking, singing fervently, he is telling the gods that the sick man has faith and that he now asks divine aid.

C. G. Newcomb has been an Indian trader for thirty years. His store in the remote Crystal Valley is one of the largest trading posts patronized by the Navajos. He speaks their language as they do. He is trusted by them. He knows them as few white people do. Listen to what he says:

Emulating Their Ancestors

"The Navajo today is like the Navajo of a hundred years ago except that he doesn't carry weapons, but that is only because he doesn't need them. In all of my years here I can truthfully say that I have never known a Navajo who had wholeheartedly embraced the white man's religion. I have never met one who didn't worship and live according to the tenets of his fathers. Oh, the young ones go to school and some go to college. They come back full of new ideas, but gradually they relinquish them and come back to the customs of the fathers. They are better off that way, I think. We traders do not do much business with money. It is all barter. A Navajo brings me in a rug. We bargain amiably for perhaps an hour. I want to give him four dollars for it. He wants six. Almost invariably we'll settle for perhaps five and a half dollars. They are great traders, these Navajos. Now he won't take my money. He'll take \$5.50 worth of sugar, coffee, canned stuff."

It is interesting to look at Newcomb's books. He shows a list of perhaps two hundred Indians who owe him money for provisions.

"The Navajo is the finest credit risk in the world," Newcomb laughed, when I asked if he had trouble collecting. "All winter long I carry accounts on my books knowing that when the spring comes and the sheep are sheared I'll get my money or its equivalent. The same thing is true during the summer. In the fall he sells or trades his lambs and then he comes and pays me. No, I have very few bad accounts and those I have," he frowned, "are all from Indians who went to the cities of the white man to be educated and to learn, among other things, to cheat."

"Are they honest?" Newcomb laughed. "I was robbed once. I came to my store in the morning and found the doors had been forced and a considerable amount of jewelry gone. Three Navajos happened to come along and I told them about it. They were indignant. 'We will catch the thief and bring him to the police station in Gallup,' they told me gravely. I knew they would. They walked around the store, they picked up that

thief's trail as a bloodhound would. They found where he had tied his horse. They discovered the direction in which he had gone. They said, 'You go to Gallup now. We will be there in three hours with the thief.' I went to Gallup immediately. In three hours they turned up with the thieving Navajo and with every piece of missing jewelry. It was the kind of tracking you used to read about in the books of James Fenimore Cooper. They had tracked this thief over desert and sagebrush and rocky trails. Are the Navajos honest? That's the only time in thirty years I was ever robbed."

There is one question upon which the elders in the tribe are divided. Is it wise to send young men to the white man's colleges to be educated? Let's ask Chee Dodge about that.

Chee Dodge is very old and very wise. "Is it good for my people to go among the cities and go to their colleges? I do not know. They learn much that is good, but, too, they learn much that is bad. There are those like my son, now leader of the Tribal Council, who have brought their knowledge back to us and helped us. There are others, many others, who have succumbed to the soft life of the cities. They get to thinking that unimportant things are important. The pleasures of a white man's city are not for the Indian. We do better, I think, when left alone. We do better to follow the ways of our fathers."

That is the consensus among the elders of the tribe. The ways of the ancestors are best. They cling to them.

The problem of educating the young Navajos to a point where they will be able, if necessary, to compete with white men upon even terms has always been a perplexing one. The white man's culture is in the main quite different from the Indian culture and it is difficult to teach the young Indians the white man's point of view without insulting and mocking the Indian traditions—something which the Department of Indian Affairs is meticulous about avoiding.

Years ago there were boarding schools to which the young Navajos were sent. The purpose of these, according to a report submitted to Charles J. Rhoads, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, seemed to be "to destroy Indian family and community life, to make the young realize that Indian life was bad and that it must be superseded by the white man's civilization."

The present administration realized, as Rhoads did, that this was a barbarous attempt to destroy a civilization that antedated ours. Public Works money was utilized to establish community schools which would teach the youngster everything that it was necessary that he know—not only the three R's but how to build a hogan; how to grind corn and make bread; how to draw and how to weave rugs and blankets. Both the Navajo and the English languages are used.

An Age-Old Custom

The Navajos, being deeply religious, know that there is a life after death and that somewhere there is a haven to which their spirit must travel. They know, too, that if they are heavily burdened with sin the trip will be a long, tedious one and so they like to have a horse accompany them. The custom was to kill the favorite horse of a dead Indian so that the spirit of the horse could help the Indian in his travel to the Happy Hunting Ground. The Bureau of Indian Affairs finally issued an order forbidding the killing of horses at funerals and henceforth Indians had to go forth into the spirit world unmounted. But sometimes the age-old custom was stronger than the white man's law. And sometimes...

His Indian name was Red Wolf but when he went to the white man's school they changed it to Adam Redman. He

went to the Episcopal Mission school, which was presided over by the well-loved Reverend John Roberts, one clergyman who has the wholehearted respect of all Indians. Adam grew to manhood, became a soldier, then a policeman and in his later years a night watchman at the Indian agency, the headquarters for the white workers. He was industrious, faithful and religious. He found nothing inconsistent in embracing the Episcopal faith while holding on to his own Indian beliefs.

Adam was a great favorite of Chester Faris and the latter depended upon him a great deal. One day Adam came to Faris and told him that he was going to sell one of his two horses. He would keep his best horse—a gray—but he wanted to sell his other horse. He had many debts and he wanted to pay them all in full.

Faris knew that his only debts were a few current accounts with local merchants, debts which Adam's monthly check would be ample to cover, but he couldn't dissuade Adam from selling that horse.

During the next few weeks Faris noticed that Adam asked about weather reports almost every day. It seemed odd to Faris especially when Adam invariably asked, "Will it snow tomorrow?"

The Dream That Came True

Then Adam fell sick. Faris visited him. Adam didn't seem to be very ill. He refused to allow Faris to bring a doctor but when Faris left he asked, "Is it snowing?" Faris smilingly said that it never looked less like snow.

An old friend of Adam's was with him and he walked out of the hogan with Faris. His name was Sherman Sage and he was known to be something of a mystic in addition to being an Indian of fine character.

He told Faris the story of a dream that Adam had had some weeks before. "The Great Spirit in a dream revealed to Adam that he would die with the first snowfall. That is why Adam sold one of his horses to pay his debts. Adam has made all funeral arrangements with me. He wants Father Roberts to conduct the services."

Faris tried to laugh it off: "But Sherman, you don't believe a silly dream like that?"

Sherman looked rather pityingly at Faris as though he were sorry for a man who couldn't see an obvious truth, but he said nothing. That night Faris again stopped in to see the sick man. He seemed better but very tense as though he were waiting for something.

"Is it snowing yet?" he asked Faris.

Faris smilingly shook his head and then after a short visit he prepared to leave. He opened the door and a gust of wind blew several snowflakes into the room. Adam saw them, raised himself from his pillow and said, "Now it is snowing."

Then Faris says that a peaceful, placid expression replaced the tense look on Adam's face. He sighed, relaxed and fell asleep. He never awoke from the sleep. Four hours later he was dead. The dream had been fulfilled.

He was buried two days later—but his story does not end with the grave. In conformance with Indian custom the favorite horse of the deceased was ridden to the funeral. After the services the big gray was taken back to the stable at the Central Agency. It was snowing gently now. Adam's nephew, Albert Chiefly, put out feed for the horse and then he heard the school bell ringing to give notice that it was 5:30 and time for the evening meal. He went to dinner.

Twenty minutes later an Indian lad walked into the stable and found that the big gray was gone. He hurried out. The snow had stopped. It lay there fresh and untrampled. The horse was gone—

there wasn't a single mark on the snow to show where he had gone. There were no tracks in front of the stable's two entrances.

Faris was called for and he instituted a search for the missing horse. If it had been stolen there should have been footprints of at least one man. But there were neither horse's tracks nor the prints of a man's shoes.

They Still Are Shepherds

Three days later the horse was found. Its body was found in a shallow irrigation ditch not far from the stable. Ordinarily there was but an inch or two of water in the ditch. The horse had leaped or fallen into the ditch, his body had served as a dam, the water had risen several inches and the horse had drowned. No bones were broken. He had drowned in less than a foot of water. Faris was stunned. He had to rationalize the strange disappearance of the horse from the stable and its subsequent death. The Indians themselves were awed by the occurrence. Faris, understanding Indian nature thoroughly, called upon Sherman Sage, most respected leader in the tribe.

"I cannot explain what happened," Faris told the Indians. "We will let Sherman explain it and we will accept his explanation."

Sherman Sage examined the horse's body. He examined the irrigation ditch and then assembled the tribe before him.

"Do you think white man kill 'um horse?"

They hesitated and then each one answered, "No."

"Do you think Indian kill 'um horse?" This time they immediately cried, "No."

The old man stood up to his full height. "You are wrong," he said. "Indian did kill 'um horse. Adam himself kill 'um horse but Adam leaves no tracks now. Before Adam died he tell me that he need horse in other world. He did not want to kill horse but he needed horse bad. Forgive Adam for killing horse. Horse wanted to go. Now both are happy. You know I speak truth."

That is the explanation which the Indians have accepted, that the spirit of Adam came, untied the horse, led it from the stable and then made it lie down in the irrigation ditch. Faris himself after a thorough investigation cannot explain the incident.

"Sometimes," he says, "I realize that the Indian mind and Indian traditions are as unexplainable now as they were when the white man first came to this continent. I know that everything happened as I have told you concerning Adam and his horse. I know there were no tracks leading from the stable though snow had just fallen. Explain it? I can't explain it. Can you?"

Such is the Navajo of today. He has shown that he cannot be assimilated nor has he any desire to be assimilated into the culture and civilization that is the white man's. To date he has seen nothing which would lead him to believe that his culture, religion and civilization are inferior to the white man's. They live on these fifteen million acres of semiarid land. They know that to subsist they need twenty-two million acres. They look toward a sympathetic government which perhaps for the first time in history is really concerned for their welfare and they live in hope that their problem will soon be settled.

They are shepherds, and shepherds they want to remain. Being shepherds they are men of wisdom and faith. Shepherds have always been men of wisdom and faith. The most beautiful story of all, you'll remember, began with an angel appearing before three shepherds, three wise shepherds, who were tending their flocks outside the city of David, which was also called Bethlehem.



Walter Otteson, Minnesota

A Good Move for a PROFITABLE NEW YEAR!

IF YOU want more money to spend now, here's a pleasant and profitable way to earn it! Just send us your name and address on a penny post card or write a complete letter about your particular problems. You will receive by first class mail full information about our profitable plan.

Mr. Walter Otteson and Mrs. Ben McRee are just two of hundreds of men and women who are improving their finances by using our attractive money-making plan. The same opportunity is open to you. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make as much as \$1.00 or more an hour by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Magazines.

Write for Free Money-Making Plan

THE big feature of this plan is that both new and renewal subscriptions pay the same liberal commissions. This means that you can enjoy profits year after year by looking after the same subscriptions, while new ones swell your total earnings.

Paste the coupon on a penny post card or write a complete letter about your particular problems. At the most, you risk only 3¢ and you may make \$1.00 or more an hour. The sooner you mail the coupon, the sooner you will have more money to spend!

Mrs. Ben McRee
of Georgia



Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-57
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me your money-making plan.

Name

Address

Town

State



Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 21

instrument for a moment before picking it up.

"Cantavo speaking."

"Bill, this is Amy Martin."

"And it's three twenty-nine A. M.," said Cantavo, "and if you think anything in the world interests this old fiddler, you're crazy."

"But Bill, I've got to talk to you," pleaded the girl.

"Willy Jernegan felt the same way and so did Jack Rapport. Girl, you must have something. But whatever you have, it must keep until morning."

"It can't wait. Bill, I've got to see you."

"Dietrich and Garbo couldn't see me tonight. Be reasonable, Baby."

"I must see you tonight," she insisted.

"Listen, Amy, Willy Jernegan isn't going to kill himself for love of you, and Jack Rapport will only die in the chair. So put the pretty head on the pillow and let me do the same. Twelve sharp."

"Don't hang up, Bill," she cried. "It's not about Willy or Jack Rapport. And what do you mean about Jack? Have you seen him?"

"Am I a mind reader? He came to me tonight and said you'd better get in touch with him right away."

"Then you must see me." Her voice held a rising note that promised hysteria. "Bill, it's about Callingham—Mrs. Marsten."

"Why didn't you say so?" he cried. "Where are you?"

"I'm in a drugstore. I didn't dare call from my room. I don't dare tell you where I am."

"I think you're goofy," said Cantavo. "Or do you intend to come up here?"

"I'm afraid to. You'll have to come to see me."

"IT SOUNDS simple," said Cantavo. "I just walk out in the night and run into you somewhere. What's the matter with you? Do you think someone is listening on the wire?"

"I don't know. They might be."

"Is it love, drink or junk?"

"Don't kid, Bill. Will you meet me?"

"I guess I'm crazy, too. Sure I will. But where?"

"Bill, remember when you gave me an audition? Remember the song I sang for you? Don't mention it," she went on quickly. "But do you remember it?"

Cantavo thought a moment. In the course of a year he gave auditions to scores of ambitious singers. He was always searching for new talent.

"Yes, I remember."

He heard the click of the telephone and slowly hung up his own receiver.

"Santiago Strand."

He remembered the tune, popular a year or so ago. But what did that banal number have to do with Amy Martin's whereabouts? Then the answer came to him. The Santiago. Of course. He knew the hotel, and his lips pursed as he visualized Amy Martin living in that quietly sumptuous hostelry. He would like to bet a hundred dollars that nothing as young and lively as Amy Martin had ever registered at the Santiago before. It was a hotel the clientele of which was composed of highly respectable—and moneyed—elderly people who liked quiet. Cantavo had never been there, but he had heard of the place.

He shrugged himself into the coat he had just doffed. What on earth did Amy Martin know about Mrs. Marsten?

And she made it so darned mysterious, like something in a play. Afraid to tell him where she lived, daring only to give him the vaguest clue.

She had seemed alarmed when he mentioned Rapport's name. Come to think of it, Rapport had behaved rather strangely about Amy just a little while ago. What was it all about? What possible connection would there be be-

tween Rapport and Amy and Mary Marsten?

"Going out?" Sam met him in the living-room.

Cantavo nodded wearily.

"Miss Martin wouldn't wait until noon. She has to see me right away."

"I'll wait up for you, Boss."

Cantavo shook his head.

"Don't bother. I don't know when I'll be back."

HE DESCENDED to the street level. A sleepy night clerk eyed him curiously.

The night doorman spoke to him.

"Taxi, Mr. Cantavo?"

The Santiago was less than half a mile from Cantavo's hotel. Cantavo loved exercise, but gymnasiums and heated swimming pools held little appeal for him. Tonight was cold but bracing, invigorating. The air bit into his lungs. He decided to walk the short distance to the Santiago. Amy was pretty

The clerk shook his head.

"Not with me. She might have left a message with the doorman. I'll send for him." The clerk was eager; he prolonged the conversation, however trivial, with the great Bill Cantavo.

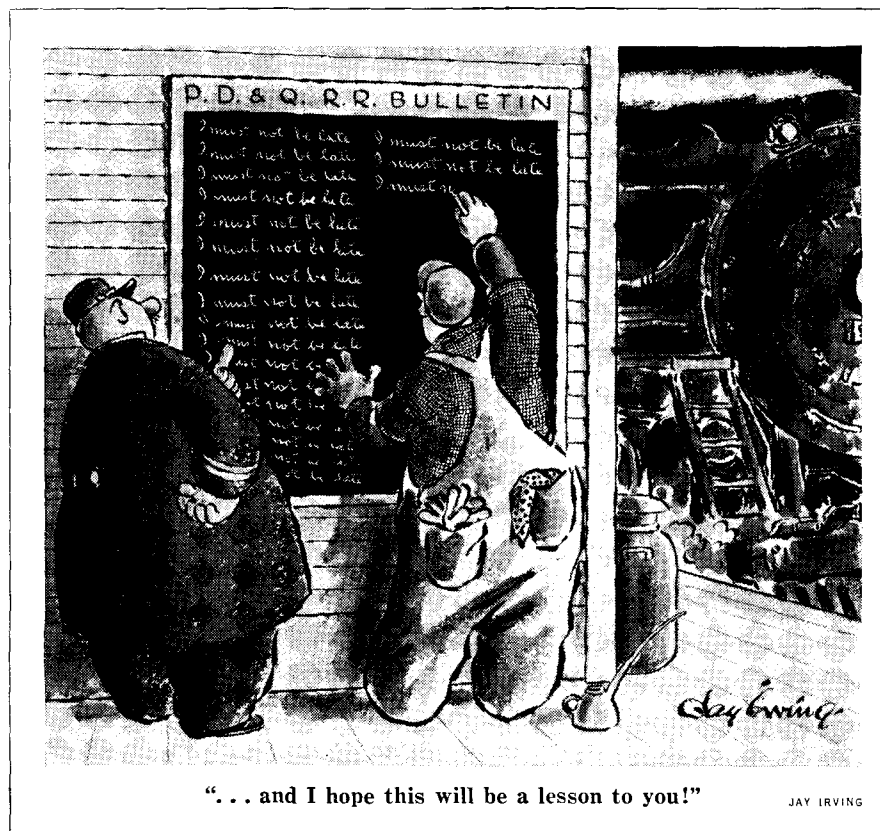
"No, thanks." The musician walked to the door. But Miss Martin had left no message for Mr. Cantavo. The doorman was emphatic about this.

So, puzzled, Cantavo retraced his steps to his own hotel. He spoke to the night clerk: "Any message for me while I've been out?"

"Not a word, Mr. Cantavo. Say, I sneaked down to the basement at one tonight. The engineer has a radio, and we listened to you on your sustaining program. Boy, they come and go, but there's only one Bill Cantavo. Gee, I wish you'd let me come to your broadcast Monday night."

"I'll leave two tickets for you Monday evening," said Cantavo.

He walked to the elevator. The clerk's



"... and I hope this will be a lesson to you!"

JAY IRVING

excited, but ten minutes more or less couldn't make much difference.

He grinned as he entered the girl's hotel. Amy didn't know it yet, but in the morning the management would politely tell her that valued clients, who had had an option on her room, had just arrived in town, and the Santiago would be most appreciative if Miss Martin would find it convenient to move. The Santiago would definitely disprove of women guests upon whom gentlemen called at four in the morning.

However, that was Amy's funeral, not his. He approached the clerk.

"Will you tell Miss Amy Martin that Mr. Cantavo is downstairs?"

THE clerk looked at him with sudden interest.

"Miss Martin? She came in a little while ago, but a gentleman called for her and she came down and went out with him."

Cantavo looked bewildered.

"You're sure?"

"Oh, absolutely, Mr. Cantavo."

"Did she happen to mention when she was returning? Did she leave any word for me?"

eyes followed him until the door clanged upon him. One swell guy, Bill Cantavo.

Cantavo let himself into his apartment. Sam instantly appeared in the living-room.

"Told you to go to bed," scolded the musician.

"I know, Boss, but I wasn't sleepy."

"Not much," scoffed Cantavo. He gave his hat and coat to his valet and once again entered his bedroom. He sat down and Sam pulled off his shoes. Pajama-clad, he finally climbed into his protesting bed.

"Sam, am I any heavier?"

The colored man grinned.

"Seems like there is a little more of you than there used to be, Boss."

"Maybe it's muscle," said Cantavo.

"Your bones is getting bigger, I guess," said the valet.

Cantavo chuckled. He reached for the light to turn it out, but his hand went instead to the telephone, which sounded at the moment.

"Hello," he said.

"Bill, this is Amy Martin. Bill, I'm awful sorry. But I was just squirrely. You know, lonesome and blue and thought you might cheer me up. I

didn't have a thing to say about the people I mentioned."

"Didn't you? And you weren't afraid someone was listening in?"

"Just nervous," said the girl. "Forgive me?"

"Sure," drawled Cantavo. "Where are you now?"

The receiver clicked. Cantavo leaned back on the pillows. His eyes were narrow, deeper sunken than usual. Why did Amy Martin lie to him?

FOR a full minute, eyes open, Cantavo stared at the ceiling. Usually, the act of waking preceded other physical movement by only a fraction of a second. There was no slow transition from sleep to complete consciousness. But this morning it took time for him to rescue all his faculties from the black abyss of unconsciousness. Cantavo's was not a quiet life. Into his waking hours were crowded all sorts of things, all conditions of people. But while events and personal contacts might tire his great body, his mind never was poisoned by fatigue.

But yesterday's events were a trifle too much, had been too numerous and exciting to leave him untouched. Slowly he emerged from the fog that seemed to close him in. He groaned involuntarily, unconsciously.

"Feeling bad, Boss?"

Cantavo propped himself up in bed and stared at his valet. He often wondered how it was that Sam knew, within a few seconds, the time of his master's awakening. The bedroom door was always closed and Cantavo knew that he awakened as silently as he slept. Nor did Sam ever tiptoe into the room and by some slight noise break Cantavo's slumber. Yet always the colored man was in the room practically as Cantavo's eyes opened.

"Not too good, Sam," Cantavo admitted.

The colored man nodded.

"I guessed you'd need a cup of coffee before you got out of bed," said Sam. He handed the musician a cup and Cantavo drank deeply.

"Any more bad news?" he asked.

Sam shook his head.

"That certainly was terrible, yesterday, Boss. That poor Mrs. Marsten. Looks to me like that Mr. Callingham wasn't worth all the grief he caused. The papers don't have nothing else in them. And that poor husband of hers. Her crushed under a train like a—"

Cantavo groaned and lifted a protesting hand. He closed his eyes in an effort to shut out the gruesome picture evoked by the valet's words.

"Don't talk about it, Sam," he said. "Anything important in the mail?"

Sam shook his head.

"Nothing that looked important, Boss. You want I should bring them in to you?"

"I haven't turned invalid," replied Cantavo. "I'll read them at breakfast and I don't need that in bed. What do I do today?"

"Looks like you ain't got a thing on your mind until you go to the Monroe tonight," grinned the valet. "This is Friday, Boss, your big day."

CANTAVO stared through the window. The day was gray, dour, unpleasant. He sighed with distaste. Why hadn't he taken that offer to play in Miami? If he were in Florida now he could be out on a golf course or sunning himself on a beach. And this afternoon he could go over to Hialeah and watch the horses run. Well, no use crying about that now. The Monroe had offered too much money. But next year would find him in the sunny South. A free day and what good was it? What could a man do outdoors in New York in February? Certainly neither of the two things that

Cantavo liked best, golf and swimming.

He sat up, pivoted on his hips and swung from the bed as lithely as a lad in his slim twenties. He bathed, put on a yellow dressing gown and went in to breakfast. He had finished a third cup of coffee when Sam announced Henderson.

The burly inspector grinned as he eyed the dressing gown.

"Man, do you remind me of the Shah of Persia!" he chuckled.

"You and the Shah being such pals," jeered Cantavo. "Coffee?"

Henderson shook his head, but sat down at the table.

"Reporters been bothering you?" he asked.

Cantavo shook his head.

"For a wonder they haven't."

"They will," said Henderson. "I passed a flock of them in the lobby. They'll buzz you plenty. Do something for me?"

"What is it? You know I will."

"I MADE a fool of myself yesterday," said Henderson. "I'm the hardboiled copper without any heart. And look what I did. Because I didn't want to make it tough for the Marstens, didn't want to attract attention, I send you to fetch Mrs. Marsten to me. You know, I thought she might have an out. I didn't see how she could, but I wanted to give her a break. And I thought if I went chasing around looking for her, it would start talk when maybe she could explain her visit to Callingham. There was one chance in a million that she could, and because the Marstens were friends of yours, I took that chance. And that gave that girl a chance to go out and kill herself." He sighed heavily.

"How could you guess she'd do anything like that? Don't be a fool, Jim. Anyway, you'd have done your best to put her in the chair. Why feel badly because she took what seemed to her an easier way? I mean, you can't blame yourself."

"Maybe I can't, but you know what the papers would do to me if you mentioned that I told you to bring her to me. They'd ride me to a finish. They'd say that I showed consideration to the Marstens because of their dough. Just don't mention it."

"Of course I won't," promised Cantavo.

Henderson stared at him.

"I haven't seen Marsten. I don't want to," he said. "But when you see him—well, I don't know how to put it in words. I'm a cop and my duty is to arrest criminals. I've got nothing to be ashamed of. But he seemed like a good lad. I liked the way he took a punch at me. I mean, while I was sore yesterday, still I had to respect him. Tell him, some time, that I'm sorry as hell."

"I know how you feel. I'll do that. I haven't heard from him this morning, but I'm going to ring his house pretty soon. I hate to see him. I mean, he's one of my best friends, and what can I do for him? He's taken it worse than anyone I ever knew. Life is a strange thing, Jim."

"You're telling me," said the inspector. He rose from the table, nodded a farewell and strode from the room.

CANTAVO'S forehead wrinkled. Imagine Jim Henderson with a soft spot in his heart! Then he shrugged and turned to the morning papers. But the hand that rested on the top sheet did not lift it. He couldn't read about the Marsten tragedy. He fingered the mail piled on the other side of his plate. He tried to keep his residence a secret. The vast majority of his mail went to the radio studio or to the Monroe. Graham's assistants saw to it that only important letters reached Cantavo. But his personal friends and too many of the public knew his hotel address and every

morning he found on his breakfast table from twenty to a hundred letters. He rose, leaving the letters unopened, and went into his bedroom.

There he permitted Sam to shave him and while this was being done he tried resolutely to keep his mind off the Marsten tragedy. Deliberately he thought about Amy Martin.

THERE was a screwy dame, if he'd ever met one! He had thought she was a rather stupid little girl; anyone that would fall for Willy Jernegan couldn't be too bright. But he hadn't known that she was light-headed. And she certainly had acted last night like one not in full possession of her good sense. He suddenly became indignant as he thought of what had happened last night. Why, he hardly knew the girl, and yet she had dragged him out of bed with a lot of idle chatter which, later, she had recanted over the telephone. She had plenty of nerve. He'd only met her twice in his life. Some agent, months ago, had pleaded with him to give the girl an audition. Cantavo was always seeking new talent. He had listened to the girl sing Santiago Strand. She'd been all right, but not outstanding. He couldn't possibly use her on his program and had told her, as gently as possible, that he couldn't find a place for her. One night recently, Willy Jernegan had stopped him as he passed their table at the Monroe, and had made him chat a minute with himself and Amy Martin. That was the whole extent of Cantavo's acquaintance with the girl. Of course, he had seen her frequently with Jernegan, and the gossips in his band had frequently commented, in his hearing, on the progress of the Martin-Jernegan affair.

Yet, last night, she had almost hysterically pleaded with him to come and see her. In order to make him consent, she had even mentioned the names of Callingham and Mrs. Marsten. Then she hadn't even waited for him at the address concerning which she had been so absurdly mysterious, but had gone blithely out with another caller. Completely mad!

Rapport had been mysterious, too. What was his great interest in Amy Martin? Cantavo frowned as he pondered this. The rackets weren't as profitable as they had been a couple of years ago. Could Rapport be involved in some scheme whereby he hoped to use Amy Martin as a lever to pry money from Willy Jernegan? Broadway was crawling with subterranean intrigue these days. Angrily he dismissed Amy Martin from his thoughts as Sam massaged lotion into his cheeks.

THE telephone rang as he stood undecided between a plaid checked suit of heavy tweed and a less exciting blue serge with a gray pin stripe. It was Penfold.

"Lost my client as soon as I got her," said the lawyer, "but much obliged to you just the same, Bill. And something else. I went to that Turkish bath and stayed there even though Malsted never did show up."

"I forgot all about him," confessed Cantavo. "The way things turned out he didn't seem to be needed."

"But you had the right idea, Bill. I got thinking last night. If I'm drinking so hard that you think it necessary to put a guard on me, it's time I quit. I've quit."

"Nice news, Penfold," said Cantavo. He hung up and then dialed Marsten's number. A servant connected him with Marcus Beeman.

"Tim's all right," said the lawyer. "I mean, he's standing up as well as could be expected. It's a dreadful blow, and I don't think he'll ever get over it, but he has courage, Mr. Cantavo. He doesn't

want to see anybody. He told me to tell you, if you telephoned, that in a day or so he wanted you to come around. But just now he can't face anyone."

"I know," said Cantavo. "I just wanted him to be sure that if he needs me I'll be handy."

He looked with indecision through the window. Friday and Sunday were the only days on which he was really free. The other days were taken up with rehearsals, the making of records, and such matters. And usually, when the weather was pleasant, his Fridays and Sundays were booked weeks ahead. But because of the inclement winter season, he had made no engagement for today. Restlessness possessed him. Action was the breath of life for him. To have nothing to do was almost worse than having some unpleasant task set him. Well, a walk was as good as anything else. So he donned a heavy coat and left the apartment.

IN THE lobby three men and a girl accosted him. Cantavo was always tactful with the press. The publicity that he received was not unimportant to his financial success. But today he protested gently against interviews.

"Marsten is one of my closest friends. Give me a break, will you? There isn't one thing in the world I can tell you that would be of the slightest interest."

Reluctantly they let him go. Cantavo walked to the cashier's office and cashed a check. As he turned away the telegraph operator called to him from her desk across the hall from the cashier's cage:

"This wire just came for you, Mr. Cantavo."

Cantavo walked over and took it from her. He opened the envelope and read its contents.

AFRAID TO TELEPHONE YOU SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT PLEASE MEET ME AT BENDEL'S RESTAURANT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU THERE TERRIBLY IMPORTANT

A. MARTIN

Cantavo's first impulse was to tear the message up and throw the pieces away. What sort of a game did Amy Martin think she was playing? If he went to Bendel's restaurant he'd probably find a letter there saying that she was sorry she'd made another mistake. The girl was unquestionably not quite right in her mind.

But, on those two occasions when he had met her, she had behaved with quiet dignity. There was no reason why she should annoy him deliberately. Furthermore, he had nothing to do today and he might just as well investigate the workings of Amy Martin's mind as walk aimlessly around the city.

He buttoned his coat up to the throat and stepped out into the wintry day. He spoke to the starter.

"Where's Bendel's restaurant?" he asked.

The starter shook his head.

"I don't know, but if you'll wait one second—"

He darted into the little office beside the front door, to emerge in a moment. "Columbus Avenue between Sixty-ninth and Seventieth Streets," he said.

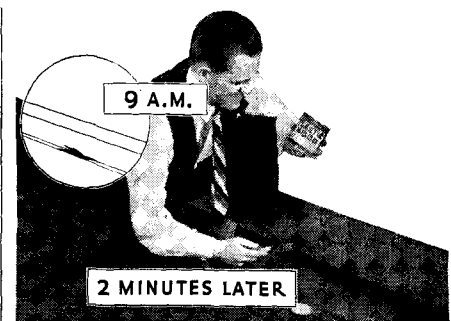
"Thanks," said Cantavo.

WELL, a mile and a half walk was just what he needed. He crossed Fifth Avenue, skirted Central Park and arrived at Bendel's restaurant exactly thirty minutes after he left his own hotel. As he approached the door, a man intercepted him.

"Funny place for you to be eating, Cantavo," said a voice.

He looked down, to recognize the not too amiable countenance of Rapport.

(To be continued next week)



Plastic Wood fills cracks in Baseboard, Floor

Now . . . it's no work at all to repair quickly—broken furniture, cracks, nicks and holes in wood, loose casters, loose drawer pulls, etc.—with Plastic Wood—that handles and shapes like putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it—it adheres to wood, metal, plaster. Try Plastic Wood—you'll say it's wonderful—paint, hardware stores sell 25c tubes, 35c cans.



CHAPPED SKIN

To quickly relieve chapping and roughness, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily



A SILVER LINING for Your Purse!

DO YOU want to fill your purse with plenty of extra dollars? Would a silver lining for your pocket-book brighten your outlook?

Then, try our pleasant and profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Publications. Even if you have only a little spare time you may make \$1.00 or more an hour. Both men and women are eligible. For free supplies, write now!

-----Clip Here!-----

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-55

The Crowell Publishing Company

250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOW can I fill my pocket-book with extra dollars?

Name

Address

Town

State

Prospect Lists are Culled for you when you

CONCENTRATE ON THIS RICH



NATIONAL FARM MARKET

A

Where average incomes are 7 times
larger than in any other farm market

IT'S a good business rule to go through your salesmen's prospect cards and cull them out each year. Apply this same rule to your advertising prospect lists in the rural field and make your printed salesmen more effective. For, with the low-income farm families weeded out, with the country slums by-passed, your advertising dollars are bound to get a bigger share of the estimated more than seven billion dollars which American farmers will earn in 1936.

Advertisers who use The Country Home Magazine know that this culling is done for them, *automatically!* For more than 91% of the circulation of this magazine is concentrated in the rich counties which form the richest farm market in the United States. *Farm Market A*—made up of the top-third of the nation's farmers, whose income is 7 times as much as the farmers in Farm Markets B, C and D.

The Country Home Magazine not only offers you the *largest* circulation in the farm field, but also a *hand-picked list of the best prospects!* The Country Home Magazine

does not tolerate drifters or fly-by-night solicitors on its subscription staff. Each subscription is secured on a business-like basis by a business-like man who owns his own car, and who is strictly supervised. That is one reason why The Country Home Magazine has always had a preponderance of Grade A top-income farmers on its subscription lists. And because of this, advertisements in The Country Home Magazine don't waste money calling on farmers who can never be good customers. Instead, they go straight into the homes of the best farmers—the best prospects—in every one of the forty-eight states. *And they produce sales!*

With this new picture of farm markets—and farm media—an impressive list of advertisers will sell to Farm Market A in the year 1936—through The Country Home Magazine. They will sell to America's richest rural market, where there is the intelligence to discriminate—and the money to buy!

THE

Country Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

Largest circulation in the rural field

© 1935, The Crowell Publishing Co.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • SPRINGFIELD, OHIO • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

HIGH BUYING POWER—but LOW COST. Selling to the top—to Farm Market A—doesn't mean swelling your advertising appropriation. Per-page-per-thousand-readers, The Country Home costs less than any other national farm publication—and less than half as much as the average localized farm magazine that can boast only of mass coverage. A fact that guarantees you a dollar's worth of hard-hitting salesmanship from every advertising dollar you send to Farm Market A.

80%

of the farm

income is

produced

by

35%

of the farms

20%

of the farm income

is produced by

65% of the farms

Safari in Manhattan

Continued from page 17

desk at her. "Sorry," he said, "but none of the major secretarial posts are open."

Miss Danton hardly hesitated. Like the many she had trained, she was invading the hunting grounds where game was plentiful, to try her luck. "I have decided to make a change," she said. "I am willing to start on the general stenographic staff."

"My dear Miss Danton! With your ability? You would be wasted!"

She drew in her breath. "Wasted?" she replied quietly. "I think not." . . .

Permanently waved and wearing a new winter coat, Miss Danton reported at the office the second Monday following. She was installed at a desk in the center of a large floor along with twenty other girls, and, as soon as it was feasible, she began her inquiries.

Mr. Carson? Yes, they had heard the name. He was on the floor above. The Car-O-Line was spread over two whole floors. No, he didn't have a secretary. He didn't rate one. He was somebody quite new, and not terribly important. He did something or other about sales promotion, under Mr. Benson. If he needed a stenographer he called down for one. Who was sent? Oh, any girl who happened to be free.

Miss Danton nodded. That made it easier. She tore through whatever work was given her. She was free half the time. And eventually it came—Mr. Carson needed a stenographer. Miss Danton stopped en route to touch up her hair a bit. Her lack of compunction amazed her; she was off on safari and she felt nothing at all but a subdued, pleasurable excitement.

HE DIDN'T look up when she opened the door. He was bent over an untidy desk, scribbling in longhand.

But he raised his eyes at last. "My gosh!" he cried. "You again!"

"How do you do?" said Miss Danton quietly. "I work here. Shouldn't you—I mean didn't you want to do some work?"

He made no move other than to tip back his chair. "Sales letter," he nodded. "Sat up half the night working it out. They come hard. Your hair looks better that way."

"I'm sure it's a very good letter," said Miss Danton, ignoring the last.

"I'm not. Can't seem to get the knack." He arose suddenly and flung open the window. "Great air, this. Ever been in northern Michigan?"

"Never."

"Great place. That's where I come from. Lumber country, you know."

Miss Danton looked at her wrist watch meaningly, and he began, finally, to work. Twice he paused to ask if he were dictating too fast. The third time he said, "You're a whizz at this, aren't you? You would be, of course."

She returned to her own desk to transcribe. When she finished she re-read her work carefully. In the course of her years of teaching she had studied hundreds of such letters. Model letters. This one wasn't anyone's model. It lacked force. She saw a dozen places where a turn of a phrase would improve it. He was trying so hard, it was a shame not to help. She inserted a new sheet of paper in her machine. Perhaps he wouldn't notice the changes. And if he did, he would realize she was only trying to help.

But he didn't even read it. He knew it was perfect, he said, because she had done it.

"You're so darn' capable," he said. He frowned a little. "Nevertheless, I'd like to have you work for me again."

Miss Danton lowered her eyes quickly before he could see. "I'd be very glad to," she said.

He asked her to walk home with him the next day. Strolling, he told her news. Mr. Benson, the sales manager, had seen

his last letter, and liked it. Said he was improving. Perhaps he was getting the knack at last. Then he left business behind, and told her about his home, and his father, who was a lumberman. He used to spend all his vacations in the woods with his father. It was a great country, the lumber country. Kept you fit and glad to be alive. He thought Miss Danton would like to see it, and Miss Danton said she thought so, too.

That evening Miss Danton went to bed singing.

ALWAYS, now, William Alexander Carson asked specifically for Miss Danton when he had work to do. Always, transcribing her notes later, she did what she could to help him. After a month he was given a raise.

That night they celebrated with a dinner and a show. Two evenings later it was a movie. Then a dinner again. The next day Miss Danton phoned Mary

"To Detroit, I presume. That's where my niece is."

"Your niece?"

"Certainly. I believe she's going to marry Carson. Why, I don't know. He's not her type. At heart—Miss Danton! Are you ill?"

"Q—quite all right," she murmured.

"Good. I have news for you. Before he left, Mr. Carson said you had been practically doing his work. He recommended you, in fact, for the job. Said you were a very capable young lady."

Miss Danton leaned forward, her fists clenched. "I don't want to be capable!" she cried.

"Miss Danton! I don't understand. I am about to offer you Carson's job. It's a little unusual, but—"

"I don't want his job! I—I want to resign, too!"

She went to her desk, forgetting all about lunch. She sat there, fighting a dull ache in back of her eyes and a



"Superintendent? Come right up! I think there's something wrong with the cooling system!"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

Agnes and told her definitely she had decided against the ducky apartment in the Village.

It was going too smoothly. But Miss Danton was too happy to be on guard. That was why it was such a shock when it happened.

He sat her down in a chair in his office and stood facing her. "I saw the carbon of that last letter," he said fiercely.

She knew then what was coming. The color went out of her face.

"You changed it!"

Miss Danton's large gray eyes were shamelessly pleading.

"I wanted to help," she whispered. She felt the tears coming now.

He turned and strode to the door. "No work today. I'm seeing Benson."

Miss Danton jumped up. "Oh, dear! What for?"

"To resign, if you want to know," he said coldly.

The door slammed and Miss Danton got her handkerchief to her eyes at exactly the same time. . . .

It was almost noon when Mr. Benson sent for her.

"Mr. Carson has left us," said Benson. "He's on his way."

She gave a start. "He—he's gone? Where to?"

He came surging through the door and stood in front of her, as towering and fierce as when he had left her, but a little more excited. "I found out you were here," he said sharply. "Your landlady told me."

No use to try to hide the handkerchief. No use to try to talk. She merely nodded.

"Stop crying!" he shouted.

"I—I hate you!" blurted Miss Danton.

"Right. I walked out on you."

"To your fiancée!"

"Right again. But she isn't my fiancée any more. She wanted to marry a successful young executive. I thought I loved her well enough to try to be one. But I didn't. Not after I met you. I went to Detroit to explain it to her."

Miss Danton was sobbing softly. "You—you don't like me. I'm too capable. I took care of you and did your job and—"

"Stop talking!" he interrupted angrily. He sat down beside her on the trunk and stared straight ahead. "You've put me in a terrible spot. Here I am loving you—"

"Oh!"

"—loving you, and I can't ask you to marry me!"

"Can't you, really?" asked Miss Danton, her eyes wide and sorrowful.

"Of course not!" His anger was rising. "What kind of a man do you think I am? You show yourself more capable, more efficient, superior in every way. I can't marry a girl like that!" He stood up. "There's only one thing to do. I thought of it on the train. Come on."

"Where to?"

"To the car. I rented it in the Village. We will drive way up in the mountains. We will run out of gas about six miles from here. There'll be no way to get help. We'll have to hike back through the woods. Can you ski?"

"I—I never tried."

"Then you can't ski! Snowshoe?"

She shook her head woefully.

HIS eyes lit up. "Ah! So I'll have to carry you, will I? Some of the drifts are pretty high. Without me you'd get lost in the woods."

"No doubt of it," agreed Miss Danton.

"Also, it will be dark before we get back. I'll have some grub along. Can you build a campfire?"

"N—not even that."

"Not even that!" he repeated exultantly. "You'll be helpless without me. And when we get back—"

"When we get back," interrupted Miss Danton, nodding eagerly, "I'll probably faint."

He considered this gravely. "Very possible. You'll faint, and I'll revive you. And then—" He smiled down at her triumphantly—"and then I'll ask you to marry me and go back with me to Michigan. I got a job in the woods with my dad. Are you ready?"

Miss Danton did not answer. Not in words, that is! . . .

Mrs. William Alexander Carson, on a shopping tour a few weeks later, was strolling the Avenue. Her eyes were not searching the crowds the way Miss Danton's used to search. They were not peering eagerly for something they wanted very much to find. They were shining and contented gray eyes now.

At Forty-eighth Street they encountered Miss Wilkerson, typewriting at Superior Secretarial.

"And how are you getting along?" Miss Wilkerson asked.

The former Miss Danton smiled. "I have a real job now. It's wonderful!"

"I'm so glad. It's nice to know—"

"We're on our honeymoon. He was a sales promotion man at the office."

"You're married!" cried Miss Wilkerson. "How nice!"

Young Mrs. Carson nodded archly. "It was a large office," she said with a quiet smile. "You always meet more men in a large office."

Wild Waters

Continued from page 13

Something heavy crashed into the house. He stopped short.

"We got to hurry," he said shortly. "How do you get up into the attic and where's a hatchet? I wish we had some rope—"

A new noise of dripping water. Pouring water. The woman started.

"Comin' in over a window sill," said the man. "You get stuff for the kids. I'll rummage around. Hurry!"

He thrust her out of the room and very deliberately put the covers back on the empty jars. He piled them in his arms. The radio squawked rhythmically. The man hunted for a second lamp. The water was up to his knees, now. There was a definite quivering all through the house. It was exactly the sort of quivering a stick makes when it is held in a swift current of water.

The quivering seemed slowly to increase. The man found a second lamp and lighted it. He climbed up and put the second lamp into the attic, through the trapdoor. He found the woman, sobbing and desperately in haste, as she plucked this thing and that from that drawer and the other.

"Get up in the attic," the man commanded. "There's another wave comin'. Maybe we'll float. Hurry! I'll pass up the kids."

He snatched blankets from the bed. He flung them aloft and picked up one child, to grin into its eyes.

"Goin' to play Noah's Ark in the submarine zone," he explained.

He passed it up to the woman, now above. The other child. He picked up the lamp remaining here. Water washed about his knees. The radio blatted. The house quivered perceptibly. Water crept over the tops of batteries on a shelf below the radio, which instantly dimmed to a ghost of itself. It died, gurgling. The man bent forward. There was water spouting under the closed window. Not steadily, but in irregular jets. The man saw waves battering against the glass. And with the radio dead, he heard again an ominous distant roaring sound. It was distant, but louder than the Wilson's Run wave had been. It would be worse.

He blew out the lamp and climbed into the attic.

He tore a strip from one of the sheets. He picked up an empty glass jar and knotted the strip of cloth about its neck. The children watched him, fascinated. He grinned as the roaring noise increased.

"This's a sailor's knot," he explained absorbedly. "See? The harder you pull the tighter it gets. Now I hook on another jar, an' another. Then I leave this space an'—"

The noise was very near. The man went on as if oblivious. "Then I fix some more. Then it's a life preserver. Look! Let's put it on!"

THE roaring noise rose with a strange abruptness to an incredible crescendo. Then it struck like a steam hammer. The house reeled. Water spouted in between the shingles of the roof. Then the house groaned. With a strange dizzy movement it heaved and reeled, and was floating. Very, very slowly it tilted. The lamp began to slide. The man caught it. The house continued to tilt. The woman's eyes went in fascinated dread to a liquid glitter which appeared in the lowest-tilted part of the attic space.

"Hold the light ma'm," said the man. "I got to chop a hole through the roof so we can get out."

He chopped, awkwardly because of the angle at which he had to strike.

As he chopped, he said hopelessly:

"Ma'm, you don't happen to know if the ground level over at Harcum's is any higher than it was at your house, do you? You see, the neighbors might not've thought of 'em, being they were new there. But if the ground was a little bit higher . . ."

The woman did not seem to hear him. She looked at her children. She watched them desperately, in soul-absorbing anxiety.

The house floated drunkenly. Three times heavy things crashed against it. Once it grounded with a horrific jar. Something broke loose below. The tilt became more pronounced. The man chopped.

PRESENTLY he helped the woman through the opening.

"I'll pass out the kids," he said tonelessly. "If the railroad bridge is above water, we've got a chance."

In the lightning flashes the falling rain was a curtain, a grayish barrier which hemmed them in a waste of streaked, hurrying water.

There was a faint, dim, grinding and squealing noise in the air.

"What—what's that?"

"Flood tearin' at somethin'," said the man dully. "If Harcum's ain't flooded yet . . ." His voice cracked suddenly. "They're new over there! The neighbors might not've thought—"

The woman did not seem to hear him. She asked anxiously:

"Do you think there's a—chance for the children?"

"I'm makin' a rope outa these blankets," said the man with an effort. "I've got the hatchet tied to it. When we get to the railroad bridge, maybe the house'll jam a second or two between the piers before it goes to pieces. Then we'll be all right. Or maybe there'll be somebody up there. That's what I'm hopin'. Then, if I get a chance to throw this hatchet up . . ."

Lightning flashed. Rain fell. The thin, dim growling grew nearer. The man said suddenly:

"Sounds like a jam at the bridge. It's goin' to be bad!"

He stood up suddenly, balancing himself on the roof which whirled so sedately amid the swiftly running water. The growling noise came—it seemed hurriedly—toward them. It was a spiteful and an angry sound. The woman saw him, in the lightning flashes, coiling his improvised rope. He was thin; was lean. His hair was plastered down by rain. His body glistened with the wetness. He was angular. He staggered a little, because of the now unpredictable movements of the roof. And always he strained his eyes in every momentary glow. And he was neither heroic nor handsome. He looked merely desperate.

Then a lightning flash more vivid than the rest showed the railroad bridge in a mist of glittering, falling rain. The rails were still ten feet or more above even the floodwater; a horrible ten feet to those on the river. The house went reeling and careening toward it. There was a ghastly tangle of trees and fence rails and brush at one spot, which they would crash into.

"Yell, ma'm," said the man brittlely. "Your voice'll carry. If we hit that jam, the walls of this house are goin' to shove us into it until somethin' busts. Those jars'll keep the kids floatin' unless somethin' smashes 'em."

A streak of blue-white flame slashed across the sky. In one crowded instant the woman saw figures running on the railroad bridge. It was a hundred feet

away. They shouted, but their cries were inaudible in the tumult of thunder and flood and falling water. With darkness, the house struck something. It careened. One end went under. The woman slid screaming off into the water. The man was flung from his feet. But the return flash showed him up again, ignoring the cries of the woman and the squalling of the two children. He was in the act of heaving his hatchet with a sodden, snaky, many-times-knotted line following it. He shouted as he threw.

Then darkness fell. There were horrible sounds all about. The grinding and crushing of timbers. Once the strangled wail of a child. The woman fought; screamed; battled upward. The man dragged at her. Incredibly, it helped her rise.

She saw lanterns, and wailed incoherently. Men hauled at her and then flung her incontinently down. They hauled again. There were other shoutings on the farther side of the bridge. The woman cried out shrilly and struggled to sit up. A dark figure put a howling child in her arms. More shoutings. A tumultuous outcry and racing about.

"Two children!" cried the woman despairingly. "I had two—"

Somebody said hurriedly:

"Here's the other one, ma'm. Y'husband had it. Line broke an' he grabbed another on the other side of the bridge. Tied it on the kid so it come up first. Here y'are, ma'm."

The woman wept horribly over the second howling child. Lanterns flickered about them. The woman saw the man, panting. Somebody said:

"Y'arm, guy! Looks like it's broken. Bent funny—"

The man took his left wrist in his right hand and guided it into a coat pocket. He said desperately:

"Say! Any of you fellas know if they got everybody out over at Harcum's? Did they get everybody? The neighbors—"

No answer. He repeated desperately:

"I got to find out about Harcum's! Did they get everybody—"

Voices murmured. He wheeled and ran toward the farther shore.

THE woman's husband found her toward morning. His eyes were sunk deep into his head. There had been hours during which he had believed her and his children drowned. Wordlessly he swept the two children into his arms, his face working.

"Every stream was up," he said thickly, "and every bridge was down. I tried to get home to you and the kids. But it couldn't be done. I was crazy for a while, I guess. . . ."

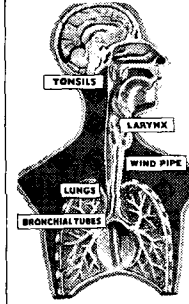
The woman said quietly:

"That doesn't matter, Jack. The children—"

"They put me to work saving other people." His voice shook and quivered. He was on the thin edge of breaking down. "Saving other people, when I thought you were dead! There was one woman—my God! I got her at Harcum's. The neighbors had forgotten them and I got her and three children and an old man to high ground. And I—I told her about you and my kids while I was fighting to get her safe. And she didn't even hear me! Didn't hear me! She couldn't think about my kids. Only her own. . . . But I guess working for them kept me from going crazy for good, at that. I—I tell you, while I thought you and the kids were dead. . . ."

Then he blubbered helplessly, holding the children fast.

Stops COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method



THOUSANDS of tiny moisture glands in your throat and wind-pipe dry or clog when you catch cold. Their secretions often turn to thick phlegm which irritates your throat . . . and makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates the throat and bronchial glands. Moisture starts flowing to protect and soothe your tissues naturally. Sticky and infectious phlegm loosens

and then can be "raised"—cleared away!

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions were filled for Pertussin in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn. Get a bottle!

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 140-H, Chicago

The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s

GIANT SNAPDRAGONS 3 Pkts

Three best colors, red, yellow, and rose. 3 pkts. (1 each, value 45c) postpaid for only 10c. Burpee's New Garden Book FREE. Write today.

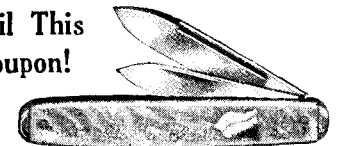
W. ATLEE BURPEE CO., 592 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia

Discover A New World Under This MICROSCOPE



BOYS! Get this powerful microscope and discover a new world that you cannot see with the naked eye. Also win a speedy bicycle, a pearl-handled knife, and your choice of 300 other big prizes. No cost for any of them. Earn MONEY, besides. It's easy. Just deliver our 3 splendid magazines in your neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or play. Boys 12 and over, write today and we'll start you.

Mail This
Coupon!



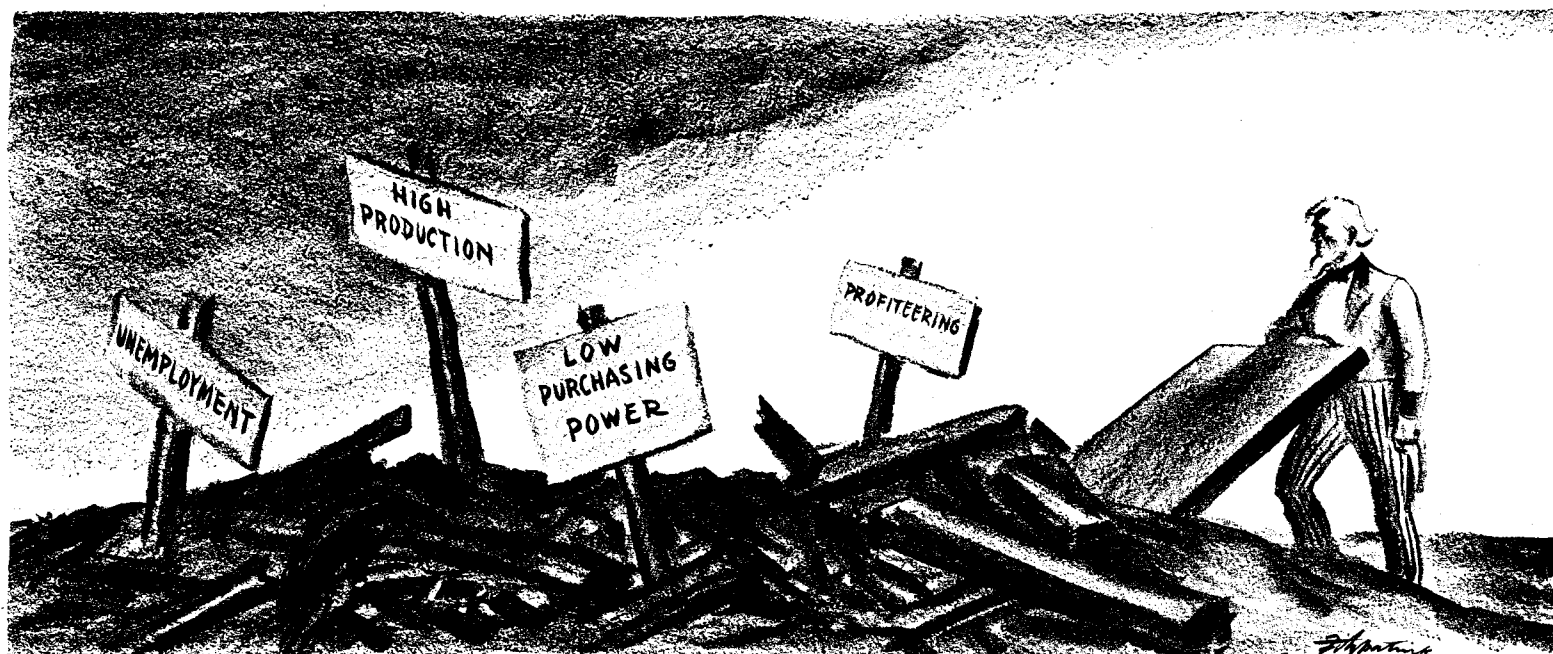
Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-125
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to earn MONEY and win PRIZES. Please start me as a salesman.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



The Order of the New Day

THIS is the first New Year since 1929 which has heralded a boom. Up to last year, depression thinking continued. Many of the problems we now face are created by rising prices, actual and anticipated. We have definitely entered a new phase of our national existence.

Organized labor, business leaders, politicians—all are agreed as to the unmistakable change. It is no longer a question of turning the corner. The corner was turned long ago. We are marching in a new direction along new roads.

We have reason enough to congratulate ourselves that we have emerged from the depths of confusion and uncertainty. We should be feeble-minded, however, if we pretended that all our problems have been solved. If we are wise we shall enjoy the good we have retained and regained and attack with fresh energy and courage the tasks still to be conquered.

To get a true perspective on the progress we have made we have only to look backward a very few years. When falling prices brought an end to the great boom of the twenties, many sober-minded people said that a great chapter in history was finished. Many believed and said that 1929 completed a social and an economic order. Some thought that even our political government might be radically altered. Conservative businessmen as well as politicians and amateur statesmen entertained such views.

We have changed during the last six years. Life, individual or group, is forever changing. Every brief period produces its alterations. Hard times especially compel swift adjustments. But it is not true that our social, economic or political institutions have been revolutionized since 1929. We have, fundamentally, the same lines. Our government is, in essentials, the same kind of government. The same Constitution is the basic law of the land. The same ambitions

drive us on. The same principles guide us.

What has happened was merely the speeding-up of tendencies long in existence. The powers of the federal government were immensely enlarged for emergency purposes. Laws and agencies designed to promote the social welfare of the nation were multiplied. But every extension has proceeded along familiar lines.

Currency and credit control, loans to business and home owners and farmers, governmental bounties, the growth of governmental control over various businesses, labor laws, social insurance—all these and many other items which lately seemed so novel are related to policies and tendencies long established.

In some places we have merely advanced to compensate for the lag of previous years. In other experiments we may have gone too far and we may, as time passes, retreat from untenable positions. Such things have happened before. Federal prohibition is a magnificent example of our willingness to retrace our steps when a governmental theory breaks down on the rock of human nature. But, all in all, the life we lived ten years ago has endured. Nothing vital in our American civilization has been lost or changed.

This is a very reassuring fact. Certainly no other social order seems more attractive in the light of experience. Individual liberty under a democratic government has its limitations and its imperfections, but few who have lived in the United States would trade American conditions for those available in Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan or in any country committed to other principles. We have had our troubles, but we have retained our freedom and we have not been taught to hate other people. Countries that have gone Fascist and Communist have not been so fortunate.

We can look ahead without fear. The storm is passing into history. It left de-

struction in its wake. We must repair what was hurt. We must rebuild what was destroyed and we must advance, but we are on familiar ground.

The temptation to ride with the tide will be pressing as our business affairs continue to improve. The chances are that we shall grow more conservative in temper during the next few years. When we were frightened we were willing to try anything. Now that we know we are safe we shall be more reluctant to experiment. But we cannot safely hesitate or refuse to meet issues which in all justice and decency require settlement.

For while business surges ahead and those who have jobs or incomes are benefited, too large a minority still wants work and security. A strong and just social order cannot permit millions of willing workers to remain idle. Somehow employment must be found for all capable of productive effort. Business will provide these jobs as recovery proceeds.

We won't answer this riddle with a slogan or by any other easy or superficial method. We won't solve many of our important issues—and we have plenty of them—by inattention or halfhearted effort. We have man-sized tasks ahead which require all the experience, all the training, all the imagination and all the public spirit we can muster for their right solutions.

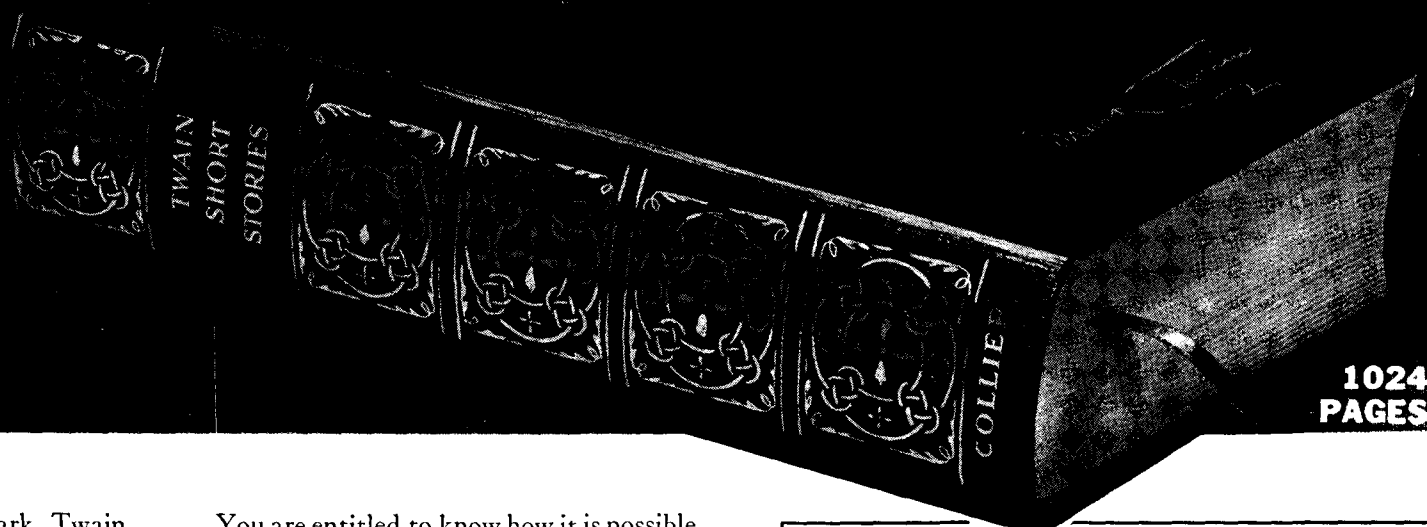
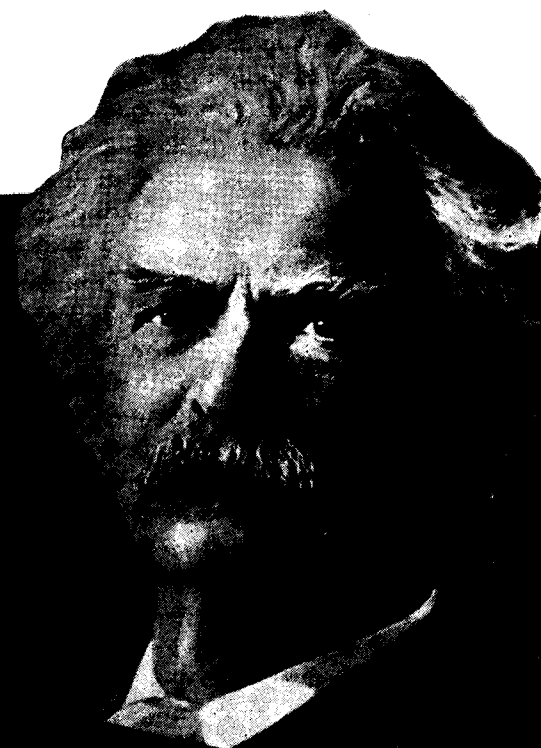
Happily, we have now in 1936 and, if we are lucky, during the years ahead, the precious opportunity to plan and to work deliberately, prudently and soundly. We are no longer driven by the lash of emergency. We have time to do well. We have been blessed by fortune. If we are wise we shall endeavor before another twelve months pass to assure a continuance of good times by honestly and intelligently seeking to remove all those conditions which, neglected, would jeopardize any enduring prosperity.

Now in ONE De Luxe Volume
the immortal heart throbs and laughter of

Mark Twain

ONLY
\$2⁹⁸

10
VOLUMES
IN ONE



AMERICA'S own Mark Twain, the toast of five continents, genius of humor, now comes to you, *for the first time*, in a single volume of imposing beauty and luxurious excellence!

On these 1024 pages are the complete short stories—the glorious assembly of merriment and wisdom by the man who has been called “the best loved writer of all time.” Here are tales that seem to leap from the pages with sheer delight, here is the wit that rocks nations with laughter, the sparkling stories and yarns that hold readers spellbound as in a vise. In these short stories we find Twain at the peak of his genius.

A New De Luxe Edition

Never before has such a fine, De Luxe volume been sold at such a drastically low price. Its flexible, rich binding, its genuine gold stamping and gold top, its beautiful, large type, silk marker and rare book endpapers make it a volume De Luxe indeed!

And, in spite of the amazing mass of reading matter it contains, this book is graceful in size and weight; substantial, but convenient to hold and read. The paper is firm, crisp and white.

You are entitled to know how it is possible for us to make this truly astounding offer.

Why This Great Offer Is Possible

This book comes directly to you. No collection machinery is required, and therefore an expensive item in book selling is removed. Quantity production makes the price even lower. Thus two savings are passed along to you in a book value that surpasses any other publishing venture of the decade.

READ IT FIVE DAYS FREE!

It doesn't cost you one penny to receive and examine this handsome book. You send no money. You pay nothing when the postman delivers it. The new De Luxe Twain Complete Short Stories is yours to inspect and read at your leisure—a \$5 book of great beauty and value.

Within five days you either pay the special reduced price of \$2.98, or return the book at our expense. No picture or description can do justice to this gorgeous volume. That is why we are able to make this unusual offer which enables you to receive the book without cost or obligation.

Mail the coupon now and take advantage of this great free examination offer.

These Irresistible Stories!

Tom Sawyer Abroad
Tom Sawyer, Detective
The Stolen White Elephant
Punch, Brothers, Punch
On the Decay of the Art of Lying
Concerning the American Language
The Jumping Frog
The Story of the Bad Little Boy
The Story of the Good Little Boy
The Siamese Twins
Curing a Cold
A Mysterious Visit

A Cure for the Blues
A Humane Word from Satan
Extracts from Adam's Diary
Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning
The Esquimaux Maiden's Romance
My First Lie and How I Got Out Of It
A Double-Barreled Detective Story
Saint Joan of Arc
Horse's Tale
The Mysterious Stranger

AND NEARLY A HUNDRED MORE!

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!
SEND NO MONEY

P. F. COLLIER & SON CORP.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

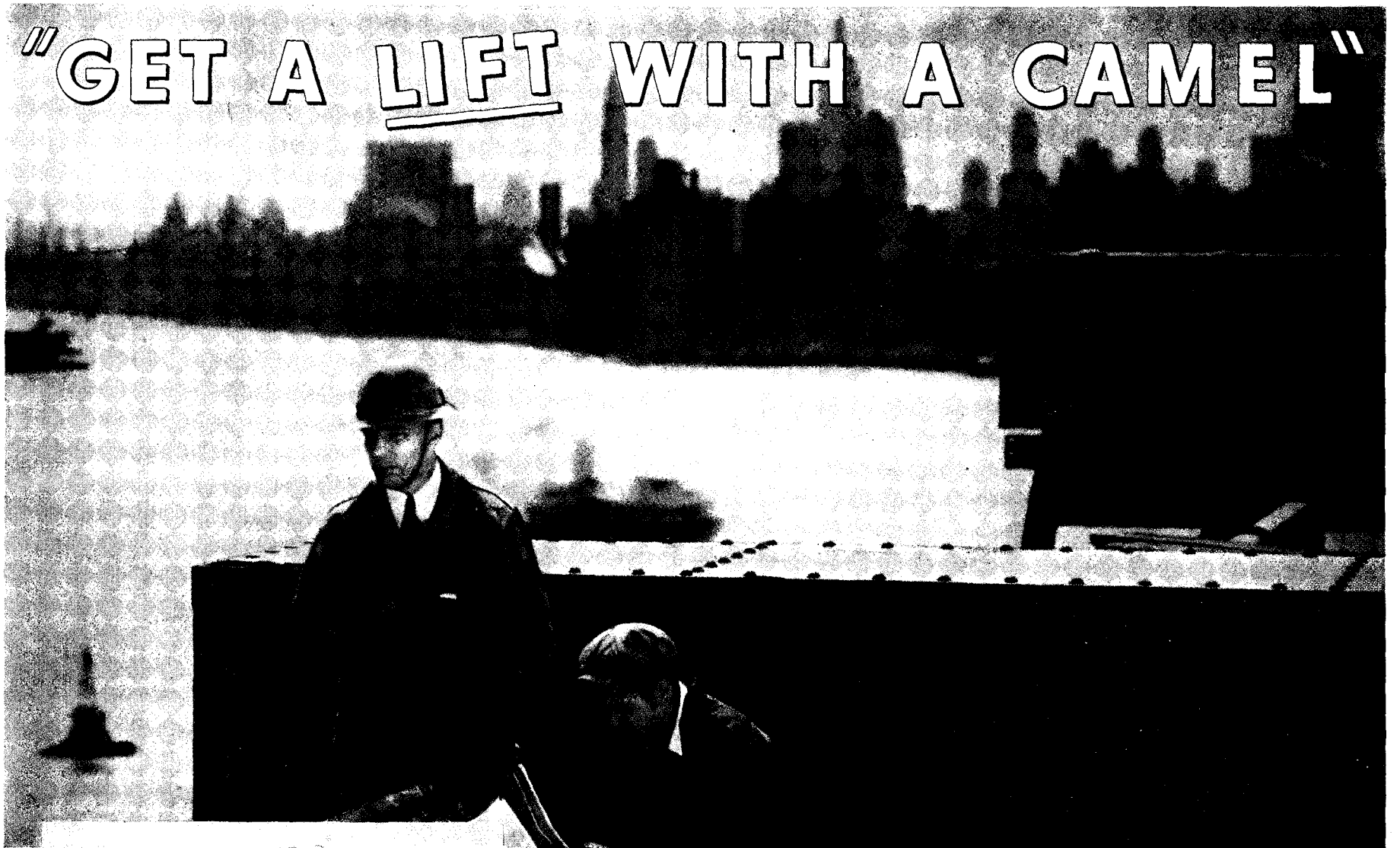
Send me for free examination the new TWIN COMPLETE SHORT STORIES in the De Luxe edition. After five days I will either return the book at your expense or send the reduced price of \$2.98 as full payment. 607-MT

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

"GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL"



THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN from a new angle—New York's new Triborough Bridge, which is rapidly being completed. In the foreground: Howard Hougland, McClintic-Marshall engineer, wearing the picturesque engineers' "hard hat," a necessary protection on big jobs. "An engineer's life is packed with action," he says. "It calls for physical fitness and energy to stand the strain. When my pep is low, there's nothing like a Camel, for smoking a Camel chases away all signs of tiredness. I always get a 'lift' with a Camel. I also prefer Camel's good taste."



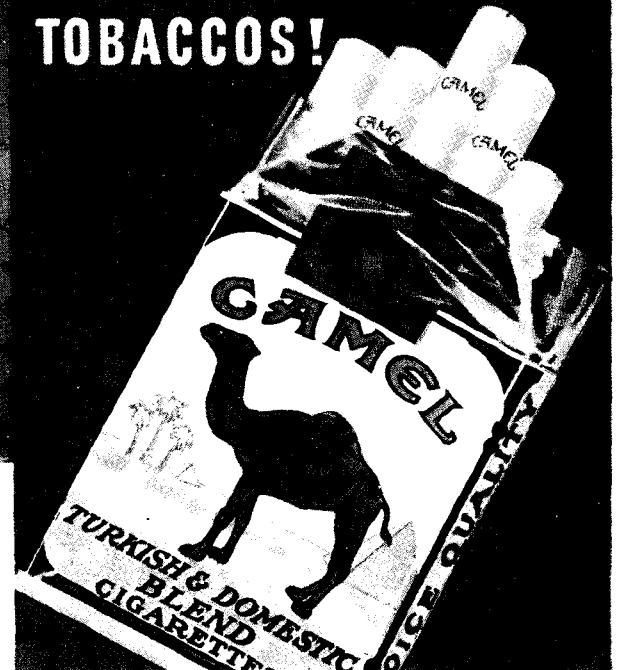
"I AM A STEEL WORKER on the Triborough Bridge," says Ben Parsons (*above*), as he enjoys a Camel. "When tired, I get a 'lift' with a Camel. Camels have all the full flavor anybody could want."

TUNE IN! Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis, Ted Husing, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. Tuesday and Thursday—9 p. m. E. S. T., 8 p. m. C. S. T. 9.30 p. m. M. S. T., 8.30 p. m. P. S. T.—over W A B C-Columbia network.



WINTER SPORTS TAKE ENERGY TOO. But to enjoy the fun you have to be fit. "And that has a lot to do with why I prefer Camels," says Margaret Lynam (*left*). "I know that athletes prefer Camels, as they do not affect their wind or nerves. That goes for me too. And, when I feel exhausted from a long day outdoors, Camels renew my flow of energy."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!



- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.